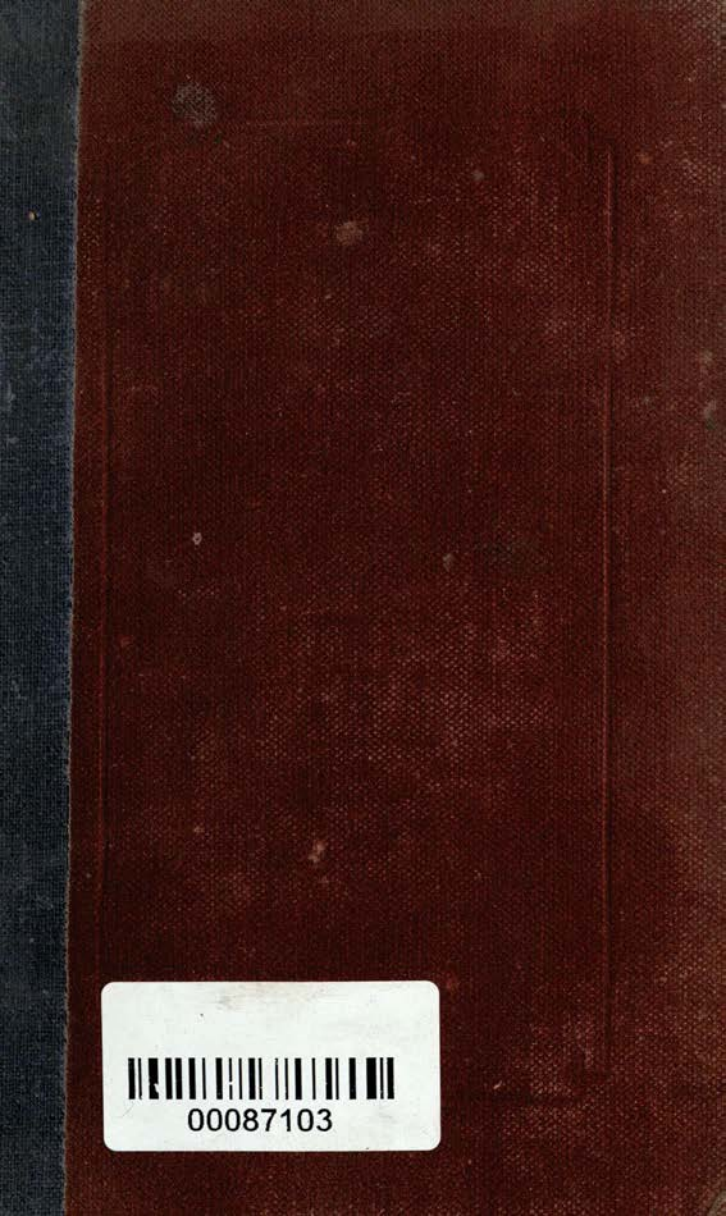
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GRIMM'S HOUSEHOLD TALES.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S NOTES

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN AND EDITED BY

MARGARET HUNT.

2919

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

ANDREW LANG, M.A.

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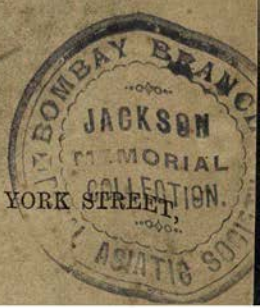

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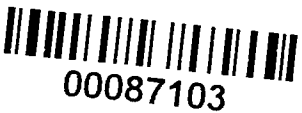

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GRIMM'S

GERMAN HOUSEHOLD TALES.

87.—THE POOR MAN AND THE RICH MAN.

In olden times, when the Lord himself still used to walk about on this earth amongst men, it once happened that he was tired and overtaken by the darkness before he could reach an inn. Now there stood on the road before him two houses facing each other; the one large and beautiful, the other small and poor. The large one belonged to a rich man, and the small one to a poor man.

Then the Lord thought, "I shall be no burden to the rich man, I will stay the night with him." When the rich man heard some one knocking at his door, he opened the window and asked the stranger what he wanted. The Lord answered, "I only ask for a night's lodging."

Then the rich man looked at the traveller from head to foot, and as the Lord was wearing common clothes, and did not look like one who had much money in his pocket, he shook his head, and said, "No, I cannot take you in, my rooms are full of herbs and seeds; and if I were to lodge every one who knocked at my door, I might very soon go begging myself. Go somewhere else for a lodging," and with this he shut down the window and left the Lord standing there.

So the Lord turned his back on the rich man, and went across to the small house and knocked. He had hardly done so when the poor man opened the little door and bade the traveller come in. "Pass the night with me, it is already dark," said he; "you cannot go any further to-night." This pleased the Lord, and he went in. The poor man's wife shook hands with him, and welcomed

him, and said he was to make himself at home and put up with what they had got; they had not much to offer him, but what they had they would give him with all their hearts. Then she put the potatoes on the fire, and while they were boiling, she milked the goat, that they might have a little milk with them. When the cloth was laid, the Lord sat down with the man and his wife, and he enjoyed their coarse food, for there were happy faces at the table. When they had had supper and it was bed-time, the woman called her husband apart and said, "Hark you, dear husband, let us make up a bed of straw for ourselves to-night, and then the poor traveller can sleep in our bed and have a good rest, for he has been walking the whole day through, and that makes one weary." "With all my heart," he answered. "I will go and offer it to him;" and he went to the stranger and invited him, if he had no objection, to sleep in their bed and rest his limbs properly. But the Lord was unwilling to take their bed from the two old folks; however, they would not be satisfied, until at length he did it and lay down in their bed, while they themselves lay on some straw on the ground.

Next morning they got up before daybreak, and made as good a breakfast as they could for the guest. When the sun shone in through the little window, and the Lord had got up, he again ate with them, and then prepared to set out on his journey.

But as he was standing at the door he turned round and said, "As you are so kind and good, you may wish three things for yourselves and I will grant them." Then the man said, "What else should I wish for but eternal happiness, and that we two, as long as we live, may be healthy and have every day our daily bread; for the third wish, I do not know what to have." And the Lord said to him, "Will you wish for a new house instead of this old one?" "Oh, yes," said the man; "if I can have that, too, I should like it very much." And the Lord fulfilled his wish, and changed their old house into a new one, again gave them his blessing, and went on.

The sun was high when the rich man got up and leaned out of his window and saw, on the opposite side of the way, a new clean-looking house with red tiles and bright

windows where the old hut used to be. He was very much astonished, and called his wife and said to her, "Tell me, what can have happened? Last night there was a miserable little hut standing there, and to-day there is a beautiful new house. Run over and see how that has come to pass."

So his wife went and asked the poor man, and he said to her, "Yesterday evening a traveller came here and asked for a night's lodging, and this morning when he took leave of us he granted us three wishes—eternal happiness, health during this life and our daily bread as well, and, besides this, a beautiful new house instead of our old hut."

When the rich man's wife heard this, she ran back in haste and told her husband how it had happened. The man said, "I could tear myself to pieces! If I had but known that! The traveller came to our house too, and wanted to sleep here, and I sent him away." "Quick!" said his wife, "get on your horse. You can still catch the man up, and then you must ask to have three wishes granted you."

The rich man followed the good counsel and galloped away on his horse, and soon came up with the Lord. He spoke to him softly and pleasantly, and begged him not to take it amiss that he had not let him in directly; he was looking for the front-door key, and in the meantime the stranger had gone away, if he returned the same way he must come and stay with him. "Yes," said the Lord; "if I ever come back again, I will do so." Then the rich man asked if he might not wish for three things too, as his neighbour had done? "Yes," said the Lord, he might, but it would not be to his advantage, and he had better not wish for anything; but the rich man thought that he could easily ask for something which would add to his happiness, if he only knew that it would be granted. So the Lord said to him, "Ride home, then, and three wishes which you shall form, shall be fulfilled."

The rich man had now gained what he wanted, so he rode home, and began to consider what he should wish for. As he was thus thinking he let the bridle fall, and the horse began to caper about, so that he was continually

disturbed in his meditations, and could not collect his thoughts at all. He patted its neck, and said, "Gently, Lisa," but the horse only began new tricks. Then at last he was angry, and cried quite impatiently, "I wish your neck was broken!" Directly he had said the words, down the horse fell on the ground, and there it lay dead and never moved again. And thus was his first wish fulfilled. As he was miserly by nature, he did not like to leave the harness lying there; so he cut it off, and put it on his back; and now he had to go on foot. "I have still two wishes left," said he, and comforted himself with that thought.

And now as he was walking slowly through the sand, and the sun was burning hot at noon-day, he grew quite hot-tempered and angry. The saddle hurt his back, and he had not yet any idea what to wish for. "If I were to wish for all the riches and treasures in the world," said he to himself, "I should still think of all kinds of things besides later on, I know that, beforehand. But I will manage so that there is nothing at all left me to wish for afterwards." Then he sighed and said, "Ah, if I were but that Bavarian peasant, who likewise had three wishes granted to him, and knew quite well what to do, and in the first place wished for a great deal of beer, and in the second for as much beer as he was able to drink, and in the third for a barrel of beer into the bargain."

Many a time he thought he had found it, but then it seemed to him to be, after all, too little. Then it came into his mind, what an easy life his wife had, for she stayed at home in a cool room and enjoyed herself. This really did vex him, and before he was aware, he said, "I just wish she was sitting there on this saddle, and could not get off it, instead of my having to drag it along on my back." And as the last word was spoken, the saddle disappeared from his back, and he saw that his second wish had been fulfilled. Then he really did feel warm. He began to run and wanted to be quite alone in his own room at home, to think of something really large for his last wish. But when he arrived there and opened the parlour-door, he saw his wife sitting in the middle of the room on the saddle, crying and complaining, and quite

unable to get off it. So he said, "Do bear it, and I will wish for all the riches on earth for thee, only stay where thou art." She, however, called him a fool, and said, "What good will all the riches on earth do me, if I am to sit on this saddle? Thou hast wished me on it, so thou must help me off." So whether he would or not, he was forced to let his third wish be that she should be quit of the saddle, and able to get off it, and immediately the wish was fulfilled. So he got nothing by it but vexation, trouble, abuse, and the loss of his horse; but the poor people lived happily, quietly, and piously until their happy death.

88.—THE SINGING, SOARING LARK.

THERE was once on a time a man who was about to set out on a long journey, and on parting he asked his three daughters what he should bring back with him for them. Whereupon the eldest wished for pearls, the second wished for diamonds, but the third said, "Dear father, I should like a singing, soaring lark." The father said, "Yes, if I can get it, you shall have it," kissed all three, and set out. Now when the time had come for him to be on his way home again, he had brought pearls and diamonds for the two eldest, but he had sought everywhere in vain for a singing, soaring lark for the youngest, and he was very unhappy about it, for she was his favourite child. Then his road lay through a forest, and in the midst of it was a splendid castle, and near the castle stood a tree, but quite on the top of the tree, he saw a singing, soaring lark. "Aha, you come just at the right moment!" he said, quite delighted, and called to his servant to climb up and catch the little creature. But as he approached the tree, a lion leapt from beneath it, shook himself, and roared till the leaves on the tree trembled. "He who tries to steal my singing, soaring lark," he cried, "will I devour." Then the man said, "I did not know that the bird belonged to thee. I will make amends for the wrong I have done and ransom myself with a large sum of money, only spare my life." The lion said, "Nothing can save

thee, unless thou wilt promise to give me for mine own what first meets thee on thy return home; but if thou wilt do that, I will grant thee thy life, and thou shalt have the bird for thy daughter, into the bargain." But the man hesitated and said, "That might be my youngest daughter, she loves me best, and always runs to meet me on my return home." The servant, however, was terrified and said, "Why should your daughter be the very one to meet you, it might as easily be a cat, or dog?" Then the man allowed himself to be over-persuaded, took the singing, soaring lark, and promised to give the lion whatsoever should first meet him on his return home.

When he reached home and entered his house, the first who met him was no other than his youngest and dearest daughter, who came running up, kissed and embraced him, and when she saw that he had brought with him a singing, soaring lark, she was beside herself with joy. The father, however, could not rejoice, but began to weep, and said, "My dearest child, I have bought the little bird dear. In return for it, I have been obliged to promise thee to a savage lion, and when he has thee he will tear thee in pieces and devour thee," and he told her all, just as it had happened, and begged her not to go there, come what might. But she consoled him and said, "Dearest father, indeed your promise must be fulfilled. I will go thither and soften the lion, so that I may return to thee safely." Next morning she had the road pointed out to her, took leave, and went fearlessly out into the forest. The lion, however, was an enchanted prince and was by day a lion, and all his people were lions with him, but in the night they resumed their natural human shapes. On her arrival she was kindly received and led into the castle. When night came, the lion turned into a handsome man, and their wedding was celebrated with great magnificence. They lived happily together, remained awake at night, and slept in the daytime. One day he came and said, "To-morrow there is a feast in thy father's house, because thy eldest sister is to be married, and if thou art inclined to go there, my lions shall conduct thee." She said, "Yes, I should very much like to see my father again," and went thither, accompanied by the lions. There was

great joy when she arrived, for they had all believed that she had been torn in pieces by the lion, and had long ceased to live. But she told them what a handsome husband she had, and how well off she was, remained with them while the wedding-feast lasted, and then went back again to the forest. When the second daughter was about to be married, and she was again invited to the wedding, she said to the lion, "This time I will not be alone, thou must come with me." The lion, however, said that it was too dangerous for him, for if when there a ray from a burning candle fell on him, he would be changed into a dove, and for seven years long would have to fly about with the doves. She said, "Ah, but do come with me, I will take great care of thee, and guard thee from all light." So they went away together, and took with them their little child as well. She had a chamber built there, so strong and thick that no ray could pierce through it; in this he was to shut himself up when the candles were lit for the wedding-feast. But the door was made of green wood which warped and left a little crack which no one noticed. The wedding was celebrated with magnificence, but when the procession with all its candles and torches came back from church, and passed by this apartment, a ray about the breadth of a hair fell on the King's son, and when this ray touched him, he was transformed in an instant, and when she came in and looked for him, she did not see him, but a white dove was sitting there. The dove said to her, "For seven years must I fly about the world, but at every seventh step that thou takest I will let fall a drop of red blood and a white feather, and these will show thee the way, and if thou followest the trace thou canst release me." Thereupon the dove flew out at the door, and she followed him, and at every seventh step a red drop of blood and a little white feather fell down and showed her the way.

So she went continually further and further in the wide world, never looking about her or resting, and the seven years were almost past; then she rejoiced and thought that they would soon be delivered, and yet they were so far from it! Once when they were thus moving onwards, no little feather and no drop of red

blood fell, and when she raised her eyes the dove had disappeared. And as she thought to herself, "In this no man can help thee," she climbed up to the sun, and said to him, "Thou shinest into every crevice, and over every peak, hast not thou seen a white dove flying?" "No," said the sun, "I have seen none, but I present thee with a casket, open it when thou art in sorest need." Then she thanked the sun, and went on until evening came and the moon appeared; she then asked her, "Thou shinest the whole night through, and on every field and forest, hast thou not seen a white dove flying?" "No," said the moon, "I have seen no dove, but here I give thee an egg, break it when thou art in great need." She thanked the moon, and went on until the night wind came up and blew on her, then she said to it, "Thou blowest over every tree and under every leaf, hast thou not seen a white dove flying?" "No," said the night wind, "I have seen none, but I will ask the three other winds, perhaps they have seen it." The east wind and the west wind came, and had seen nothing, but the south wind said, "I have seen the white dove, it has flown to the Red Sea, there it has become a lion again, for the seven years are over, and the lion is there fighting with a dragon; the dragon, however, is an enchanted princess." The night wind then said to her, "I will advise thee; go to the Red Sea, on the right bank are some tall reeds, count them, break off the eleventh, and strike the dragon with it, then the lion will be able to subdue it, and both then will regain their human form. After that, look round and thou wilt see the griffin which is by the Red Sea; swing thyself, with thy beloved, on to his back, and the bird will carry you over the sea to your own home. Here is a nut for thee, when thou art above the centre of the sea, let the nut fall, it will immediately shoot up, and a tall nut-tree will grow out of the water on which the griffin may rest; for if he cannot rest, he will not be strong enough to carry you across, and if thou forgettest to throw down the nut, he will let you fall into the sea."

Then she went thither, and found everything as the night wind had said. She counted the reeds by the sea, and cut off the eleventh, struck the dragon therewith,

whereupon the lion overcame it, and immediately both of them regained their human shapes. But when the princess, who had before been the dragon, was delivered from enchantment, she took the youth by the arm, seated herself on the griffin, and carried him off with her. There stood the poor maiden who had wandered so far and was again forsaken. She sat down and cried, but at last she took courage and said, "Still I will go as far as the wind blows and as long as the cock crows, until I find him," and she went forth by long, long roads, until at last she came to the castle where both of them were living together; there she heard that soon a feast was to be held, in which they would celebrate their wedding, but she said, "God still helps me," and opened the casket that the sun had given her. A dress lay therein as brilliant as the sun itself. So she took it out and put it on, and went up into the castle, and every one, even the bride herself, looked at her with astonishment. The dress pleased the bride so well that she thought it might do for her wedding-dress, and asked if it was for sale? "Not for money or land," answered she, "but for flesh and blood." The bride asked her what she meant by that, then she said, "Let me sleep a night in the chamber where the bridegroom sleeps." The bride would not, yet wanted very much to have the dress; at last she consented, but the page was to give the prince a sleeping-draught. When it was night, therefore, and the youth was already asleep, she was led into the chamber; she seated herself on the bed and said, "I have followed after thee for seven years. I have been to the sun and the moon, and the four winds, and have enquired for thee, and have helped thee against the dragon; wilt thou, then, quite forget me?" But the prince slept so soundly that it only seemed to him as if the wind were whistling outside in the fir-trees. When therefore day broke, she was led out again, and had to give up the golden dress. And as that even had been of no avail, she was sad, went out into a meadow, sat down there, and wept. While she was sitting there, she thought of the egg which the moon had given her; she opened it, and there came out a clucking hen with twelve chickens all of gold, and they ran about

chirping, and crept again under the old hen's wings; nothing more beautiful was ever seen in the world! Then she arose, and drove them through the meadow before her, until the bride looked out of the window. The little chickens pleased her so much that she immediately came down and asked if they were for sale. "Not for money or land, but for flesh and blood; let me sleep another night in the chamber where the bridegroom sleeps." The bride said, "Yes," intending to cheat her as on the former evening. But when the prince went to bed he asked the page what the murmuring and rustling in the night had been? On this the page told all; that he had been forced to give him a sleeping-draught, because a poor girl had slept secretly in the chamber, and that he was to give him another that night. The prince said, "Pour out the draught by the bed-side." At night, she was again led in, and when she began to relate how ill all had fared with her, he immediately recognized his beloved wife by her voice, sprang up and cried, "Now I really am released! I have been as it were in a dream, for the strange princess has bewitched me so that I have been compelled to forget thee, but God has delivered me from the spell at the right time." Then they both left the castle secretly in the night, for they feared the father of the princess, who was a sorcerer, and they seated themselves on the griffin which bore them across the Red Sea, and when they were in the midst of it, she let fall the nut. Immediately a tall nut-tree grew up, whereon the bird rested, and then carried them home, where they found their child, who had grown tall and beautiful, and they lived thenceforth happily until their death.

89.—THE GOOSE-GIRL.

THERE was once upon a time an old Queen whose husband had been dead for many years, and she had a beautiful daughter. When the princess grew up she was betrothed to a prince who lived at a great distance. When the time came for her to be married, and she had to

journey forth into the distant kingdom, the aged Queen packed up for her many costly vessels of silver and gold, and trinkets also of gold and silver; and cups and jewels, in short, everything which appertained to a royal dowry, for she loved her child with all her heart. She likewise sent her maid in waiting, who was to ride with her, and hand her over to the bridegroom, and each had a horse for the journey, but the horse of the King's daughter was called Falada, and could speak. So when the hour of parting had come, the aged mother went into her bedroom, took a small knife and cut her finger with it until it bled, then she held a white handkerchief to it into which she let three drops of blood fall, gave it to her daughter and said, "Dear child, preserve this carefully, it will be of service to you on your way."

So they took a sorrowful leave of each other; the princess put the piece of cloth in her bosom, mounted her horse, and then went away to her bridegroom. After she had ridden for a while she felt a burning thirst, and said to her waiting-maid, "Dismount, and take my cup which thou hast brought with thee for me, and get me some water from the stream, for I should like to drink." "If you are thirsty," said the waiting-maid, "get off your horse yourself, and lie down and drink out of the water, I don't choose to be your servant." So in her great thirst the princess alighted, bent down over the water in the stream and drank, and was not allowed to drink out of the golden cup. Then she said, "Ah, Heaven!" and the three drops of blood answered, "If thy mother knew this, her heart would break." But the King's daughter was humble, said nothing, and mounted her horse again. She rode some miles further, but the day was warm, the sun scorched her, and she was thirsty once more, and when they came to a stream of water, she again cried to her waiting-maid, "Dismount, and give me some water in my golden cup," for she had long ago forgotten the girl's ill words. But the waiting-maid said still more haughtily, "If you wish to drink, drink as you can, I don't choose to be your maid." Then in her great thirst the King's daughter alighted, bent over the flowing stream, wept and said, "Ah, Heaven!" and the drops of blood again

replied, "If thy mother knew this, her heart would break." And as she was thus drinking and leaning right over the stream, the handkerchief with the three drops of blood fell out of her bosom, and floated away with the water without her observing it, so great was her trouble. The waiting-maid, however, had seen it, and she rejoiced to think that she had now power over the bride, for since the princess had lost the drops of blood, she had become weak and powerless. So now when she wanted to mount her horse again, the one that was called Falada, the waiting-maid said, "Falada is more suitable for me, and my nag will do for thee," and the princess had to be content with that. Then the waiting-maid, with many hard words, bade the princess exchange her royal apparel for her own shabby clothes; and at length she was compelled to swear by the clear sky above her, that she would not say one word of this to any one at the royal court, and if she had not taken this oath she would have been killed on the spot. But Falada saw all this, and observed it well.

The waiting-maid now mounted Falada, and the true bride the bad horse, and thus they travelled onwards, until at length they entered the royal palace. There were great rejoicings over her arrival, and the prince sprang forward to meet her, lifted the waiting-maid from her horse, and thought she was his consort. She was conducted upstairs, but the real princess was left standing below. Then the old King looked out of the window and saw her standing in the courtyard, and how dainty and delicate and beautiful she was, and instantly went to the royal apartment, and asked the bride about the girl she had with her who was standing down below in the courtyard, and who she was? "I picked her up on my way for a companion; give the girl something to work at, that she may not stand idle." But the old King had no work for her, and knew of none, so he said, "I have a little boy who tends the geese, she may help him." The boy was called Conrad, and the true bride had to help him to tend the geese. Soon afterwards the false bride said to the young King, "Dearest husband, I beg you to do me a favour." He answered, "I will do so most will-

ingly." "Then send for the knacker, and have the head of the horse on which I rode here cut off, for it vexed me on the way." In reality, she was afraid that the horse might tell how she had behaved to the King's daughter. Then she succeeded in making the King promise that it should be done, and the faithful Falada was to die; this came to the ears of the real princess, and she secretly promised to pay the knacker a piece of gold if he would perform a small service for her. There was a great dark-looking gateway in the town, through which morning and evening she had to pass with the geese: would he be so good as to nail up Falada's head on it, so that she might see him again, more than once. The knacker's man promised to do that, and cut off the head, and nailed it fast beneath the dark gateway.

Early in the morning, when she and Conrad drove out their flock beneath this gateway, she said in passing,

"Alas, Falada, hanging there!"

Then the head answered,

"Alas, young Queen, how ill you fare!
If this your tender mother knew,
Her heart would surely break in two."

Then they went still further out of the town, and drove their geese into the country. And when they had come to the meadow, she sat down and unbound her hair which was like pure gold, and Conrad saw it and delighted in its brightness, and wanted to pluck out a few hairs. Then she said,

"Blow, blow, thou gentle wind, I say,
Blow Conrad's little hat away,
And make him chase it here and there,
Until I have braided all my hair,
And bound it up again."

And there came such a violent wind that it blew Conrad's hat far away across country, and he was forced to run after it. When he came back she had finished combing her hair and was putting it up again, and he could not get any of it. Then Conrad was angry, and would not speak to her, and thus they watched the geese until the evening, and then they went home.

Next day when they were driving the geese out through the dark gateway, the maiden said,

"Alas, Falada, hanging there!"

Falada answered,

"Alas, young Queen, how ill you fare!
If this your tender mother knew,
Her heart would surely break in two."

And she sat down again in the field and began to comb out her hair, and Conrad ran and tried to clutch it, so she said in haste,

"Blow, blow, thou gentle wind, I say,
Blow Conrad's little hat away,
And make him chase it here and there,
Until I have braided all my hair,
And bound it up again."

Then the wind blew, and blew his little hat off his head and far away, and Conrad was forced to run after it, and when he came back, her hair had been put up a long time, and he could get none of it, and so they looked after their geese till evening came.

But in the evening after they had got home, Conrad went to the old King, and said, "I won't tend the geese with that girl any longer!" "Why not?" inquired the aged King. "Oh, because she vexes me the whole day long." Then the aged King commanded him to relate what it was that she did to him. And Conrad said, "In the morning when we pass beneath the dark gateway with the flock, there is a sorry horse's head on the wall, and she says to it,

"Alas, Falada, hanging there!"

And the head replies,

"Alas, young Queen how ill you fare!
If this your tender mother knew,
Her heart would surely break in two."

And Conrad went on to relate what happened on the goose pasture, and how when there he had to chase his hat.

The aged King commanded him to drive his flock out again next day, and as soon as morning came, he placed himself behind the dark gateway, and heard how the maiden spoke to the head of Falada, and then he too went into the country, and hid himself in the thicket in the meadow. There he soon saw with his own eyes the goose-girl and the goose-boy bringing their flock, and how after a while she sat down and unplaited her hair, which shone with radiance. And soon she said,

"Blow, blow, thou gentle wind, I say,
Blow Conrad's little hat away,
And make him chase it here and there,
Until I have braided all my hair,
And bound it up again."

Then came a blast of wind and carried off Conrad's hat, so that he had to run far away, while the maiden quietly went on combing and plaiting her hair, all of which the King observed. Then, quite unseen, he went away, and when the goose-girl came home in the evening, he called her aside, and asked why she did all these things. "I may not tell you that, and I dare not lament my sorrows to any human being, for I have sworn not to do so by the heaven which is above me; if I had not done that, I should have lost my life." He urged her and left her no peace, but he could draw nothing from her. Then said he, "If thou wilt not tell me anything, tell thy sorrows to the iron-stove there," and he went away. Then she crept into the iron-stove, and began to weep and lament, and emptied her whole heart, and said, "Here am I deserted by the whole world, and yet I am a King's daughter, and a false waiting-maid has by force brought me to such a pass that I have been compelled to put off my royal apparel, and she has taken my place with my bridegroom, and I have to perform menial service as a goose-girl. If my mother did but know that, her heart would break."

The aged King, however, was standing outside by the pipe of the stove, and was listening to what she said, and heard it. Then he came back again, and bade her come out of the stove. And royal garments were placed on her, and it was marvellous how beautiful she was! The aged King summoned his son, and revealed to him that he had got

the false bride who was only a waiting-maid, but that the true one was standing there, as the sometime goose-girl. The young King rejoiced with all his heart when he saw her beauty and youth, and a great feast was made ready to which all the people and all good friends were invited. At the head of the table sat the bridegroom with the King's daughter at one side of him, and the waiting-maid on the other, but the waiting-maid was blinded, and did not recognize the princess in her dazzling array. When they had eaten and drunk, and were merry, the aged King asked the waiting-maid as a riddle, what a person deserved who had behaved in such and such a way to her master, and at the same time related the whole story, and asked what sentence such an one merited? Then the false bride said, "She deserves no better fate than to be stripped entirely naked, and put in a barrel which is studded inside with pointed nails, and two white horses should be harnessed to it, which will drag her along through one street after another, till she is dead." "It is thou," said the aged King, "and thou hast pronounced thine own sentence, and thus shall it be done unto thee." And when the sentence had been carried out, the young King married his true bride, and both of them reigned over their kingdom in peace and happiness.

90.—THE YOUNG GIANT.

ONCE on a time a countryman had a son who was as big as a thumb, and did not become any bigger, and during several years did not grow one hair's breadth. Once when the father was going out to plough, the little one said, "Father, I will go out with you." "Thou wouldst go out with me?" said the father. "Stay here, thou wilt be of no use out there, besides thou mightst get lost!" Then Thumbling began to cry, and for the sake of peace his father put him in his pocket, and took him with him. When he was outside in the field, he took him out again, and set him in a freshly-cut furrow. Whilst he was there, a great giant

came over the hill. "Dost thou see that great bogie?" said the father, for he wanted to frighten the little fellow to make him good; "he is coming to fetch thee." The giant, however, had scarcely taken two steps with his long legs before he was in the furrow. He took up little Thumbling carefully with two fingers, examined him, and without saying one word went away with him. His father stood by, but could not utter a sound for terror, and he thought nothing else but that his child was lost, and that as long as he lived he should never set eyes on him again.

The giant, however, carried him home, suckled him, and Thumbling grew and became tall and strong after the manner of giants. When two years had passed, the old giant took him into the forest, wanted to try him, and said, "Pull up a stick for thyself." Then the boy was already so strong that he tore up a young tree out of the earth by the roots. But the giant thought, "We must do better than that," took him back again, and suckled him two years longer. When he tried him, his strength had increased so much that he could tear an old tree out of the ground. That was still not enough for the giant; he again suckled him for two years, and when he then went with him into the forest and said, "Now, just tear up a proper stick for me," the boy tore up the strongest oak-tree from the earth, so that it split, and that was a mere trifle to him. "Now that will do," said the giant, "thou art perfect," and took him back to the field from whence he had brought him. His father was there following the plough. The young giant went up to him, and said, "Does my father see what a fine man his son has grown into?"

The farmer was alarmed, and said, "No, thou art not my son; I don't want thee—leave me!" "Truly I am your son; allow me to do your work, I can plough as well as you, nay better." "No, no, thou art not my son, and thou canst not plough—go away!" However, as he was afraid of this great man, he left hold of the plough, stepped back and stood at one side of the piece of land. Then the youth took the plough, and just pressed it with one hand, but his grasp was so strong that the plough went deep into the earth. The farmer could not bear to

see that, and called to him, "If thou art determined to plough, thou must not press so hard on it, that makes bad work." The youth, however, unharnessed the horses, and drew the plough himself, saying, "Just go home, father, and bid my mother make ready a large dish of food, and in the meantime I will go over the field." Then the farmer went home, and ordered his wife to prepare the food; but the youth ploughed the field which was two acres large, quite alone, and then he harnessed himself to the harrow, and harrowed the whole of the land, using two harrows at once. When he had done it, he went into the forest, and pulled up two oak-trees, laid them across his shoulders, and hung one harrow on them behind and one before, and also one horse behind and one before, and carried all as if it had been a bundle of straw, to his parents' house. When he entered the yard, his mother did not recognize him, and asked, "Who is that horrible tall man?" The farmer said, "That is our son." She said, "No, that cannot be our son, we never had such a tall one, ours was a little thing." She called to him, "Go away, we do not want thee!" The youth was silent, but led his horses to the stable, gave them some oats and hay, and all that they wanted. When he had done this, he went into the parlour, sat down on the bench and said, "Mother, now I should like something to eat, will it soon be ready?" Then she said, "Yes," and brought in two immense dishes full of food, which would have been enough to satisfy herself and her husband for a week. The youth, however, ate the whole of it himself, and asked if she had nothing more to set before him. "No," she replied, "that is all we have." "But that was only a taste, I must have more." She did not dare to oppose him, and went and put a huge caldron full of food on the fire, and when it was ready, carried it in. "At length come a few crumbs," said he, and ate all there was, but it was still not sufficient to appease his hunger. Then said he, "Father, I see well that with you I shall never have food enough; if you will get me an iron staff which is strong, and which I cannot break against my knees, I will go out into the world." The farmer was glad, put his two horses in his cart, and fetched from the smith a staff so

large and thick that the two horses could only just bring it away. The youth laid it across his knees, and snap! he broke it in two in the middle like a bean-stick, and threw it away. The father then harnessed four horses, and brought a bar which was so long and thick, that the four horses could only just drag it. The son snapped this also in twain against his knees, threw it away, and said, "Father, this can be of no use to me, you must harness more horses, and bring a stronger staff." So the father harnessed eight horses, and brought one which was so long and thick, that the eight horses could only just carry it. When the son took it in his hand, he broke a bit from the top of it also, and said, "Father, I see that you will not be able to procure me any such staff as I want, I will remain no longer with you."

So he went away, and gave out that he was a smith's apprentice. He arrived at a village, wherein lived a smith who was a greedy fellow, who never did a kindness to any one, but wanted everything for himself. The youth went into the smithy to him, and asked if he needed a journeyman. "Yes," said the smith, and looked at him, and thought, "That is a strong fellow who will strike out well, and earn his bread." So he asked, "How much wages dost thou want?" "I don't want any at all," he replied, "only every fortnight, when the other journeymen are paid, I will give thee two blows, and thou must bear them." The miser was heartily satisfied, and thought he would thus save much money. Next morning, the strange journeyman was to begin to work, but when the master brought the glowing bar, and the youth struck his first blow, the iron flew asunder, and the anvil sank so deep into the earth, that there was no bringing it out again. Then the miser grew angry, and said, "Oh, but I can't make any use of you, you strike far too powerfully; what will you have for the one blow?"

Then said he, "I will only give you quite a small blow, that's all." And he raised his foot, and gave him such a kick that he flew away over four loads of hay. Then he sought out the thickest iron bar in the smithy for himself, took it as a stick in his hand, and went onwards.

When he had walked for some time, he came to a small

farm, and asked the bailiff if he did not require a head-servant. "Yes," said the bailiff, "I can make use of one; you look a strong fellow who can do something, how much a year do you want as wages?" He again replied that he wanted no wages at all, but that every year he would give him three blows, which he must bear. Then the bailiff was satisfied, for he, too, was a covetous fellow. Next morning all the servants were to go into the wood, and the others were already up, but the head-servant was still in bed. Then one of them called to him, "Get up, it is time; we are going into the wood, and thou must go with us." "Ah," said he quite roughly and surlily, "you may just go, then; I shall be back again before any of you." Then the others went to the bailiff, and told him that the head-man was still lying in bed, and would not go into the wood with them. The bailiff said they were to awake him again, and tell him to harness the horses. The head-man, however, said as before, "Just go there, I shall be back again before any of you." And then he stayed in bed two hours longer. At length he arose from the feathers, but first he got himself two bushels of peas from the loft, made himself some broth with them, ate it at his leisure, and when that was done, went and harnessed the horses, and drove into the wood. Not far from the wood was a ravine through which he had to pass, so he first drove the horses on, and then stopped them, and went behind the cart, took trees and brushwood, and made a great barricade, so that no horse could get through. When he was entering the wood, the others were just driving out of it with their loaded carts to go home; then said he to them, "Drive on, I will still get home before you do." He did not drive far into the wood, but at once tore two of the very largest trees of all out of the earth, threw them on his cart, and turned round. When he came to the barricade, the others were still standing there, not able to get through. "Don't you see," said he, "that if you had stayed with me, you would have got home just as quickly, and would have had another hour's sleep?" He now wanted to drive on, but his horses could not work their way through, so he unharnessed them, laid them at the top of the cart, took the shafts in his own hands, and

drew it over, and he did this just as easily as if it had been laden with feathers. When he was over, he said to the others, "There, you see, I have got over quicker than you," and drove on, and the others had to stay where they were. In the yard, however, he took a tree in his hand, showed it to the bailiff, and said, "Isn't that a fine bundle * of wood?" Then said the bailiff to his wife, "The servant is a good one, if he does sleep long, he is still home before the others." So he served the bailiff a year, and when that was over, and the other servants were getting their wages, he said it was time for him to have his too. The bailiff, however, was afraid of the blows which he was to receive, and earnestly entreated him to excuse him from having them; for rather than that, he himself would be head-servant, and the youth should be bailiff. "No," said he, "I will not be a bailiff, I am head-servant, and will remain so, but I will administer that which we agreed on." The bailiff was willing to give him whatsoever he demanded, but it was of no use, the head-servant said no to everything. Then the bailiff did not know what to do, and begged for a fortnight's delay, for he wanted to find some way of escape. The head-servant consented to this delay. The bailiff summoned all his clerks together, and they were to think the matter over, and give him advice. The clerks pondered for a long time, but at last they said that no one was sure of his life with the head-servant, for he could kill a man as easily as a midge, and that the bailiff ought to make him get into the well and clean it, and when he was down below, they would roll up one of the mill-stones which was lying there, and throw it on his head; and then he would never return to daylight. The advice pleased the bailiff, and the head-servant was quite willing to go down the well. When he was standing down below at the bottom, they rolled down the largest mill-stone and thought they had broken his skull, but he cried, "Chase away those hens from the well, they are scratching in the sand up there, and throwing the grains into my eyes, so that I can't see."

* Klafterstück. A klafter of wood is, according to Mr. Baring Gould, 144 cubic feet, but 44 feet are deducted for the space between the blocks, consequently it equals 100 feet of solid wood.—TR.

So the bailiff cried, "Sh-sh,"—and pretended to frighten the hens away. When the head-servant had finished his work, he climbed up and said, "Just look what a beautiful neck-tie I have on," and behold it was the mill-stone which he was wearing round his neck. The head-servant now wanted to take his reward, but the bailiff again begged for a fortnight's delay. The clerks met together and advised him to send the head-servant to the haunted mill to grind corn by night, for from thence as yet no man had ever returned in the morning alive. The proposal pleased the bailiff, he called the head-servant that very evening, and ordered him to take eight bushels of corn to the mill, and grind it that night, for it was wanted. So the head-servant went to the loft, and put two bushels in his right pocket, and two in his left, and took four in a wallet, half on his back, and half on his breast, and thus laden went to the haunted mill. The miller told him that he could grind there very well by day, but not by night, for the mill was haunted, and that up to the present time whosoever had gone into it at night had been found in the morning, lying dead inside. He said, "I will manage it, just you go away to bed. Then he went into the mill, and poured out the corn. About eleven o'clock he went into the miller's room, and sat down on the bench. When he had sat there a while, a door suddenly opened, and a large table came in, and on the table, wine and roasted meats placed themselves, and much good food besides, but everything came of itself, for no one was there to carry it. After this the chairs pushed themselves up, but no people came, until all at once he beheld fingers, which handled knives and forks, and laid food on the plates, but with this exception he saw nothing. As he was hungry, and saw the food, he, too, placed himself at the table, ate with those who were eating, and enjoyed it. When he had had enough, and the others also had quite emptied their dishes, he distinctly heard all the candles being suddenly snuffed out, and as it was now pitch dark, he felt something like a box on the ear. Then he said, "If anything of that kind comes again, I shall strike out in return." And when he had received a second box on the ear, he,

too, struck out. And so it continued the whole night, he took nothing without returning it, but repaid everything with interest, and did not lay about him in vain. At daybreak, however, everything ceased. When the miller had got up, he wanted to look after him, and wondered if he were still alive. Then the youth said, "I have eaten my fill, have received some boxes on the ear, but I have given some in return." The miller rejoiced, and said that the mill was now released from the spell, and wanted to give him much money as a reward. But he said, "Money, I will not have, I have enough of it." So he took his meal on his back, went home, and told the bailiff that he had done what he had been told to do, and would now have the reward agreed on. When the bailiff heard that, he was seriously alarmed and quite beside himself; he walked backwards and forwards in the room, and drops of perspiration ran down from his forehead. Then he opened the window to get some fresh air, but before he was aware the head-servant had given him such a kick that he flew through the window out into the air, and so far away that no one ever saw him again. Then said the head-servant to the bailiff's wife, "If he does not come back, you must take the other blow." She cried, "No, no, I cannot bear it," and opened the other window, because drops of perspiration were running down her forehead. Then he gave her such a kick that she, too, flew out, and as she was lighter she went much higher than her husband. Her husband cried, "Do come to me," but she replied, "Come thou to me, I cannot come to thee." And they hovered about there in the air, and could not get to each other, and whether they are still hovering about, or not, I do not know, but the young giant took up his iron bar, and went on his way.

91.—THE ELVES.

THERE was once on a time a rich King who had three daughters, who daily went to walk in the palace garden, and the King was a great lover of all kinds of fine trees, but there was one for which he had such an affection, that if anyone gathered an apple from it he wished him a hundred fathoms under ground. And when harvest time came, the apples on this tree were all as red as blood. The three daughters went every day beneath the tree, and looked to see if the wind had not blown down an apple, but they never by any chance found one, and the tree was so loaded with them that it was almost breaking, and the branches hung down to the ground. Then the King's youngest child had a great desire for an apple, and said to her sisters, "Our father loves us far too much to wish us underground, it is my belief that he would only do that to people who were strangers." And while she was speaking, the child plucked off quite a large apple, and ran to her sisters, saying, "Just taste, my dear little sisters, for never in my life have I tasted anything so delightful." Then the two other sisters also ate some of the apple, whereupon all three sank deep down into the earth, where they could hear no cock crow.

When mid-day came, the King wished to call them to come to dinner, but they were nowhere to be found. He sought them everywhere in the palace and garden, but could not find them. Then he was much troubled, and made known to the whole land that whosoever brought his daughters back again should have one of them to wife. Hereupon so many young men went about the country in search, that there was no counting them, for every one loved the three children because they were so kind to all, and so fair of face. Three young huntsmen also went out, and when they had travelled about for eight days, they arrived at a great castle, in which were beautiful apartments, and in one room a table was laid on which were delicate dishes which were still so warm that they were smoking, but in the whole of the castle no human being

was either to be seen or heard. They waited there for half a day, and the food still remained warm and smoking, and at length they were so hungry that they sat down and ate, and agreed with each other that they would stay and live in that castle, and that one of them, who should be chosen by casting lots, should remain in the house, and the two others seek the King's daughters. They cast lots, and the lot fell on the eldest; so next day the two younger went out to seek, and the eldest had to stay at home. At mid-day came a small, small mannikin and begged for a piece of bread, then the huntsman took the bread which he had found there, and cut a round off the loaf and was about to give it to him, but whilst he was giving it to the mannikin, the latter let it fall, and asked the huntsman to be so good as to give him that piece again. The huntsman was about to do so and stooped, on which the mannikin took a stick, seized him by the hair, and gave him a good beating. Next day, the second stayed at home, and he fared no better. When the two others returned in the evening, the eldest said, "Well, how have you got on?"

"Oh, very badly," said he, and then they lamented their misfortune together, but they said nothing about it to the youngest, for they did not like him at all, and always called him Stupid Hans, because he did not exactly belong to the forest. On the third day, the youngest stayed at home, and again the little mannikin came and begged for a piece of bread. When the youth gave it to him, the elf let it fall as before, and asked him to be so good as to give him that piece again. Then said Hans to the little mannikin, "What! canst thou not pick up that piece thyself? If thou wilt not take as much trouble as that for thy daily bread, thou dost not deserve to have it." Then the mannikin grew very angry and said he was to do it, but the huntsman would not, and took my dear mannikin, and gave him a thorough beating. Then the mannikin screamed terribly, and cried, "Stop, stop, and let me go, and I will tell thee where the King's daughters are." When Hans heard that, he left off beating him and the mannikin told him that he was an earth-mannikin, and that there were more than a thousand like him, and that

if he would go with him he would show him where the King's daughters were. Then he showed him a deep well, but there was no water in it. And the elf said that he knew well that the companions Hans had with him did not intend to deal honourably with him, therefore if he wished to deliver the King's children, he must do it alone. The two other brothers would also be very glad to recover the King's daughters, but they did not want to have any trouble or danger. Hans was therefore to take a large basket, and he must seat himself in it with his hanger and a bell, and be let down. Below were three rooms, and in each of them was a princess, with a many-headed dragon, whose heads she was to comb and trim, but he must cut them off. And having said all this, the elf vanished. When it was evening the two brothers came and asked how he had got on, and he said, "pretty well so far," and that he had seen no one except at mid-day when a little mannikin had come who had begged for a piece of bread, that he had given some to him, but that the mannikin had let it fall and had asked him to pick it up again; but as he did not choose to do that, the elf had begun to lose his temper, and that he had done what he ought not, and had given the elf a beating, on which he had told him where the King's daughters were. Then the two were so angry at this that they grew green and yellow. Next morning they went to the well together, and drew lots who should first seat himself in the basket, and again the lot fell on the eldest, and he was to seat himself in it, and take the bell with him. Then he said, "If I ring, you must draw me up again immediately." When he had gone down for a short distance, he rang, and they at once drew him up again. Then the second seated himself in the basket, but he did just the same as the first, and then it was the turn of the youngest, but he let himself be lowered quite to the bottom. When he had got out of the basket, he took his hanger, and went and stood outside the first door and listened, and heard the dragon snoring quite loudly. He opened the door slowly, and one of the princesses was sitting there, and had nine dragon's heads lying upon her lap, and was combing them. Then he took his hanger and hewed at them, and the nine fell

off. The princess sprang up, threw her arms round his neck, embraced and kissed him repeatedly, and took her stomacher, which was made of red gold, and hung it round his neck. Then he went to the second princess, who had a dragon with five heads to comb, and delivered her also, and to the youngest, who had a dragon with four heads, he went likewise. And they all rejoiced, and embraced him and kissed him without stopping. Then he rang very loud, so that those above heard him, and he placed the princesses one after the other in the basket, and had them all drawn up, but when it came to his own turn he remembered the words of the elf, who had told him that his comrades did not mean well by him. So he took a great stone which was lying there, and placed it in the basket, and when it was about half way up, his false brothers above cut the rope, so that the basket with the stone fell to the ground, and they thought that he was dead, and ran away with the three princesses, making them promise to tell their father that it was they who had delivered them, and then they went to the King, and each demanded a princess in marriage.

In the meantime the youngest huntsman was wandering about the three chambers in great trouble, fully expecting to have to end his days there, when he saw, hanging on the wall, a flute; then said he, "Why dost thou hang there, no one can be merry here?" He looked at the dragon's head likewise and said, "You too cannot help me now." He walked backwards and forwards for such a long time that he made the surface of the ground quite smooth. But at last other thoughts came to his mind, and he took the flute from the wall, and played a few notes on it, and suddenly a number of elves appeared, and with every note that he sounded one more came. Then he played until the room was entirely filled. They all asked what he desired, so he said he wished to get above ground back to daylight, on which they seized him by every hair that grew on his head, and thus they flew with him on to the earth again. When he was above ground, he at once went to the King's palace, just as the wedding of one princess was about to be celebrated, and he went to the room where the King

and his three daughters were. When the princesses saw him they fainted. Hereupon the King was angry, and ordered him to be put in prison at once, because he thought he must have done some injury to the children. When the princesses came to themselves, however, they entreated the King to set him free again. The King asked why, and they said that they were not allowed to tell that, but their father said that they were to tell it to the stove. And he went out, listened at the door, and heard everything. Then he caused the two brothers to be hanged on the gallows, and to the third he gave his youngest daughter, and on that occasion I wore a pair of glass shoes, and I struck them against a stone, and they said, "Klink," and were broken.

92.—THE KING OF THE GOLDEN MOUNTAIN.

THERE was a certain merchant who had two children, a boy and a girl; they were both young, and could not walk. And two richly-laden ships of his sailed forth to sea with all his property on board, and just as he was expecting to win much money by them, news came that they had gone to the bottom, and now instead of being a rich man he was a poor one, and had nothing left but one field outside the town. In order to drive his misfortune a little out of his thoughts, he went out to this field, and as he was walking backwards and forwards in it, a little black mannikin stood suddenly by his side, and asked why he was so sad, and what he was taking so much to heart. Then said the merchant, "If thou couldst help me I would willingly tell thee." "Who knows?" replied the black dwarf. "Perhaps, I can help thee." Then the merchant told him that all he possessed had gone to the bottom of the sea, and that he had nothing left but this field. "Do not trouble thyself," said the dwarf. "If thou wilt promise to give me the first thing that rubs itself against thy leg when thou art at home again, and to bring it here to this place in twelve years' time, thou

shalt have as much money as thou wilt." The merchant thought, "What can that be but my dog?" and did not remember his little boy, so he said yes, gave the black man a written and sealed promise, and went home.

When he reached home, his little boy was so delighted that he held by a bench, tottered up to him and seized him fast by the legs. The father was shocked, for he remembered his promise, and now knew what he had pledged himself to do; as, however, he still found no money in his chest, he thought the dwarf had only been jesting. A month afterwards he went up to the garret, intending to gather together some old tin and to sell it, and saw a great heap of money lying. Then he was happy again, made purchases, became a greater merchant than before, and felt that this world was well governed. In the meantime the boy grew tall, and at the same time sharp and clever. But the nearer the twelfth year approached the more anxious grew the merchant, so that his distress might be seen in his face. One day his son asked what ailed him, but the father would not say. The boy, however, persisted so long, that at last he told him that without being aware of what he was doing, he had promised him to a black dwarf, and had received much money for doing so. He said likewise that he had set his hand and seal to this, and that now when twelve years had gone by he would have to give him up. Then said the son, "Oh, father, do not be uneasy, all will go well. The black man has no power over me." The son had himself blessed by the priest, and when the time came, father and son went together to the field, and the son made a circle and placed himself inside it with his father. Then came the black dwarf and said to the old man, "Hast thou brought with thee that which thou hast promised me?" He was silent, but the son asked, "What dost thou want here?" Then said the black dwarf, "I have to speak with thy father, and not with thee." The son replied, "Thou hast betrayed and misled my father, give back the writing." "No," said the black dwarf, "I will not give up my rights." They spoke together for a long time after this, but at last they agreed that the son, as he did not belong to the enemy of man-

kind, nor yet to his father, should seat himself in a small boat, which should lie on water which was flowing away from them, and that the father should push it off with his own foot, and then the son should remain given up to the water. So he took leave of his father, placed himself in a little boat, and the father had to push it off with his own foot. The boat capsized so that the keel was uppermost, and the father believed his son was lost, and went home and mourned for him.

The boat, however, did not sink, but floated quietly away, and the boy sat safely inside it, and it floated thus for a long time, until at last it stopped by an unknown shore. Then he landed and saw a beautiful castle before him, and set out to go to it. When he entered it, however, he found that it was bewitched. He went through every room, but all were empty until he reached the last, where a snake lay coiled in a ring. The snake, however, was an enchanted maiden, who rejoiced to see him, and said, "Hast thou come, oh, my deliverer? I have already waited twelve years for thee; this kingdom is bewitched, and thou must set it free." "How can I do that?" he inquired. "To-night come twelve black men, covered with chains who will ask what thou art doing here; keep silence, however; give them no answer, and let them do what they will with thee; they will torment thee, beat thee, stab thee; let everything pass, only do not speak; at twelve o'clock, they must go away again. On the second night twelve others will come; on the third, four-and-twenty, who will cut off thy head, but at twelve o'clock their power will be over, and then if thou hast endured all, and hast not spoken the slightest word, I shall be released. I will come to thee, and will have, in a bottle, some of the water of life. I will rub thee with that, and then thou wilt come to life again, and be as healthy as before." Then said he, "I will gladly set thee free." And everything happened just as she had said; the black men could not force a single word from him, and on the third night the snake became a beautiful princess, who came with the water of life and brought him back to life again. So she threw herself into his arms and kissed him, and there was joy and gladness in

the whole castle. After this their marriage was celebrated, and he was King of the Golden Mountain.

They lived very happily together, and the Queen bore a fine boy. Eight years had already gone by, when the King bethoughth im of his father; his heart was moved, and he wished to visit him. The Queen, however, would not let him go away, and said, "I know beforehand that it will cause my unhappiness;" but he suffered her to have no rest until she consented. At their parting she gave him a wishing-ring, and said, "Take this ring and put it on thy finger, and then thou wilt immediately be transported whithersoever thou wouldst be, only thou must promise me not to use it in wishing me away from this place and with thy father." That he promised her, put the ring on his finger, and wished himself at home, just outside the town where his father lived. Instantly he found himself there, and made for the town, but when he came to the gate, the sentries would not let him go in, because he wore such strange and yet such rich and magnificent clothing. Then he went to a hill where a shepherd was watching his sheep, changed clothes with him, put on his old shepherd's-coat, and then entered the town without hindrance. When he came to his father, he made himself known to him, but he did not at all believe that the shepherd was his son, and said he certainly had had a son, but that he was dead long ago; however, as he saw he was a poor, needy shepherd, he would give him something to eat. Then the shepherd said to his parents, "I am verily your son. Do you know of no mark on my body by which you could recognize me?" "Yes," said his mother, "our son had a raspberry mark under his right arm." He slipped back his shirt, and they saw the raspberry under his right arm, and no longer doubted that he was their son. Then he told them that he was King of the Golden Mountain, and a king's daughter was his wife, and that they had a fine son of seven years old. Then said the father, "That is certainly not true; it is a fine kind of king who goes about in a ragged shepherd's-coat." On this the son fell in a passion, and without thinking of his promise, turned his ring round, and wished both his wife and child with

him. They were there in a second, but the Queen wept, and reproached him, and said that he had broken his word, and had brought misfortune upon her. He said, "I have done it thoughtlessly, and not with evil intention," and tried to calm her, and she pretended to believe this; but she had mischief in her mind.

Then he led her out of the town into the field, and showed her the stream where the little boat had been pushed off, and then he said, "I am tired; sit down, I will sleep awhile on thy lap." And he laid his head on her lap, and fell asleep. When he was asleep, she first drew the ring from his finger, then she drew away the foot which was under him, leaving only the slipper behind her, and she took her child in her arms, and wished herself back in her own kingdom. When he awoke, there he lay quite deserted, and his wife and child were gone, and so was the ring from his finger, the slipper only was still there as a token. "Home to thy parents thou canst not return," thought he, "they would say that thou wast a wizard; thou must be off, and walk on until thou arrivest in thine own kingdom." So he went away and came at length to a hill by which three giants were standing, disputing with each other because they did not know how to divide their father's property. When they saw him passing by, they called to him and said little men had quick wits, and that he was to divide their inheritance for them. The inheritance, however, consisted of a sword, which had this property that if any one took it in his hand, and said, "All heads off but mine," every head would lie on the ground; secondly, of a cloak which made any one who put it on invisible; thirdly, of a pair of boots which could transport the wearer to any place he wished in a moment. He said, "Give me the three things that I may see if they are still in good condition." They gave him the cloak, and when he had put it on, he was invisible and changed into a fly. Then he resumed his own form and said, "The cloak is a good one, now give me the sword." They said, "No, we will not give thee that; if thou wert to say, 'All heads off but mine,' all our heads would be off, and thou alone wouldst be left with thine." Nevertheless they gave it to him with the condition that he was only to try

it against a tree. This he did, and the sword cut in two the trunk of a tree as if it had been a blade of straw. Then he wanted to have the boots likewise, but they said, "No, we will not give them; if thou hadst them on thy feet and wert to wish thyself at the top of the hill, we should be left down here with nothing." "Oh, no," said he, "I will not do that." So they gave him the boots as well. And now when he had got all these things, he thought of nothing but his wife and his child, and said just as it were to himself, "Oh, if I were but on the Golden Mountain," and at the same moment he vanished from the sight of the giants, and thus their inheritance was divided. When he was near his palace, he heard sounds of joy, and fiddles, and flutes, and the people told him that his wife was celebrating her wedding with another. Then he fell into a rage, and said, "False woman, she betrayed and deserted me whilst I was asleep!" So he put on his cloak, and unseen by all went into the palace. When he entered the dining-hall a great table was spread with delicious food, and the guests were eating and drinking, and laughing, and jesting. She sat on a royal seat in the midst of them in splendid apparel, with a crown on her head. He placed himself behind her, and no one saw him. When she put a piece of meat on a plate for herself, he took it away and ate it, and when she poured out a glass of wine for herself, he took it away and drank it. She was always helping herself to something, and yet she never got anything, for plate and glass disappeared immediately. Then dismayed and ashamed, she arose and went to her chamber and wept, but he followed her there. She said, "Has the devil power over me, or did my deliverer never come?" Then he struck her in the face, and said, "Did thy deliverer never come? It is he who has thee in his power, thou traitor. Have I deserved this from thee?" Then he made himself visible, went into the hall, and cried, "The wedding is at an end, the true King has returned." The kings, princes and councillors who were assembled there, ridiculed and mocked him, but he did not trouble to answer them, and said, "Will you go away, or not?" On this they tried to seize him and pressed upon him, but he drew his sword and said, "All heads off

but mine," and all the heads rolled on the ground, and he alone was master, and once more King of the Golden Mountain.

[93.—THE RAVEN.

THERE was once on a time a Queen who had a little daughter who was still so young that she could not walk. One day the child was naughty, and the mother might say what she liked, but the child would not be quiet. Then she became impatient, and as the ravens were flying about the palace, she opened the window and said, "I wish you were a raven and would fly away, and then I should have some rest." Scarcely had she spoken the words, before the child was changed into a raven, and flew from her arms out of the window. It flew into a dark forest, and stayed in it a long time, and the parents heard nothing of their child. Then one day a man was on his way through this forest and heard the raven crying, and followed the voice, and when he came nearer, the bird said, "I am a King's daughter by birth, and am bewitched, but thou canst set me free." "What am I to do?" asked he. She said, "Go further into the forest, and thou wilt find a house, wherein sits an aged woman, who will offer thee meat and drink, but thou must accept nothing; for if thou eatest or drinkest anything, thou wilt fall into a sleep, and then thou wilt not be able to deliver me. In the garden behind the house there is a great heap of tan, and on this thou shalt stand and wait for me. For three days I will come every afternoon at two o'clock in a carriage. On the first day four white horses will be harnessed to it, then four chestnut horses, and lastly four black ones; but if thou art not awake, but sleeping, I shall not be set free." The man promised to do everything that she desired, but the raven said, "Alas! I know already that thou wilt not deliver me; thou wilt accept something from the woman." Then the man once more promised that he would certainly not touch anything

either to eat or to drink. But when he entered the house the old woman came to him and said, "Poor man, how faint you are; come and refresh yourself; eat and drink." "No," said the man, "I will not eat or drink." She, however, let him have no peace, and said, "If you will not eat, take one drink out of the glass; one is nothing." Then he let himself be persuaded, and drank. Shortly before two o'clock in the afternoon he went into the garden to the tan heap to wait for the raven. As he was standing there, his weariness all at once became so great that he could not struggle against it, and lay down for a short time, but he was determined not to go to sleep. Hardly, however, had he lain down, than his eyes closed of their own accord, and he fell asleep and slept so soundly that nothing in the world could have aroused him. At two o'clock the raven came driving up with four white horses, but she was already in deep grief and said, "I know he is asleep." And when she came into the garden, he was indeed lying there asleep on the heap of tan. She alighted from the carriage, went to him, shook him, and called him, but he did not awake. Next day about noon, the old woman came again and brought him food and drink, but he would not take any of it. But she let him have no rest and persuaded him until at length he again took one drink out of the glass. Towards two o'clock he went into the garden to the tan heap to wait for the raven, but all at once felt such a great weariness that his limbs would no longer support him. He could not stand upright, and was forced to lie down, and fell into a heavy sleep. When the raven drove up with four brown horses, she was already full of grief, and said, "I know he is asleep." She went to him, but there he lay sleeping, and there was no wakening him. Next day the old woman asked what was the meaning of this? He was neither eating nor drinking anything; did he want to die? He replied, "I am not allowed to eat or drink, and will not do so." She, however, set a dish with meat, and a glass with wine before him, and when he smelt it he could not resist, and swallowed a deep draught. When the time came, he went out into the garden to the heap of tan, and waited for the King's daughter; but he became still more

weary than on the day before, and lay down and slept as soundly as if he had been a stone. At two o'clock the raven came with four black horses, and the coachman and everything else was black. She was already in the deepest grief, and said, "I know that he is asleep and cannot deliver me." When she came to him, there he was lying fast asleep. She shook him and called him, but she could not waken him. Then she laid a loaf beside him, and after that a piece of meat, and thirdly a bottle of wine, and he might consume as much of all of them as he liked, but they would never grow less. After this she took a gold ring from her finger, and put it on his, and her name was graven on it. Lastly, she laid a letter beside him wherein was written what she had given him, and that none of the things would ever grow less; and in it was also written, "I see right well that thou wilt never be able to deliver me here, but if thou art still willing to deliver me, come to the golden castle of Stromberg; it lies in thy power, of that I am certain." And when she had given him all these things, she seated herself in her carriage, and drove to the golden castle of Stromberg.

When the man awoke and saw that he had slept, he was sad at heart, and said, "She has certainly driven by, and I have not set her free." Then he perceived the things which were lying beside him, and read the letter wherein was written how everything had happened. So he arose and went away, intending to go to the golden castle of Stromberg, but he did not know where it was. After he had walked about the world for a long time, he entered into a dark forest, and walked for fourteen days without stopping, and still could not find his way out. Then it was once more evening, and he was so tired that he lay down in a thicket and fell asleep. Next day he went onwards, and in the evening, as he was again about to lie down beneath some bushes, he heard such a howling and crying that he could not go to sleep. And when the time came when people light the candles, he saw one glimmering, and arose and went towards it. Then he came to a house which seemed very small, for in front of it a great giant was standing. He thought to himself,

"If I go in, and the giant sees me, it will very likely cost me my life."

At length he ventured it and went in. When the giant saw him, he said, "It is well that thou comest, for it is long since I have eaten; I will at once eat thee for my supper." "I'd rather you would leave that alone," said the man, "I do not like to be eaten; but if thou hast any desire to eat, I have quite enough here to satisfy thee." "If that be true," said the giant, "thou mayst be easy, I was only going to devour thee because I had nothing else." Then they went, and sat down to the table, and the man took out the bread, wine, and meat which would never come to an end. "This pleases me well," said the giant, and ate to his heart's content. Then the man said to him, "Canst thou tell me where the golden castle of Stromberg is?" The giant said, "I will look in my map; all the towns, and villages, and houses are to be found in it." He brought out the map which he had in the room and looked for the castle, but it was not to be found in it. "It's no matter!" said he, "I have some still larger maps in my cupboard upstairs, and we will look in them." But there, too, it was in vain. The man now wanted to go onwards, but the giant begged him to wait a few days longer until his brother, who had gone out to bring some provisions, came home. When the brother came home they inquired about the golden castle of Stromberg. He replied, "When I have eaten and have had enough, I will look in the map." Then he went with them up to his chamber, and they searched in his map, but could not find it. Then he brought out still older maps, and they never rested until they found the golden castle of Stromberg, but it was many thousand miles away. "How am I to get there?" asked the man. The giant said, "I have two hours' time, during which I will carry you into the neighbourhood, but after that I must be at home to suckle the child that we have." So the giant carried the man to about a hundred leagues from the castle, and said, "Thou canst very well walk the rest of the way alone." And he turned back, but the man went onwards day and night, until at length he came to the golden castle of Stromberg. It stood on a

glass-mountain, and the bewitched maiden drove in her carriage round the castle, and then went inside it. He rejoiced when he saw her and wanted to climb up to her, but when he began to do so he always slipped down the glass again. And when he saw that he could not reach her, he was filled with trouble, and said to himself, "I will stay down here below, and wait for her." So he built himself a hut and stayed in it for a whole year, and every day saw the King's daughter driving about above, but never could go to her. Then one day he saw from his hut three robbers who were beating each other, and cried to them, "God be with ye!" They stopped when they heard the cry, but as they saw no one, they once more began to beat each other, and that too most dangerously. So he again cried, "God be with ye." Again they stopped, looked round about, but as they saw no one they went on beating each other. Then he cried for the third time, "God be with ye," and thought, "I must see what these three are about," and went thither and asked why they were beating each other so furiously. One of them said that he had found a stick, and that when he struck a door with it, that door would spring open. The next said that he had found a mantle, and that whenever he put it on, he was invisible, but the third said he had found a horse on which a man could ride everywhere, even up the glass-mountain. And now they did not know whether they ought to have these things in common, or whether they ought to divide them. Then the man said, "I will give you something in exchange for these three things. Money indeed have I not, but I have other things of more value; but first I must try yours to see if you have told the truth." Then they put him on the horse, threw the mantle round him, and gave him the stick in his hand, and when he had all these things they were no longer able to see him. So he gave them some vigorous blows and cried, "Now, vagabonds, you have got what you deserve: are you satisfied?" And he rode up the glass-mountain, but when he came in front of the castle at the top, it was shut. Then he struck the door with his stick, and it sprang open immediately. He went in and ascended the stairs until he came to the hall where the maiden was sitting

with a golden cup full of wine before her. She, however, could not see him because he had the mantle on. And when he came up to her, he drew from his finger the ring which she had given him, and threw it into the cup so that it rang. Then she cried, "That is my ring, so the man who is to deliver me must be here." They searched the whole castle and did not find him, but he had gone out, and had seated himself on the horse and thrown off the mantle. When they came to the door, she saw him and cried aloud in her delight. Then he alighted and took the King's daughter in his arms, but she kissed him and said, "Now hast thou set me free, and to-morrow we will celebrate our wedding."

94.—THE PEASANT'S WISE DAUGHTER.

THERE was once a poor peasant who had no land, but only a small house, and one daughter. Then said the daughter, "We ought to ask our lord the King for a bit of newly-cleared land." When the King heard of their poverty, he presented them with a bit of land, which she and her father dug up, and intended to sow with a little corn and grain of that kind. When they had dug nearly the whole of the field, they found in the earth a mortar made of pure gold. "Listen," said the father to the girl, "as our lord the King has been so gracious and presented us with the field, we ought to give him this mortar in return for it." The daughter, however, would not consent to this, and said, "Father, if we have the mortar without having the pestle as well, we shall have to get the pestle, so you had much better say nothing about it." He would, however, not obey her, but took the mortar and carried it to the King, said that he had found it in the cleared land, and asked if he would accept it as a present. The King took the mortar, and asked if he had found nothing besides that? "No," answered the countryman. Then the King said that he must now bring him the pestle. The peasant

said they had not found that, but he might just as well have spoken to the wind; he was put in prison, and was to stay there until he produced the pestle. The servants had daily to carry him bread and water, which is what people get in prison, and they heard how the man cried out continually, "Ah! if I had but listened to my daughter! Alas, alas, if I had but listened to my daughter!" Then the servants went to the King and told him how the prisoner was always crying, "Ah! if I had but listened to my daughter!" and would neither eat nor drink. So he commanded the servants to bring the prisoner before him, and then the King asked the peasant why he was always crying, "Ah! if I had but listened to my daughter!" and what it was that his daughter had said. "She told me that I ought not to take the mortar to you, for I should have to produce the pestle as well." "If you have a daughter who is as wise as that, let her come here." She was therefore obliged to appear before the King, who asked her if she really was so wise, and said he would set her a riddle, and if she could guess that, he would marry her. She at once said yes, she would guess it. Then said the King, "Come to me not clothed, not naked, not riding, not walking, not in the road, and not out of the road, and if thou canst do that I will marry thee." So she went away, put off everything she had on, and then she was not clothed, and took a great fishing net, and seated herself in it and wrapped it entirely round and round her, and then she was not naked, and she hired an ass, and tied the fisherman's net to its tail, so that it was forced to drag her along, and that was neither riding nor walking. The ass had also to drag her in the ruts, so that she only touched the ground with her great toe, and that was neither being in the road nor out of the road. And when she arrived in that fashion, the King said she had guessed the riddle and fulfilled all the conditions. Then he ordered her father to be released from the prison, took her to wife, and gave into her care all the royal possessions.

Now when some years had passed, the King was once drawing up his troops on parade, when it happened that some peasants who had been selling wood stopped

with their waggons before the palace; some of them had oxen yoked to them, and some horses. There was one peasant who had three horses, one of which was delivered of a young foal, and it ran away and lay down between two oxen which were in front of the waggon. When the peasants came together, they began to dispute, to beat each other and make a disturbance, and the peasant with the oxen wanted to keep the foal, and said one of the oxen had given birth to it, and the other said his horse had had it, and that it was his. The quarrel came before the King, and he gave the verdict that the foal should stay where it had been found, and so the peasant with the oxen, to whom it did not belong, got it. Then the other went away, and wept and lamented over his foal. Now he had heard how gracious his lady the Queen was because she herself had sprung from poor peasant folks, so he went to her and begged her to see if she could not help him to get his foal back again. Said she, "Yes, I will tell thee what to do, if thou wilt promise me not to betray me. Early to-morrow morning, when the King parades the guard, place thyself there in the middle of the road by which he must pass, take a great fishing-net and pretend to be fishing; go on fishing too, and empty out the net as if thou hadst got it full"—and then she told him also what he was to say if he was questioned by the King. The next day, therefore, the peasant stood there, and fished on dry ground. When the King passed by, and saw that, he sent his messenger to ask what the stupid man was about? He answered, "I am fishing." The messenger asked how he could fish when there was no water whatever there? The peasant said, "It is as easy for me to fish on dry land as it is for an ox to have a foal." The messenger went back and took the answer to the King, who ordered the peasant to be brought to him and told him that this was not his own idea, and he wanted to know whose it was? The peasant must confess that at once. The peasant, however, would not do so, and said always, God forbid he should! the idea was his own. They laid him, however, on a heap of straw, and beat him and tormented him so long that at last he admitted that he had got the idea from the Queen.

When the King reached home again, he said to his wife, "Why hast thou behaved so falsely to me? I will not have thee any longer for a wife; thy time is up, go back to the place from whence thou camest—to thy peasant's hut." One favour, however, he granted her; she might take with her the one thing that was dearest and best in her eyes; and thus was she dismissed. She said, "Yes, my dear husband, if you command this, I will do it," and she embraced him and kissed him, and said she would take leave of him. Then she ordered a powerful sleeping draught to be brought, to drink farewell to him; the King took a long draught, but she took only a little. He soon fell into a deep sleep, and when she perceived that, she called a servant and took a fair white linen cloth and wrapped the King in it, and the servant was forced to carry him into a carriage that stood before the door, and she drove with him to her own little house. She laid him in her own little bed, and he slept one day and one night without awakening, and when he awoke he looked round and said, "Good God! where am I?" He called his attendants, but none of them were there. At length his wife came to his bedside and said, "My dear lord and King, you told me I might bring away with me from the palace that which was dearest and most precious in my eyes—I have nothing more precious and dear than yourself, so I have brought you with me." Tears rose to the King's eyes and he said, "Dear wife, thou shalt be mine and I will be thine," and he took her back with him to the royal palace and was married again to her, and at the present time they are very likely still living.

95.—OLD HILDEBRAND.

ONCE upon a time lived a peasant and his wife, and the parson of the village had a fancy for the wife, and had wished for a long while to spend a whole day happily with her, and the peasant woman, too, was quite willing. One

day, therefore, he said to the woman, "Listen, my dear friend, I have now thought of a way by which we can for once spend a whole day happily together. I'll tell you what; on Wednesday, you must take to your bed, and tell your husband you are ill, and if you only complain and act being ill properly, and go on doing it until Sunday when I have to preach, I will then say in my sermon that whosoever has at home a sick child, a sick husband, a sick wife, a sick father, a sick mother, a sick sister, brother or whosoever else it may be, and makes a pilgrimage to the Göckerli hill in Italy, where you can get a peck of laurel-leaves for a kreuzer, the sick child, the sick husband, the sick wife, the sick father, or sick mother, the sick sister, or whosoever else it may be, will be restored to health immediately."

"I will manage it," said the woman directly. Now therefore, on the Wednesday, the peasant woman took to her bed, and complained and lamented as agreed on, and her husband did everything for her that he could think of, but nothing did her any good, and when Sunday came the woman said, "I feel as ill as if I were going to die at once, but there is one thing I should like to do before my end—I should like to hear the parson's sermon that he is going to preach to-day." On that the peasant said, "Ah, my child, do not do it—thou mightest make thyself worse if thou wert to get up. Look, I will go to the sermon, and will attend to it very carefully, and will tell thee everything the parson says."

"Well," said the woman, "go, then, and pay great attention, and repeat to me all that thou hearest." So the peasant went to the sermon, and the parson began to preach and said, if any one had at home a sick child, a sick husband, a sick wife, a sick father, a sick mother, a sick sister, brother or any one else, and would make a pilgrimage to the Göckerli hill in Italy, where a peck of laurel-leaves costs a kreuzer, the sick child, sick husband, sick wife, sick father, sick mother, sick sister, brother, or whosoever else it might be, would be restored to health instantly, and whosoever wished to undertake the journey was to go to him after the service was over, and he would give him the sack for the laurel-leaves and the kreuzer.

Then no one was more rejoiced than the peasant, and after the service was over, he went at once to the parson, who gave him the bag for the laurel-leaves and the kreuzer. After that he went home, and even at the house door he cried, "Hurrah! dear wife, it is now almost the same thing as if thou wert well! The parson has preached to-day that whosoever had at home a sick child, a sick husband, a sick wife, a sick father, a sick mother, a sick sister, brother or whoever it might be, and would make a pilgrimage to the Göckerli hill in Italy, where a peck of laurel-leaves costs a kreuzer, the sick child, sick husband, sick wife, sick father, sick mother, sick sister, brother, or whosoever else it was, would be cured immediately, and now I have already got the bag and the kreuzer from the parson, and will at once begin my journey so that thou mayst get well the faster," and thereupon he went away. He was, however, hardly gone before the woman got up, and the parson was there directly.

But now we will leave these two for a while, and follow the peasant, who walked on quickly without stopping, in order to get the sooner to the Göckerli hill, and on his way he met his gossip. His gossip was an egg-merchant, and was just coming from the market, where he had sold his eggs. "May you be blessed," said the gossip, "where are you off to so fast?"

"To all eternity, my friend," said the peasant, "my wife is ill, and I have been to-day to hear the parson's sermon, and he preached that if any one had in his house a sick child, a sick husband, a sick wife, a sick father, a sick mother, a sick sister, brother or any one else, and made a pilgrimage to the Göckerli hill in Italy, where a peck of laurel-leaves costs a kreuzer, the sick child, the sick husband, the sick wife, the sick father, the sick mother, the sick sister, brother, or whosoever else it was, would be cured immediately, and so I have got the bag for the laurel-leaves and the kreuzer from the parson, and now I am beginning my pilgrimage." "But listen, gossip," said the egg-merchant to the peasant, "are you, then, stupid enough to believe such a thing as that? Don't you know what it means? The parson wants to spend a

whole day alone with your wife in peace, so he has given you this job to do to get you out of the way."

"My word!" said the peasant. "How I'd like to know if that's true!"

"Come, then," said the gossip, "I'll tell you what to do. Get into my egg-basket and I will carry you home, and then you will see for yourself." So that was settled, and the gossip put the peasant into his egg-basket, and carried him home.

When they got to the house, hurrah! but all was going merrily there! The woman had already had nearly everything killed that was in the farmyard, and had made pancakes, and the parson was there, and had brought his fiddle with him. The gossip knocked at the door, and the woman asked who was there. "It is I, gossip," said the egg-merchant, "give me shelter this night; I have not sold my eggs at the market, so now I have to carry them home again, and they are so heavy that I shall never be able to do it, for it is dark already."

"Indeed, my friend," said the woman, "thou comest at a very inconvenient time for me, but as thou art here it can't be helped, come in, and take a seat there on the bench by the stove." Then she placed the gossip and the basket which he carried on his back on the bench by the stove. The parson, however, and the woman were as merry as possible. At length the parson said, "Listen, my dear friend, thou canst sing beautifully; sing something to me." "Oh," said the woman, "I cannot sing now, in my young days indeed I could sing well enough, but that's all over now."

"Come," said the parson once more, "do sing some little song."

On that the woman began and sang,

"I've sent my husband away from me
To the Göckerli hill in Italy."

Thereupon the parson sang,

"I wish 'twas a year before he came back,
I'd never ask him for the laurel-leaf sack."
Hallelujah.

Then the gossip who was in the background began to

sing (but I ought to tell you the peasant was called Hildebrand), so the gossip sang,

"What art thou doing, my Hildebrand dear,
There on the bench by the stove so near?"
Hallelujah.

And then the peasant sang from his basket,

"All singing I ever shall hate from this day,
And here in this basket no longer I'll stay."
Hallelujah.

And he got out of the basket, and cudgelled the parson out of the house.

96.—THE THREE LITTLE BIRDS.

About a thousand or more years ago, there were in this country nothing but small kings, and one of them lived on the Keuterberg who was very fond of hunting. Once on a time when he was riding forth from his castle with his huntsmen, three girls were watching their cows upon the mountain, and when they saw the King with all his followers, the eldest girl pointed to him, and called to the two other girls, "Hilloa! hilloa! If I do not get that one, I will have none." Then the second girl answered from the other side of the hill, and pointed to the one who was on the King's right hand, "Hilloa! hilloa! If I do not get that one, I will have none." And then the youngest pointed to the one who was on the left hand, and cried, "Hilloa! hilloa! If I do not get him I will have no one." These, however, were the two ministers. The King heard all this, and when he had come back from the chase, he caused the three girls to be brought to him, and asked them what they had said yesterday on the mountain. They would not tell him that, so the King asked the eldest if she really would take him for her husband? Then she said, "Yes," and the two ministers married the two sisters, for they were all three fair and beautiful of face, especially the Queen,

who had hair like flax. But the two sisters had no children, and once when the King was obliged to go from home he invited them to come to the Queen in order to cheer her, for she was about to bear a child. She had a little boy who brought a bright red star into the world with him. Then the two sisters said to each other that they would throw the beautiful boy into the water. When they had thrown him in (I believe it was into the Weser), a little bird flew up into the air, which sang,

"To thy death art thou sped,
Until God's word be said.
In the white lily bloom,
Brave boy, is thy tomb."

When the two heard that, they were frightened to death, and ran away in great haste. When the King came home they told him that the Queen had been delivered of a dog. Then the King said, "What God does, is well done!" But a fisherman who dwelt near the water fished the little boy out again while he was still alive, and as his wife had no children they reared him. When a year had gone by, the King again went away, and the Queen had another little boy, whom the false sisters likewise took and threw into the water. Then up flew a little bird again and sang,

"To thy death art thou sped
Until God's word be said.
In the white lily bloom,
Brave boy, is thy tomb."

And when the King came back, they told him that the Queen had once more given birth to a dog, and he again said, "What God does, is well done." The fisherman, however, fished this one also out of the water, and reared him.

Then the King again journeyed forth, and the Queen had a little girl, whom also the false sisters threw into the water. Then again a little bird flew up on high and sang,

"To thy death art thou sped
Until God's word be said.
In the white lily bloom,
Bonny girl, is thy tomb."

And when the King came home they told him that the Queen had been delivered of a cat. Then the King grew angry, and ordered his wife to be cast into prison, and therein was she shut up for many long years.

In the meantime the children had grown up. Then the eldest once went out with some other boys to fish, but the other boys would not have him with them, and said, "Go thy way, foundling."

Hereupon he was much troubled, and asked the old fisherman if that was true? The fisherman told him that once when he was fishing he had drawn him out of the water. So the boy said he would go forth and seek his father. The fisherman, however, entreated him to stay, but he would not let himself be hindered, and at last the fisherman consented. Then the boy went on his way and walked for many days together, and at last he came to a great piece of water by the side of which stood an old woman fishing. "Good day, mother," said the boy.

"Many thanks," said she.

"Thou wilt fish long enough before thou catchest anything."

"And thou wilt seek long enough before thou findest thy father. How wilt thou get over the water?" said the woman.

"God knows."

Then the old woman took him up on her back and carried him through it, and he sought for a long time, but could not find his father.

When a year had gone by, the second boy set out to seek his brother. He came to the water, and all fared with him just as with his brother. And now there was no one at home but the daughter, and she mourned for her brothers so much that at last she also begged the fisherman to let her set forth, for she wished to go in search of her brothers. Then she likewise came to the great piece of water, and she said to the old woman, "Good day, mother."

"Many thanks," replied the old woman.

"May God help you with your fishing," said the maiden. When the old woman heard that, she became quite friendly, and carried her over the water, gave her a

wand, and said to her, "Go, my daughter, ever onwards by this road, and when you come to a great black dog, you must pass it silently and boldly, without either laughing or looking at it. Then you will come to a great high castle, on the threshold of which you must let the wand fall, and go straight through the castle, and out again on the other side. There you will see an old fountain out of which a large tree has grown, whereon hangs a bird in a cage which you must take down. Take likewise a glass of water out of the fountain, and with these two things go back by the same way. Pick up the wand again from the threshold and take it with you, and when you again pass by the dog strike him in the face with it, but be sure that you hit him, and then just come back here to me." The maiden found everything exactly as the old woman had said, and on her way back she found her two brothers who had sought each other over half the world. They went together to the place where the black dog was lying on the road; she struck it in the face, and it turned into a handsome prince who went with them to the river. There the old woman was still standing. She rejoiced much to see them again, and carried them all over the water, and then she too went away, for now she was freed. The others, however, went to the old fisherman, and all were glad that they had found each other again, but they hung the bird on the wall.

But the second son could not settle at home, and took his cross-bow and went a-hunting. When he was tired he took his flute, and made music. The King, however, was hunting too, and heard that and went thither, and when he met the youth, he said, "Who has given thee leave to hunt here?"

"Oh, no one."

"To whom dost thou belong, then?"

"I am the fisherman's son."

"But he has no children."

"If thou wilt not believe, come with me."

That the King did and questioned the fisherman, who told everything to him, and the little bird on the wall began to sing,

"The mother sits alone
There in the prison small,
O King of royal blood,
These are thy children all.
The sisters twain so false,
They wrought the children woe,
There in the waters deep
Where the fishermen come and go."

Then they were all terrified, and the King took the bird, the fisherman and the three children back with him to the castle, and ordered the prison to be opened and brought his wife out again. She had, however, grown quite ill and weak. Then the daughter gave her some of the water of the fountain to drink, and she became strong and healthy. But the two false sisters were burnt, and the daughter married the prince.

97.—THE WATER OF LIFE.

THERE was once a King who had an illness, and no one believed that he would come out of it with his life. He had three sons who were much distressed about it, and went down into the palace-garden and wept. There they met an old man who inquired as to the cause of their grief. They told him that their father was so ill that he would most certainly die, for nothing seemed to cure him. Then the old man said, "I know of one more remedy, and that is the water of life; if he drinks of it he will become well again; but it is hard to find." The eldest said, "I will manage to find it," and went to the sick King, and begged to be allowed to go forth in search of the water of life, for that alone could save him. "No," said the King, 'the danger of it is too great. I would rather die." But he begged so long that the King consented. The prince thought in his heart, "If I bring the water, then I shall be best beloved of my father, and shall inherit the kingdom." So he set out, and when he had

ridden forth a little distance, a dwarf stood there in the road who called to him and said, "Whither away so fast?." "Silly shrimp," said the prince, very haughtily, "it is nothing to you," and rode on. But the little dwarf had grown angry, and had wished an evil wish. Soon after this the prince entered a ravine, and the further he rode the closer the mountains drew together, and at last the road became so narrow that he could not advance a step further; it was impossible either to turn his horse or to dismount from the saddle, and he was shut in there as if in prison. The sick King waited long for him, but he came not. Then the second son said, "Father, let me go forth to seek the water," and thought to himself, "If my brother is dead, then the kingdom will fall to me." At first the King would not allow him to go either, but at last he yielded, so the prince set out on the same road that his brother had taken, and he too met the dwarf, who stopped him to ask, whither he was going in such haste? "Little shrimp," said the prince, "that is nothing to thee," and rode on without giving him another look. But the dwarf bewitched him, and he, like the other, got into a ravine, and could neither go forwards nor backwards. So fare haughty people.

As the second son also remained away, the youngest begged to be allowed to go forth to fetch the water, and at last the King was obliged to let him go. When he met the dwarf and the latter asked him whither he was going in such haste, he stopped, gave him an explanation, and said, "I am seeking the water of life, for my father is sick unto death." "Dost thou know, then, where that is to be found?" "No," said the prince. "As thou hast borne thyself as is seemly, and not haughtily like thy false brothers, I will give thee the information and tell thee how thou mayst obtain the water of life. It springs from a fountain in the courtyard of an enchanted castle, but thou wilt not be able to make thy way to it, if I do not give thee an iron wand and two small loaves of bread. Strike thrice with the wand on the iron door of the castle, and it will spring open: inside lie two lions with gaping jaws, but if thou throwest a loaf to each of them, they will be quieted, then hasten to fetch some of the water of

life before the clock strikes twelve, else the door will shut again, and thou wilt be imprisoned." The prince thanked him, took the wand and the bread, and set out on his way. When he arrived, everything was as the dwarf had said. The door sprang open at the third stroke of the wand, and when he had appeased the lions with the bread, he entered into the castle, and came in a large and splendid hall, wherein sat some enchanted princes whose rings he drew off their fingers. A sword and a loaf of bread were lying there, which he carried away. After this, he entered a chamber, in which was a beautiful maiden who rejoiced when she saw him, kissed him, and told him that he had delivered her, and should have the whole of her kingdom, and that if he would return in a year their wedding should be celebrated; likewise she told him where the spring of the water of life was, and that he was to hasten and draw some of it before the clock struck twelve. Then he went onwards, and at last entered a room where there was a beautiful newly-made bed, and as he was very weary, he felt inclined to rest a little. So he lay down and fell asleep. When he awoke, it was striking a quarter to twelve. He sprang up in a fright, ran to the spring, drew some water in a cup which stood near, and hastened away. But just as he was passing through the iron door, the clock struck twelve, and the door fell to with such violence that it carried away a piece of his heel. He, however, rejoicing at having obtained the water of life, went homewards, and again passed the dwarf. When the latter saw the sword and the loaf, he said, "With these thou hast won great wealth; with the sword thou canst slay whole armies, and the bread will never come to an end." But the prince would not go home to his father without his brothers, and said, "Dear dwarf, canst thou not tell me where my two brothers are? They went out before I did in search of the water of life, and have not returned." "They are imprisoned between two mountains," said the dwarf. "I have condemned them to stay there, because they were so haughty." Then the prince begged until the dwarf released them; he warned him, however, and said, "Beware of them, for they have bad hearts." When his

brothers came, he rejoiced, and told them how things had gone with him, that he had found the water of life, and had brought a cupful away with him, and had delivered a beautiful princess, who was willing to wait a year for him, and then their wedding was to be celebrated, and he would obtain a great kingdom. After that they rode on together, and chanced upon a land where war and famine reigned, and the King already thought he must perish, for the scarcity was so great. Then the prince went to him and gave him the loaf, wherewith he fed and satisfied the whole of his kingdom, and then the prince gave him the sword also, wherewith he slew the hosts of his enemies, and could now live in rest and peace. The prince then took back his loaf and his sword, and the three brothers rode on. But after this they entered two more countries where war and famine reigned, and each time the prince gave his loaf and his sword to the Kings, and had now delivered three kingdoms, and after that they went on board a ship and sailed over the sea. During the passage, the two eldest conversed apart and said, "The youngest has found the water of life and not we, for that our father will give him the kingdom,—the kingdom which belongs to us, and he will rob us of all our fortune." They then began to seek revenge, and plotted with each other to destroy him. They waited until once when they found him fast asleep, then they poured the water of life out of the cup, and took it for themselves, but into the cup they poured salt sea-water. Now therefore, when they arrived at home, the youngest took his cup to the sick King in order that he might drink out of it, and be cured. But scarcely had he drunk a very little of the salt sea-water than he became still worse than before. And as he was lamenting over this, the two eldest brothers came, and accused the youngest of having intended to poison him, and said that they had brought him the true water of life, and handed it to him. He had scarcely tasted it, when he felt his sickness departing, and became strong and healthy as in the days of his youth. After that they both went to the youngest, mocked him, and said, "You certainly found the water of life, but you have had the pain, and we the

gain; you should have been sharper, and should have kept your eyes open. We took it from you whilst you were asleep at sea, and when a year is over, one of us will go and fetch the beautiful princess. But beware that you do not disclose aught of this to our father; indeed he does not trust you, and if you say a single word, you shall lose your life into the bargain, but if you keep silent, you shall have it as a gift."

The old King was angry with his youngest son, and thought he had plotted against his life. So he summoned the court together, and had sentence pronounced upon his son, that he should be secretly shot. And once when the prince was riding forth to the chase, suspecting no evil, the King's huntsman had to go with him, and when they were quite alone in the forest, the huntsman looked so sorrowful that the prince said to him, "Dear huntsman, what ails you?" The huntsman said, "I cannot tell you, and yet I ought." Then the prince said, "Say openly what it is, I will pardon you." "Alas!" said the huntsman, "I am to shoot you dead, the King has ordered me to do it." Then the prince was shocked, and said, "Dear huntsman, let me live; there, I give you my royal garments; give me your common ones in their stead." The huntsman said, "I will willingly do that, indeed I should not have been able to shoot you." Then they exchanged clothes, and the huntsman returned home; the prince, however, went further into the forest. After a time three waggons of gold and precious stones came to the King for his youngest son, which were sent by the three Kings who had slain their enemies with the prince's sword, and maintained their people with his bread, and who wished to show their gratitude for it. The old King then thought, "Can my son have been innocent?" and said to his people, "Would that he were still alive, how it grieves me that I have suffered him to be killed!" "He still lives," said the huntsman, "I could not find it in my heart to carry out your command," and told the King how it had happened. Then a stone fell from the King's heart, and he had it proclaimed in every country that his son might return and be taken into favour again.

The princess, however, had a road made up to her palace

which was quite bright and golden, and told her people that whosoever came riding straight along it to her, would be the right wooer and was to be admitted, and whoever rode by the side of it, was not the right one, and was not to be admitted. As the time was now close at hand, the eldest thought he would hasten to go to the King's daughter, and give himself out as her deliverer, and thus win her for his bride, and the kingdom to boot. Therefore he rode forth, and when he arrived in front of the palace, and saw the splendid golden road, he thought it would be a sin and a shame if he were to ride over that, and turned aside, and rode on the right side of it. But when he came to the door, the servants told him that he was not the right man, and was to go away again. Soon after this the second prince set out, and when he came to the golden road, and his horse had put one foot on it, he thought it would be a sin and a shame to tread a piece of it off, and he turned aside and rode on the left side of it, and when he reached the door, the attendants told him he was not the right one, and was to go away again. When at last the year had entirely expired, the third son likewise wished to ride out of the forest to his beloved, with her to forget his sorrows. So he set out and thought of her so incessantly, and wished to be with her so much, that he never noticed the golden road at all. So his horse rode onwards up the middle of it, and when he came to the door, it was opened and the princess received him with joy, and said he was her deliverer, and lord of the kingdom, and their wedding was celebrated with great rejoicing. When it was over she told him that his father invited him to come to him, and had forgiven him. So he rode thither, and told him everything; how his brothers had betrayed him, and how he had nevertheless kept silence. The old King wished to punish them, but they had put to sea, and never came back as long as they lived.

98.—DOCTOR KNOWALL.

THERE was once on a time a poor peasant called Crabb, who drove with two oxen a load of wood to the town, and sold it to a doctor for two thalers. When the money was being counted out to him, it so happened that the doctor was sitting at table, and when the peasant saw how daintily he ate and drank, his heart desired what he saw, and he would willingly have been a doctor too. So he remained standing a while, and at length inquired if he too could not be a doctor. "Oh, yes," said the doctor, "that is soon managed." "What must I do?" asked the peasant. "In the first place, buy thyself an A B C book of the kind which has a cock on the frontispiece; in the second, turn thy cart and thy two oxen into money, and get thyself some clothes, and whatsoever else pertains to medicine; thirdly, have a sign painted for thyself with the words, "I am Doctor Knowall," and have that nailed up above thy house-door." The peasant did everything that he had been told to do. When he had doctored people awhile, but not long, a rich and great lord had some money stolen. Then he was told about Doctor Knowall who lived in such and such a village, and must know what had become of the money. So the lord had the horses put in his carriage, drove out to the village, and asked Crabb if he were Doctor Knowall? Yes, he was, he said. Then he was to go with him and bring back the stolen money. "Oh, yes, but Grethe, my wife, must go too." The lord was willing, and let both of them have a seat in the carriage, and they all drove away together. When they came to the nobleman's castle, the table was spread, and Crabb was told to sit down and eat. "Yes, but my wife, Grethe, too," said he, and he seated himself with her at the table. And when the first servant came with a dish of delicate fare, the peasant nudged his wife, and said, "Grethe, that was the first," meaning that was the servant who brought the first dish. The servant, however, thought he intended by that to say, "That is the first thief," and as he actually was so, he was terrified, and said to his comrade outside, "The doctor knows all:

we shall fare ill, he said I was the first." The second did not want to go in at all, but was forced. So when he went in with his dish, the peasant nudged his wife, and said, "Grethe, that is the second." This servant was just as much alarmed, and he got out. The third did not fare better, for the peasant again said, "Grethe, that is the third." The fourth had to carry in a dish that was covered, and the lord told the doctor that he was to show his skill, and guess what was beneath the cover. The doctor looked at the dish, had no idea what to say, and cried, "Ah, poor Crabb." When the lord heard that, he cried, "There! he knows who has the money!"

On this the servants looked terribly uneasy, and made a sign to the doctor that they wished him to go out for a moment. When therefore he went out, all four of them confessed to him that they had stolen the money, and said that they would willingly restore it and give him a heavy sum into the bargain, if he would not denounce them, for if he did they would be hanged. They led him to the spot where the money was concealed. With this the doctor was satisfied, and returned to the hall, sat down to the table, and said, "My lord, now will I search in my book where the gold is hidden." The fifth servant, however, crept into the stove to hear if the doctor knew still more. The Doctor, however, sat still and opened his A B C book, turned the pages backwards and forwards, and looked for the cock. As he could not find it immediately he said, "I know you are there, so you had better show yourself." Then the fellow in the stove thought that the doctor meant him, and full of terror, sprang out crying, "That man knows everything!" Then Doctor Knowall showed the count where the money was, but did not say who had stolen it, and received from both sides much money in reward, and became a renowned man.

99.—THE SPIRIT IN THE BOTTLE.

THERE was once a poor woodcutter who toiled from early morning till late night. When at last he had laid by some money he said to his boy, "You are my only child, I will spend the money which I have earned with the sweat of my brow on your education; if you learn some honest trade you can support me in my old age, when my limbs have grown stiff and I am obliged to stay at home." Then the boy went to a High School and learned diligently so that his masters praised him, and he remained there a long time. When he had worked through two classes, but was still not yet perfect in everything, the little pittance which the father had earned was all spent, and the boy was obliged to return home to him. "Ah," said the father, sorrowfully, "I can give you no more, and in these hard times I cannot earn a farthing more than will suffice for our daily bread." "Dear father," answered the son, "don't trouble yourself about it, if it is God's will, it will turn to my advantage I shall soon accustom myself to it." When the father wanted to go into the forest to earn money by helping to pile and stack wood and also to chop it, the son said, "I will go with you and help you." "Nay, my son," said the father, "that would be hard for you; you are not accustomed to rough work, and will not be able to bear it, besides I have only one axe and no money left wherewith to buy another." "Just go to the neighbour," answered the son, "he will lend you his axe until I have earned one for myself." The father then borrowed an axe of the neighbour, and next morning at break of day they went out into the forest together. The son helped his father and was quite merry and brisk about it. But when the sun was right over their heads, the father said, "We will rest, and have our dinner, and then we shall work as well again." The son took his bread in his hands, and said, "Just you rest, father, I am not tired; I will walk up and down a little in the forest, and look for birds' nests." "Oh, you fool," said the father, "why should you want to run about there? Afterwards you will be tired, and no

longer able to raise your arm; stay here, and sit down beside me." The son, however, went into the forest, ate his bread, was very merry and peered in among the green branches to see if he could discover a bird's nest anywhere. So he went up and down to see if he could find a bird's nest, until at last he came to a great dangerous-looking oak, which certainly was already many hundred years old, and which five men could not have spanned. He stood still and looked at it, and thought, "Many a bird must have built its nest in that." Then all at once it seemed to him that he heard a voice. He listened and became aware that some one was crying in a very smothered voice, "Let me out, let me out!" He looked around, but could discover nothing; nevertheless, he fancied that the voice came out of the ground. Then he cried, "Where art thou?" The voice answered, "I am here down amongst the roots of the oak-tree. Let me out! Let me out!" The scholar began to loosen the earth under the tree, and search among the roots, until at last he found a glass bottle in a little hollow. He lifted it up and held it against the light, and then saw a creature shaped like a frog, springing up and down in it. "Let me out! Let me out!" it cried anew, and the scholar thinking no evil, drew the cork out of the bottle. Immediately a spirit ascended from it, and began to grow, and grew so fast that in a very few moments he stood before the scholar, a terrible fellow as big as half the tree by which he was standing. "Knowest thou," he cried in an awful voice, "what thy wages are for having let me out?" "No," replied the scholar fearlessly, "how should I know that?" "Then I will tell thee," cried the spirit; "I must strangle thee for it." "Thou shouldst have told me that sooner," said the scholar, "for I should then have left thee shut up, but my head shall stand fast for all thou canst do; more persons than one must be consulted about that." "More persons here, more persons there," said the spirit. "Thou shalt have the wages thou hast earned. Dost thou think that I was shut up there for such a long time as a favour. No, it was a punishment for me. I am the mighty Mercurius. Whoso releases me, him must I strangle." "Softly,"

answered the scholar, "not so fast. I must first know that thou really wert shut up in that little bottle, and that thou art the right spirit. If, indeed, thou canst get in again, I will believe, and then thou mayst do as thou wilt with me." The spirit said haughtily, "That is a very trifling feat," drew himself together, and made himself as small and slender as he had been at first, so that he crept through the same opening, and right through the neck of the bottle in again. Scarcely was he within than the scholar thrust the cork he had drawn back into the bottle, and threw it among the roots of the oak into its old place, and the spirit was betrayed.

And now the scholar was about to return to his father, but the spirit cried very piteously, "Ah, do let me out! ah, do let me out!" "No," answered the scholar, "not a second time! He who has once tried to take my life shall not be set free by me, now that I have caught him again." "If thou wilt set me free," said the spirit, "I will give thee so much that thou wilt have plenty all the days of thy life." "No," answered the scholar, "thou wouldst cheat me as thou didst the first time." "Thou art playing away thy own good luck," said the spirit; "I will do thee no harm, but will reward thee richly." The scholar thought, "I will venture it, perhaps he will keep his word, and anyhow he shall not get the better of me." Then he took out the cork, and the spirit rose up from the bottle as he had done before, stretched himself out and became as big as a giant. "Now thou shalt have thy reward," said he, and handed the scholar a little bag just like a plaster, and said, "If thou spreadest one end of this over a wound it will heal, and if thou rubbest steel or iron with the other end it will be changed into silver." "I must just try that," said the scholar, and went to a tree, tore off the bark with his axe, and rubbed it with one end of the plaster. It immediately closed together and was healed. "Now, it is all right," he said to the spirit, "and we can part." The spirit thanked him for his release, and the scholar thanked the spirit for his present, and went back to his father.

"Where hast thou been racing about?" said the father; "why hast thou forgotten thy work? I said at

once that thou wouldst never get on with anything." "Be easy, father, I will make it up." "Make it up indeed," said the father angrily, "there's no art in that." "Take care, father, I will soon hew that tree there, so that it will split." Then he took his plaster, rubbed the axe with it, and dealt a mighty blow, but as the iron had changed into silver, the edge turned: "Hollo, father, just look what a bad axe you've given me, it has become quite crooked." The father was shocked and said, "Ah, what hast thou done? now I shall have to pay for that, and have not the wherewithal, and that is all the good I have got by thy work." "Don't get angry," said the son, "I will soon pay for the axe." "Oh, thou blockhead," cried the father, "wherewith wilt thou pay for it? Thou hast nothing but what I give thee. These are students' tricks that are sticking in thy head, but thou hast no idea of wood-cutting." After a while the scholar said, "Father, I can really work no more, we had better take a holiday." "Eh, what!" answered he. "Dost thou think I will sit with my hands lying in my lap like thee? I must go on working, but thou mayst take thyself off home." "Father, I am here in this wood for the first time, I don't know my way alone. Do go with me." As his anger had now abated, the father at last let himself be persuaded and went home with him. Then he said to the son, "Go and sell thy damaged axe, and see what thou canst get for it, and I must earn the difference, in order to pay the neighbour." The son took the axe, and carried it into town to a goldsmith, who tested it, laid it in the scales, and said, "It is worth four hundred thalers, I have not so much as that by me." The son said, "Give me what you have, I will lend you the rest." The goldsmith gave him three hundred thalers, and remained a hundred in his debt. The son thereupon went home and said, "Father, I have got the money, go and ask the neighbour what he wants for the axe." "I know that already," answered the old man, "one thaler six groschen." "Then give him two thalers, twelve groschen, that is double and enough; see, I have money in plenty," and he gave the father a hundred thalers, and said, "You shall never know want, live as comfortably as you like." "Good heavens!" said the

father, "how hast thou come by these riches?" The scholar then told how all had come to pass, and how he, trusting in his luck, had made such a good hit. But with the money that was left, he went back to the High School and went on learning more, and as he could heal all wounds with his plaster, he became the most famous doctor in the whole world.

100.—THE DEVIL'S SOOTY BROTHER.

A DISBANDED soldier had nothing to live on, and did not know how to get on. So he went out into the forest, and when he had walked for a short time, he met a little man who was, however, the Devil. The little man said to him, "What ails you, you seem so very sorrowful?" Then the soldier said, "I am hungry, but have no money." The Devil said, "If you will hire yourself to me, and be my serving-man, you shall have enough for all your life? You shall serve me for seven years, and after that you shall again be free. But one thing I must tell you, and that is, you must not wash, comb, or trim yourself, or cut your hair or nails, or wipe the water from your eyes." The soldier said, "All right, if there is no help for it," and went off with the little man, who straightway led him down into hell. Then he told him what he had to do, he was to poke the fire under the kettles wherein the hell-broth was stewing, keep the house clean, drive all the sweepings behind the doors, and see that everything was in order, but if he once peeped into the kettles, it would go ill with him. The soldier said, "Good, I will take care." And then the old Devil went out again on his wanderings, and the soldier entered upon his new duties, made the fire, and swept the dirt well behind the doors, just as he had been bidden. When the old Devil came back again, he looked to see if all had been done, appeared satisfied, and went forth a second time. The soldier now took a good look on every side; the kettles were standing all round hell with a mighty

fire below them, and inside they were boiling and sputtering. He would have given anything to look inside them, if the Devil had not so particularly forbidden him: at last, he could no longer restrain himself, slightly raised the lid of the first kettle, and peeped in, and there he saw his former corporal shut in. "Aha, old bird!" said he. "Do I meet you here? You once had me in your power, now I have you," and he quickly let the lid fall, poked the fire, and added a fresh log. After that, he went to the second kettle, raised its lid also a little, and peeped in; his former ensign was inside that. "Aha, old bird, so I find you here! you once had me in your power, now I have you." He closed the lid again, and fetched yet another log to make it really hot. Then he wanted to see who might be shut up in the third kettle—it was actually a general. "Aha, old bird, do I meet you here? Once you had me in your power, now I have you," and he fetched the bellows and made hell-fire flare well up under him. So he did his work seven years in hell, did not wash, comb, or trim himself, or cut his hair or nails, or wash the water out of his eyes, and the seven years seemed so short to him that he thought he had only been half a year. Now when the time had fully gone by, the Devil came and said, "Well Hans, what have you done?" "I have poked the fire under the kettles, and I have swept all the dirt well behind the doors."

"But you have peeped into the kettles as well; it is lucky for you that you added fresh logs to them, or else your life would have been forfeited; now that your time is up, will you go home again?" "Yes," said the soldier, "I should very much like to see what my father is doing at home." The Devil said, "In order that you may receive the wages you have earned, go and fill your knapsack full of the sweepings, and take it home with you. You must also go unwashed and uncombed, with long hair on your head and beard, and with uncut nails and dim eyes, and when you are asked whence you come, you must say, "From hell," and when you are asked who you are, you are to say, "The Devil's sooty brother, and my King as well." The soldier held his peace, and did as the Devil

bade him, but he was not at all satisfied with his wages. Then as soon as he was up in the forest again, he took his knapsack from his back, to empty it, but on opening it, the sweepings had become pure gold. "I should never have expected that," said he, and was well pleased, and entered the town. The landlord was standing in front of the inn, and when he saw the soldier approaching, he was terrified, because Hans looked so horrible, worse than a scare-crow. He called to him and asked, "Whence comest thou?" "From hell." "Who art thou?" "The Devil's sooty brother, and my King as well." Then the host would not let him enter, but when Hans showed him the gold, he came and unlatched the door himself. Hans then ordered the best room and attendance, ate, and drank his fill, but neither washed nor combed himself as the Devil had bidden him, and at last lay down to sleep. But the knapsack full of gold remained before the eyes of the landlord, and left him no peace, and during the night he crept in and stole it away. Next morning, however, when Hans got up and wanted to pay the landlord and travel further, behold, his knapsack was gone! But he soon composed himself and thought, "Thou hast been unfortunate from no fault of thine own," and straightway went back again to hell, complained of his misfortune to the old Devil, and begged for his help. The Devil said, "Seat yourself, I will wash, comb, and trim you, cut your hair and nails, and wash your eyes for you," and when he had done with him, he gave him the knapsack back again full of sweepings, and said, "Go and tell the landlord that he must return you your money, or else I will come and fetch him, and he shall poke the fire in your place." Hans went up and said to the landlord, "Thou hast stolen my money; if thou dost not return it, thou shalt go down to hell in my place, and wilt look as horrible as I." Then the landlord gave him the money, and more besides, only begging him to keep it secret, and Hans was now a rich man.

He set out on his way home to his father, bought himself a shabby smock-frock to wear, and strolled about making music, for he had learned to do that while he was with the Devil in hell. There was, however, an old King in

that country, before whom he had to play, and the King was so delighted with his playing, that he promised him his eldest daughter in marriage. But when she heard that she was to be married to a common fellow in a smock-frock, she said, "Rather than do it, I would go into the deepest water," and then the King gave him the youngest, who was quite willing to do it to please her father, and thus the Devil's sooty brother got the King's daughter, and when the aged King died, the whole kingdom likewise.

101.—BEARSKIN.

THERE was once a young fellow who enlisted as a soldier, conducted himself bravely, and was always the foremost when it rained bullets. So long as the war lasted, all went well, but when peace was made, he received his dismissal, and the captain said he might go where he liked. His parents were dead, and he had no longer a home, so he went to his brothers and begged them to take him in, and keep him until war broke out again. The brothers, however, were hard-hearted and said, "What can we do with thee? thou art of no use to us; go and make a living for thyself." The soldier had nothing left but his gun; he took that on his shoulder, and went forth into the world. He came to a wide heath, on which nothing was to be seen but a circle of trees; under these he sat sorrowfully down, and began to think over his fate. "I have no money," thought he, "I have learnt no trade but that of fighting, and now that they have made peace they don't want me any longer; so I see beforehand that I shall have to starve." All at once he heard a rustling, and when he looked round, a strange man stood before him, who wore a green coat and looked right stately, but had a hideous cloven foot. "I know already what thou art in need of," said the man; "gold and possessions shalt thou have, as much as thou canst make away with do what thou wilt, but first I

must know if thou art fearless, that I may not bestow my money in vain." "A soldier and fear—how can those two things go together?" he answered; "thou canst put me to the proof." "Very well, then," answered the man, "look behind thee." The soldier turned round, and saw a large bear, which came growling towards him. "Oho!" cried the soldier, "I will tickle thy nose for thee, so that thou shalt soon lose thy fancy for growling," and he aimed at the bear and shot it through the muzzle; it fell down and never stirred again. "I see quite well," said the stranger, "that thou art not wanting in courage, but there is still another condition which thou wilt have to fulfil." "If it does not endanger my salvation," replied the soldier, who knew very well who was standing by him. "If it does, I'll have nothing to do with it." "Thou wilt look to that for thyself," answered Greencoat; "thou shalt for the next seven years neither wash thyself, nor comb thy beard, nor thy hair, nor cut thy nails, nor say one paternoster. I will give thee a coat and a cloak, which during this time thou must wear. If thou diest during these seven years, thou art mine; if thou remainest alive, thou art free, and rich to boot, for all the rest of thy life." The soldier thought of the great extremity in which he now found himself, and as he so often had gone to meet death, he resolved to risk it now also, and agreed to the terms. The Devil took off his green coat, gave it to the soldier, and said, "If thou hast this coat on thy back and puttest thy hand into the pocket, thou wilt always find it full of money." Then he pulled the skin off the bear and said, "This shall be thy cloak, and thy bed also, for thereon shalt thou sleep, and in no other bed shalt thou lie, and because of this apparel shalt thou be called Bearskin." After this the Devil vanished.

The soldier put the coat on, felt at once in the pocket, and found that the thing was really true. Then he put on the bearskin and went forth into the world, and enjoyed himself, refraining from nothing that did him good and his money harm. During the first year his appearance was passable, but during the second he began to look like a monster. His hair covered nearly the whole

of his face, his beard was like a piece of coarse felt, his fingers had claws, and his face was so covered with dirt that if cress had been sown on it, it would have come up. Whosoever saw him, ran away, but as he everywhere gave the poor money to pray that he might not die during the seven years, and as he paid well for everything he still always found shelter. In the fourth year, he entered an inn where the landlord would not receive him, and would not even let him have a place in the stable, because he was afraid the horses would be scared. But as Bearskin thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled out a handful of ducats, the host let himself be persuaded and gave him a room in an outhouse. Bearskin was, however, obliged to promise not to let himself be seen, lest the inn should get a bad name.

As Bearskin was sitting alone in the evening, and wishing from the bottom of his heart that the seven years were over, he heard a loud lamenting in a neighbouring room. He had a compassionate heart, so he opened the door, and saw an old man weeping bitterly, and wringing his hands. Bearskin went nearer, but the man sprang to his feet and tried to escape from him. At last when the man perceived that Bearskin's voice was human he let himself be prevailed on, and by kind words Bearskin succeeded so far that the old man revealed the cause of his grief. His property had dwindled away by degrees, he and his daughters would have to starve, and he was so poor that he could not pay the innkeeper, and was to be put in prison. "If that is your only trouble," said Bearskin, "I have plenty of money." He caused the innkeeper to be brought thither, paid him and put a purse full of gold into the poor old man's pocket besides.

When the old man saw himself set free from all his troubles he did not know how to be grateful enough. "Come with me," said he to Bearskin; "my daughters are all miracles of beauty, choose one of them for thyself as a wife. When she hears what thou hast done for me, she will not refuse thee. Thou dost in truth look a little strange, but she will soon put thee to rights again." This pleased Bearskin well, and he went. When the eldest saw him she was so terribly alarmed at his face that she

screamed and ran away. The second stood still and looked at him from head to foot, but then she said, "How can I accept a husband who no longer has a human form? The shaven bear that once was here and passed itself off for a man pleased me far better, for at any rate it wore a hussar's dress and white gloves. If it were nothing but ugliness, I might get used to that." The youngest, however, said, "Dear father, that must be a good man to have helped you out of your trouble, so if you have promised him a bride for doing it, your promise must be kept." It was a pity that Bearskin's face was covered with dirt and with hair, for if not they might have seen how delighted he was when he heard these words. He took a ring from his finger, broke it in two, and gave her one half, the other he kept for himself. He wrote his name, however, on her half, and hers on his, and begged her to keep her piece carefully, and then he took his leave and said, "I must still wander about for three years, and if I do not return then, thou art free, for I shall be dead. But pray to God to preserve my life."

The poor betrothed bride dressed herself entirely in black, and when she thought of her future bridegroom, tears came into her eyes. Nothing but contempt and mockery fell to her lot from her sisters, "Take care," said the eldest, "if thou givest him thy hand, he will strike his claws into it." "Beware!" said the second. "Bears like sweet things, and if he takes a fancy to thee, he will eat thee up." "Thou must always do as he likes," began the elder again, "or else he will growl." And the second continued, "but the wedding will be a merry one, for bears dance well." The bride was silent, and did not let them vex her. Bearskin, however, travelled about the world from one place to another, did good where he was able, and gave generously to the poor that they might pray for him.

At length, as the last day of the seven years dawned, he went once more out on to the heath, and seated himself beneath the circle of trees. It was not long before the wind whistled, and the Devil stood before him and looked angrily at him; then he threw Bearskin his old coat, and asked for his own green one back. "We have not got so

far as that yet," answered Bearskin, "thou must first make me clean." Whether the Devil liked it or not, he was forced to fetch water, and wash Bearskin, comb his hair, and cut his nails. After this, he looked like a brave soldier, and was much handsomer than he had ever been before.

When the Devil had gone away, Bearskin was quite light-hearted. He went into the town, put on a magnificent velvet coat, seated himself in a carriage drawn by four white horses, and drove to his bride's house. No one recognized him, the father took him for a distinguished general, and led him into the room where his daughters were sitting. He was forced to place himself between the two eldest, they helped him to wine, gave him the best pieces of meat, and thought that in all the world they had never seen a handsomer man. The bride, however, sat opposite to him in her black dress, and never raised her eyes, nor spoke a word. When at length he asked the father if he would give him one of his daughters to wife, the two eldest jumped up, ran into their bedrooms to put on splendid dresses, for each of them fancied she was the chosen one. The stranger, as soon as he was alone with his bride, brought out his half of the ring, and threw it in a glass of wine which he reached across the table to her. She took the wine, but when she had drunk it, and found the half ring lying at the bottom, her heart began to beat. She got the other half, which she wore on a ribbon round her neck, joined them, and saw that the two pieces fitted exactly together. Then said he, "I am thy betrothed bridegroom, whom thou sawest as Bearskin, but through God's grace I have again received my human form, and have once more become clean." He went up to her, embraced her, and gave her a kiss. In the meantime the two sisters came back in full dress, and when they saw that the handsome man had fallen to the share of the youngest, and heard that he was Bearskin, they ran out full of anger and rage. One of them drowned herself in the well, the other hanged herself on a tree. In the evening, some one knocked at the door, and when the bridegroom opened it, it was the Devil in his green coat, who said, "Seest thou, I have now got two souls in the place of thy one!"

102.—THE WILLOW-WREN AND THE BEAR.

ONCE in summer-time the bear and the wolf were walking in the forest, and the bear heard a bird singing so beautifully that he said, "Brother wolf, what bird is it that sings so well?" "That is the King of the birds," said the wolf, "before whom we must bow down." It was, however, in reality the willow-wren (*Zaunkönig*). "If that's the case," said the bear, "I should very much like to see his royal palace; come, take me thither." "That is not done quite as you seem to think," said the wolf; "you must wait until the Queen comes." Soon afterwards, the Queen arrived with some food in her beak, and the lord King came too, and they began to feed their young ones. The bear would have liked to go at once, but the wolf held him back by the sleeve, and said, "No, you must wait until the lord and lady Queen have gone away again." So they observed the hole in which was the nest, and trotted away. The bear, however, could not rest until he had seen the royal palace, and when a short time had passed, again went to it. The King and Queen had just flown out, so he peeped in and saw five or six young ones lying in it. "Is that the royal palace?" cried the bear; "it is a wretched palace, and you are not King's children, you are disreputable children!" When the young wrens heard that, they were frightfully angry, and screamed, "No, that we are not! Our parents are honest people! Bear, thou wilt have to pay for that!"

The bear and the wolf grew uneasy, and turned back and went into their holes. The young willow-wrens, however, continued to cry and scream, and when their parents again brought food they said, "We will not so much as touch one fly's leg, no, not if we were dying of hunger, until you have settled whether we are respectable children or not; the bear has been here and has insulted us!" Then the old King said, "Be easy, he shall be punished," and he at once flew with the Queen to the bear's cave, and called in, "Old Growler, why hast thou insulted my children? Thou shalt suffer for it—we will punish thee by a bloody war." Thus war was announced to the Bear,

and all four-footed animals were summoned to take part in it, oxen, asses, cows, deer, and every other animal the earth contained. And the willow-wren summoned everything which flew in the air, not only birds, large and small, but midges, and hornets, bees and flies had to come.

When the time came for the war to begin, the willow-wren sent out spies to discover who was the enemy's commander-in-chief. The gnat, who was the most crafty, flew into the forest where the enemy was assembled, and hid herself beneath a leaf of the tree where the watch-word was to be given. There stood the bear, and he called the fox before him and said, "Fox, thou art the most cunning of all animals, thou shalt be general and lead us." "Good," said the fox, "but what signal shall we agree upon?" No one knew that, so the fox said, "I have a fine long bushy tail, which almost looks like a plume of red feathers. When I lift my tail up quite high, all is going well, and you must charge; but if I let it hang down, run away as fast as you can." When the gnat had heard that, she flew away again, and revealed everything, with the greatest minuteness, to the willow-wren. When day broke, and the battle was to begin, all the four-footed animals came running up with such a noise that the earth trembled. The willow-wren also came flying through the air with his army with such a humming, and whirring, and swarming that every one was uneasy and afraid, and on both sides they advanced against each other. But the willow-wren sent down the hornet, with orders to get beneath the fox's tail, and sting it with all his might. When the fox felt the first sting, he started so that he drew up one leg, with the pain, but he bore it, and still kept his tail high in the air; at the second sting, he was forced to put it down for a moment; at the third, he could hold out no longer, and screamed out and put his tail between his legs. When the animals saw that, they thought all was lost, and began to fly, each into his hole and the birds had won the battle.

Then the King and Queen flew home to their children and cried, "Children, rejoice, eat and drink to your heart's

content, we have won the battle!" But the young wrens said, "We will not eat yet, the bear must come to the nest, and beg for pardon and say that we are honourable children, before we will do that." Then the willow-wren flew to the bear's hole and cried, "Growler, thou art to come to the nest to my children, and beg their pardon, or else every rib of thy body shall be broken." So the bear crept thither in the greatest fear, and begged their pardon. And now at last the young wrens were satisfied, and sat down together and ate and drank, and made merry till quite late into the night.

103.—SWEET PORRIDGE.

THERE was a poor but good little girl who lived alone with her mother, and they no longer had anything to eat. So the child went into the forest, and there an aged woman met her who was aware of her sorrow, and presented her with a little pot, which when she said, "Cook, little pot, cook," would cook good, sweet porridge, and when she said, "Stop, little pot," it ceased to cook. The girl took the pot home to her mother, and now they were freed from their poverty and hunger, and ate sweet porridge as often as they chose. Once on a time when the girl had gone out, her mother said, "Cook, little pot, cook." And it did cook and she ate till she was satisfied, and then she wanted the pot to stop cooking, but did not know the word. So it went on cooking and the porridge rose over the edge, and still it cooked on until the kitchen and whole house were full, and then the next house, and then the whole street, just as if it wanted to satisfy the hunger of the whole world, and there was the greatest distress, but no one knew how to stop it. At last when only one single house remained, the child came home and just said, "Stop, little pot," and it stopped and gave up cooking, and whosoever wished to return to the town had to eat his way back.

104.—WISE FOLKS.

One day a peasant took his good hazel-stick out of the corner and said to his wife, "Trina, I am going across country, and shall not return for three days. If during that time the cattle-dealer should happen to call and want to buy our three cows, you may strike a bargain at once, but not unless you can get two hundred thalers for them; nothing less, do you hear?" "For heaven's sake just go in peace," answered the woman, "I will manage that." "You, indeed," said the man. "You once fell on your head when you were a little child, and that affects you even now; but let me tell you this, if you do anything foolish, I will make your back black and blue, and not with paint, I assure you, but with the stick which I have in my hand, and the colouring shall last a whole year, you may rely on that." And having said that, the man went on his way.

Next morning the cattle-dealer came, and the woman had no need to say many words to him. When he had seen the cows and heard the price, he said, "I am quite willing to give that, honestly speaking, they are worth it. I will take the beasts away with me at once." He unfastened their chains and drove them out of the byre, but just as he was going out of the yard-door, the woman clutched him by the sleeve and said, "You must give me the two hundred thalers now, or I cannot let the cows go." "True," answered the man, "but I have forgotten to buckle on my money-belt. Have no fear, however, you shall have security for my paying. I will take two cows with me and leave one, and then you will have a good pledge." The woman saw the force of this, and let the man go away with the cows, and thought to herself, "How pleased Hans will be when he finds how cleverly I have managed it!" The peasant came home on the third day as he had said he would, and at once inquired if the cows were sold? "Yes, indeed, dear Hans," answered the woman, "and as you said, for two hundred thalers. They are scarcely worth so much, but the man took them without making any objection." "Where is the money?"

asked the peasant. "Oh, I have not got the money," replied the woman; "he had happened to forget his money-belt, but he will soon bring it, and he left good security behind him." "What kind of security?" asked the man. "One of the three cows, which he shall not have until he has paid for the other two. I have managed very cunningly, for I have kept the smallest, which eats the least." The man was enraged and lifted up his stick, and was just going to give her the beating he had promised her. Suddenly he let the stick fall and said, "You are the stupidest goose that ever waddled on God's earth, but I am sorry for you. I will go out into the highways and wait for three days to see if I find any one who is still stupider than you. If I succeed in doing so, you shall go scot-free, but if I do not find him, you shall receive your well-deserved reward without any discount."

He went out into the great highways, sat down on a stone, and waited for what would happen. Then he saw a peasant's waggon coming towards him, and a woman was standing upright in the middle of it, instead of sitting on the bundle of straw which was lying beside her, or walking near the oxen and leading them. The man thought to himself, "That is certainly one of the kind I am in search of," and jumped up and ran backwards and forwards in front of the waggon like one who is not very wise. "What do you want, my friend?" said the woman to him; "I don't know you, where do you come from?" "I have fallen down from Heaven," replied the man, "and don't know how to get back again, couldn't you drive me up?" "No," said the woman, "I don't know the way, but if you come from Heaven you can surely tell me how my husband, who has been there these three years, is. You must have seen him?" "Oh, yes, I have seen him, but all men can't get on well. He keeps sheep, and the sheep give him a great deal to do. They run up the mountains and lose their way in the wilderness, and he has to run after them and drive them together again. His clothes are all torn to pieces too, and will soon fall off his body. There is no tailor there, for Saint Peter won't let any of them in, as you know by the story." "Who would have thought it?"

cried the woman, "I tell you what, I will fetch his Sunday coat which is still hanging at home in the cupboard, he can wear that and look respectable. You will be so kind as to take it with you." "That won't do very well," answered the peasant; "people are not allowed to take clothes into Heaven, they are taken away from one at the gate." "Then hark you," said the woman, "I sold my fine wheat yesterday and got a good lot of money for it, I will send that to him. If you hide the purse in your pocket, no one will know that you have it." "If you can't manage it any other way," said the peasant, "I will do you that favour." "Just sit still where you are," said she, "and I will drive home and fetch the purse, I shall soon be back again. I do not sit down on the bundle of straw, but stand up in the waggon, because it makes it lighter for the cattle." She drove her oxen away, and the peasant thought, "That woman has a perfect talent for folly, if she really brings the money, my wife may think herself fortunate, for she will get no beating." It was not long before she came in a great hurry with the money, and with her own hands put it in his pocket. Before she went away, she thanked him again a thousand times for his courtesy.

When the woman got home again, she found her son who had come in from the field. She told him what unlooked-for things had befallen her, and then added, "I am truly delighted at having found an opportunity of sending something to my poor husband. Who would ever have imagined that he could be suffering for want of anything up in Heaven?" The son was full of astonishment. "Mother," said he, "it is not every day that a man comes from Heaven in this way, I will go out immediately, and see if he is still to be found; he must tell me what it is like up there, and how the work is done." He saddled the horse and rode off with all speed. He found the peasant who was sitting under a willow-tree, and was just going to count the money in the purse. "Have you seen the man who has fallen down from Heaven?" cried the youth to him. "Yes," answered the peasant, "he has set out on his way back there, and has gone up that hill, from whence it will be rather nearer; you could still

catch him up, if you were to ride fast." "Alas," said the youth, "I have been doing tiring work all day, and the ride here has completely worn me out; you know the man, be so kind as to get on my horse, and go and persuade him to come here." "Aha!" thought the peasant, "here is another who has no wick in his lamp!" "Why should I not do you this favour?" said he, and mounted the horse and rode off in a quick trot. The youth remained sitting there till night fell, but the peasant never came back. "The man from Heaven must certainly have been in a great hurry, and would not turn back," thought he, "and the peasant has no doubt given him the horse to take to my father." He went home and told his mother what had happened, and that he had sent his father the horse so that he might not have to be always running about. "Thou hast done well," answered she, "thy legs are younger than his, and thou canst go on foot."

When the peasant got home, he put the horse in the stable beside the cow which he had as a pledge, and then went to his wife and said, "Trina, as your luck would have it, I have found two who are still sillier fools than you; this time you escape without a beating, I will store it up for another occasion." Then he lighted his pipe, sat down in his grandfather's chair, and said, "It was a good stroke of business to get a sleek horse and a great purse full of money into the bargain, for two lean cows. If stupidity always brought in as much as that I would be quite willing to hold it in honour." So thought the peasant, but you no doubt prefer the simple folks.

105.—STORIES ABOUT SNAKES.

THERE was once a little child whose mother gave her every afternoon a small bowl of milk and bread, and the child seated herself in the yard with it. When she began to eat however, a snake came creeping out of a crevice in the wall, dipped its little head in the dish, and ate with

her. The child had pleasure in this, and when she was sitting there with her little dish and the snake did not come at once, she cried,

"Snake, snake, come swiftly
Hither come, thou tiny thing,
Thou shalt have thy crumbs of bread,
Thou shalt refresh thyself with milk."

Then the snake came in haste, and enjoyed its food. Moreover it showed gratitude, for it brought the child all kinds of pretty things from its hidden treasures, bright stones, pearls, and golden playthings. The snake, however, only drank the milk, and left the bread-crumbs alone. Then one day the child took its little spoon and struck the snake gently on its head with it, and said, "Eat the bread-crumbs as well, little thing." The mother, who was standing in the kitchen, heard the child talking to some one, and when she saw that she was striking a snake with her spoon, ran out with a log of wood, and killed the good little creature.

From that time forth, a change came over the child. As long as the snake had eaten with her, she had grown tall and strong, but now she lost her pretty rosy cheeks and wasted away. It was not long before the funeral bird began to cry in the night, and the redbreast to collect little branches and leaves for a funeral garland, and soon afterwards the child lay on her bier.

SECOND STORY.

An orphan child was sitting on the town walls spinning, when she saw a snake coming out of a hole low down in the wall. Swiftly she spread out beside this one of the blue silk handkerchiefs which snakes have such a strong liking for, and which are the only things they will creep on. As soon as the snake saw it, it went back, then returned, bringing with it a small golden crown, laid it on the handkerchief, and then went away again. The girl took up the crown, it glittered and was of delicate golden filagree work. It was not long before the snake came back for the second time, but when it no longer saw the crown, it crept up to the wall, and in its grief smote

its little head against it as long as it had strength to do so, until at last it lay there dead. If the girl had but left the crown where it was, the snake would certainly have brought still more of its treasures out of the hole.

THIRD STORY.

A snake cries, "Huhu, huhu." A child says, "Come out." The snake comes out, then the child inquires about her little sister: "Hast thou not seen little Red-stockings?" The snake says, "No." "Neither have I." "Then I am like you. Huhu, huhu, huhu."

106.—THE POOR MILLER'S BOY AND THE CAT.

IN a certain mill lived an old miller who had neither wife nor child, and three apprentices served under him. As they had been with him several years, he one day said to them, "I am old, and want to sit in the chimney-corner, go out, and whichsoever of you brings me the best horse home, to him will I give the mill, and in return for it he shall take care of me till my death." The third of the boys was, however, the drudge, who was looked on as foolish by the others; they begrudged the mill to him, and afterwards he would not have it. Then all three went out together, and when they came to the village, the two said to stupid Hans, "Thou mayst just as well stay here, as long as thou livest thou wilt never get a horse." Hans, however, went with them, and when it was night they came to a cave in which they lay down to sleep. The two sharp ones waited until Hans had fallen asleep, then they got up, and went away leaving him where he was. And they thought they had done a very clever thing, but it was certain to turn out ill for them. When the sun arose, and Hans woke up, he was lying in a deep cavern. He looked around on every side and exclaimed, "Oh, heavens, where am I?" Then he

got up and clambered out of the cave, went into the forest, and thought, "Here I am quite alone and deserted, how shall I obtain a horse now?" Whilst he was thus walking full of thought, he met a small tabby-cat which said quite kindly, "Hans, where are you going?" "Alas, thou canst not help me." "I well know your desire," said the cat. "You wish to have a beautiful horse. Come with me, and be my faithful servant for seven years long, and then I will give you one more beautiful than any you have ever seen in your whole life." "Well, this is a wonderful cat!" thought Hans, "but I am determined to see if she is telling the truth." So she took him with her into her enchanted castle, where there were nothing but cats who were her servants. They leapt nimbly upstairs and downstairs, and were merry and happy. In the evening when they sat down to dinner, three of them had to make music. One played the bassoon, the other the fiddle, and the third put the trumpet to his lips, and blew out his cheeks as much as he possibly could. When they had dined, the table was carried away, and the cat said, "Now, Hans, come and dance with me." "No," said he, "I won't dance with a pussy cat. I have never done that yet." "Then take him to bed," said she to the cats. So one of them lighted him to his bed-room, one pulled his shoes off, one his stockings, and at last one of them blew out the candle. Next morning they returned and helped him out of bed, one put his stockings on for him, one tied his garters, one brought his shoes, one washed him, and one dried his face with her tail. "That feels very soft!" said Hans. He, however, had to serve the cat, and chop some wood every day, and to do that he had an axe of silver, and the wedge and saw were of silver and the mallet of copper. So he chopped the wood small; stayed there in the house and had good meat and drink, but never saw any one but the tabby-cat and her servants. Once she said to him, "Go and mow my meadow, and dry the grass," and gave him a scythe of silver, and a whetstone of gold, but bade him deliver them up again carefully. So Hans went thither, and did what he was bidden, and when he had finished the

work, he carried the scythe, whetstone, and hay to the house, and asked if it was not yet time for her to give him his reward. "No," said the cat, "you must first do something more for me of the same kind, there is timber of silver, carpenter's axe, square, and everything that is needful, all of silver, with these build me a small house." Then Hans built the small house, and said that he had now done everything, and still he had no horse. Nevertheless, the seven years had gone by with him as if they were six months. The cat asked him if he would like to see her horses? "Yes," said Hans. Then she opened the door of the small house, and when she had opened it, there stood twelve horses,—such horses, so bright and shining, that his heart rejoiced at the sight of them. And now she gave him to eat and to drink, and said, "Go home, I will not give thee thy horse away with thee; but in three days' time I will follow thee and bring it." So Hans set out, and she showed him the way to the mill. She had, however, never once given him a new coat, and he had been obliged to keep on his dirty old smock-frock, which he had brought with him, and which during the seven years had everywhere become too small for him. When he reached home, the two other apprentices were there again as well, and each of them certainly had brought a horse with him, but one of them was a blind one, and the other lame. They asked Hans where his horse was? "It will follow me in three days' time." Then they laughed and said, "Indeed, stupid Hans, where wilt thou get a horse? It will be a fine one!" Hans went into the parlour, but the miller said he should not sit down to table, for he was so ragged and torn, that they would all be ashamed of him if any one came in. So they gave him a mouthful of food outside, and at night, when they went to rest, the two others would not let him have a bed, and at last he was forced to creep into the goose-house, and lie down on a little hard straw. In the morning when he awoke, the three days had passed, and a coach came with six horses and they shone so bright that it was delightful to see them!—and a servant brought a seventh as well, which was for the poor miller's boy. And a magnificent princess

alighted from the coach and went into the mill, and this princess was the little tabby-cat whom poor Hans had served for seven years. She asked the miller where the miller's boy and drudge was? Then the miller said, "We cannot have him here in the mill, for he is so ragged; he is lying in the goose-house." Then the King's daughter said that they were to bring him immediately. So they brought him out, and he had to hold his little smock-frock together to cover himself. The servants unpacked splendid garments, and washed him and dressed him, and when that was done, no King could have looked more handsome. Then the maiden desired to see the horses which the other apprentices had brought home with them, and one of them was blind and the other lame. So she ordered the servant to bring the seventh horse, and when the miller saw it, he said that such a horse as that had never yet entered his yard. "And that is for the third miller's-boy," said she. "Then he must have the mill," said the miller, but the King's daughter said that the horse was there, and that he was to keep his mill as well, and took her faithful Hans and set him in the coach, and drove away with him. They first drove to the little house which he had built with the silver tools, and behold it was a great castle, and everything inside it was of silver and gold; and then she married him, and he was rich, so rich that he had enough for all the rest of his life. After this, let no one ever say that any one who is silly can never become a person of importance.

107.—THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

HILL and vale do not come together, but the children of men do, good and bad. In this way a shoemaker and a tailor once met with each other in their travels. The tailor was a handsome little fellow who was always merry and full of enjoyment. He saw the shoemaker coming towards him from the other side, and as he observed by

his bag what kind of a trade he plied, he sang a little mocking song to him,

"Sew me the seam,
Draw me the thread,
Spread it over with pitch,
Knock the nail on the head."

The shoemaker, however, could not endure a joke; he pulled a face as if he had drunk vinegar, and made a gesture as if he were about to seize the tailor by the throat. But the little fellow began to laugh, reached him his bottle, and said, "No harm was meant, take a drink, and swallow your anger down." The shoemaker took a very hearty drink, and the storm on his face began to clear away. He gave the bottle back to the tailor, and said, "I spoke civilly to you; one speaks well after much drinking, but not after much thirst. Shall we travel together?" "All right," answered the tailor, "if only it suits you to go into a big town where there is no lack of work." "That is just where I want to go," answered the shoemaker. "In a small nest there is nothing to earn, and in the country, people like to go barefoot." They travelled therefore onwards together, and always set one foot before the other like a weasel in the snow.

Both of them had time enough, but little to bite and to break. When they reached a town they went about and paid their respects to the tradesmen, and because the tailor looked so lively and merry, and had such pretty red cheeks, every one gave him work willingly, and when luck was good the master's daughters gave him a kiss beneath the porch, as well. When he again fell in with the shoemaker, the tailor had always the most in his bundle. The ill-tempered shoemaker made a wry face, and thought, "The greater the rascal the more the luck," but the tailor began to laugh and to sing, and shared all he got with his comrade. If a couple of pence jingled in his pockets, he ordered good cheer, and thumped the table in his joy till the glasses danced, and it was lightly come, lightly go, with him.

When they had travelled for some time, they came to a great forest through which passed the road to the capital. Two foot-paths, however, led through it, one of

which was a seven days' journey, and the other only two, but neither of the travellers knew which way was the short one. They seated themselves beneath an oak-tree, and took counsel together how they should forecast, and for how many days they should provide themselves with bread. The shoemaker said, "One must look before one leaps, I will take with me bread for a week." "What!" said the tailor, "drag bread for seven days on one's back like a beast of burden, and not be able to look about. I shall trust in God, and not trouble myself about anything! The money I have in my pocket is as good in summer as in winter, but in hot weather bread gets dry, and mouldy into the bargain; even my coat does not go as far as it might. Besides, why should we not find the right way? Bread for two days, and that's enough." Each, therefore, bought his own bread, and then they tried their luck in the forest.

It was as quiet there as in a church. No wind stirred, no brook murmured, no bird sang, and through the thickly-leaved branches no sunbeam forced its way. The shoemaker spoke never a word, the heavy bread weighed down his back until the perspiration streamed down his cross and gloomy face. The tailor, however, was quite merry, he jumped about, whistled on a leaf, or sang a song, and thought to himself, "God in Heaven must be pleased to see me so happy."

This lasted two days, but on the third the forest would not come to an end, and the tailor had eaten up all his bread, so after all his heart sank down a yard deeper. In the meantime he did not lose courage, but relied on God and on his luck. On the third day he lay down in the evening hungry under a tree, and rose again next morning hungry still; so also passed the fourth day, and when the shoemaker seated himself on a fallen tree and devoured his dinner, the tailor was only a looker-on. If he begged for a little piece of bread the other laughed mockingly, and said, "Thou hast always been so merry, now thou canst try for once what it is to be sad: the birds which sing too early in the morning are struck by the hawk in the evening," in short he was pitiless. But on the fifth morning the poor tailor could no longer stand

up, and was hardly able to utter one word for weakness; his cheeks were white, and his eyes red. Then the shoemaker said to him, "I will give thee a bit of bread to-day, but in return for it, I will put out thy right eye." The unhappy tailor who still wished to save his life, could not do it in any other way; he wept once more with both eyes, and then held them out, and the shoemaker, who had a heart of stone, put out his right eye with a sharp knife. The tailor called to remembrance what his mother had formerly said to him when he had been eating secretly in the pantry. "Eat what one can, and suffer what one must." When he had consumed his dearly-bought bread, he got on his legs again, forgot his misery and comforted himself with the thought that he could always see enough with one eye. But on the sixth day, hunger made itself felt again, and gnawed him almost to the heart. In the evening he fell down by a tree, and on the seventh morning he could not raise himself up for faintness, and death was close at hand. Then said the shoemaker, "I will show mercy and give thee bread once more, but thou shalt not have it for nothing, I shall put out thy other eye for it." And now the tailor felt how thoughtless his life had been, prayed to God for forgiveness, and said, "Do what thou wilt, I will bear what I must, but remember that our Lord God does not always look on passively, and that an hour will come when the evil deed which thou hast done to me, and which I have not deserved of thee, will be requited. When times were good with me, I shared what I had with thee. My trade is of that kind that each stitch must always be exactly like the other. If I no longer have my eyes and can sew no more I must go a-begging. At any rate do not leave me here alone when I am blind, or I shall die of hunger." The shoemaker, however, who had driven God out of his heart, took the knife and put out his left eye. Then he gave him a bit of bread to eat, held out a stick to him, and drew him on behind him.

When the sun went down, they got out of the forest, and before them in the open country stood the gallows. Thither the shoemaker guided the blind tailor, and then left him alone and went his way. Weariness, pain, and

hunger made the wretched man fall asleep, and he slept the whole night. When day dawned he awoke, but knew not where he lay. Two poor sinners were hanging on the gallows, and a crow sat on the head of each of them. Then one of the men who had been hanged began to speak, and said, "Brother, art thou awake?" "Yes, I am awake," answered the second. "Then I will tell thee something," said the first; "the dew which this night has fallen down over us from the gallows, gives every one who washes himself with it his eyes again. If blind people did but know this how many would regain their sight who do not believe that to be possible."

When the tailor heard that, he took his pocket-handkerchief, pressed it on the grass, and when it was moist with dew, washed the sockets of his eyes with it. Immediately was fulfilled what the man on the gallows had said, and a couple of healthy new eyes filled the sockets. It was not long before the tailor saw the sun rise behind the mountains; in the plain before him lay the great royal city with its magnificent gates and hundred towers, and the golden balls and crosses which were on the spires began to shine. He could distinguish every leaf on the trees, saw the birds which flew past, and the midges which danced in the air. He took a needle out of his pocket, and as he could thread it as well as ever he had done, his heart danced with delight. He threw himself on his knees, thanked God for the mercy he had shown him, and said his morning prayer. He did not forget also to pray for the poor sinners who were hanging there swinging against each other in the wind like the pendulums of clocks. Then he took his bundle on his back and soon forgot the pain of heart he had endured, and went on his way singing and whistling.

The first thing he met was a brown foal running about the fields at large. He caught it by the mane, and wanted to spring on it and ride into the town. The foal, however, begged to be set free. "I am still too young," it said, "even a light tailor such as thou art would break my back in two—let me go till I have grown strong. A time may perhaps come when I may reward thee for it."

"Run off," said the tailor, "I see thou art still a giddy thing." He gave it a touch with a switch over its back, whereupon it kicked up its hind legs for joy, leapt over hedges and ditches, and galloped away into the open country.

But the little tailor had eaten nothing since the day before. "The sun to be sure fills my eyes," said he, "but the bread does not fill my mouth. The first thing that comes across me and is even half eatable will have to suffer for it." In the meantime a stork stepped solemnly over the meadow towards him. "Halt, halt!" cried the tailor, and seized him by the leg; "I don't know if thou art good to eat or not, but my hunger leaves me no great choice. I must cut thy head off, and roast thee." "Don't do that," replied the stork; "I am a sacred bird which brings mankind great profit, and no one does me an injury. Leave me my life, and I may do thee good in some other way." "Well, be off, Cousin Longlegs," said the tailor. The stork rose up, let its long legs hang down, and flew gently away.

"What's to be the end of this?" said the tailor to himself at last, "my hunger grows greater and greater, and my stomach more and more empty. Whatsoever comes in my way now is lost." At this moment he saw a couple of young ducks which were on a pond come swimming towards him. "You come just at the right moment," said he, and laid hold of one of them and was about to wring its neck. On this an old duck which was hidden among the reeds, began to scream loudly, and swam to him with open beak, and begged him urgently to spare her dear children. "Canst thou not imagine," said she, "how thy mother would mourn if any one wanted to carry thee off, and give thee thy finishing stroke?" "Only be quiet," said the good-tempered tailor, "thou shalt keep thy children," and put the prisoner back into the water.

When he turned round, he was standing in front of an old tree which was partly hollow, and saw some wild bees flying in and out of it. "There I shall at once find the reward of my good deed," said the tailor, "the honey will refresh me." But the Queen-bee came out, threatened

him and said, "If thou touchest my people, and destroyest my nest, our stings shall pierce thy skin like ten thousand red-hot needles. But if thou wilt leave us in peace and go thy way, we will do thee a service for it another time."

The little tailor saw that here also nothing was to be done. "Three dishes empty and nothing on the fourth is a bad dinner!" He dragged himself therefore with his starved-out stomach into the town, and as it was just striking twelve, all was ready-cooked for him in the inn, and he was able to sit down at once to dinner. When he was satisfied he said, "Now I will get to work." He went round the town, sought a master, and soon found a good situation. As, however, he had thoroughly learnt his trade, it was not long before he became famous, and every one wanted to have his new coat made by the little tailor, whose importance increased daily. "I can go no further in skill," said he, "and yet things improve every day." At last the King appointed him court-tailor.

But how things do happen in the world! On the very same day his former comrade the shoemaker also became court-shoemaker. When the latter caught sight of the tailor, and saw that he had once more two healthy eyes, his conscience troubled him. "Before he takes revenge on me," thought he to himself, "I must dig a pit for him." He, however, who digs a pit for another, falls into it himself. In the evening when work was over and it had grown dusk, he stole to the King and said, "Lord King, the tailor is an arrogant fellow and has boasted that he will get the gold crown back again which was lost in ancient times." "That would please me very much," said the King, and he caused the tailor to be brought before him next morning, and ordered him to get the crown back again, or to leave the town for ever. "Oho!" thought the tailor, "a rogue gives more than he has got. If the surly King wants me to do what can be done by no one, I will not wait till morning, but will go out of the town at once, to-day." He packed up his bundle, therefore, but when he was without the gate he could not help being sorry to give up his good fortune, and turn his back on the town in which all had gone so well with him. He came to the pond where he had made the acquaintance of the

ducks; at that very moment the old one whose young ones he had spared, was sitting there by the shore, pluming herself with her beak. She knew him again instantly, and asked why he was hanging his head so? "Thou wilt not be surprised when thou hearest what has befallen me," replied the tailor, and told her his fate. "If that be all," said the duck, "we can help thee. The crown fell into the water, and lies down below at the bottom; we will soon bring it up again for thee. In the meantime just spread out thy handkerchief on the bank." She dived down with her twelve young ones, and in five minutes she was up again and sat with the crown resting on her wings, and the twelve young ones were swimming round about and had put their beaks under it, and were helping to carry it. They swam to the shore and put the crown on the handkerchief. No one can imagine how magnificent the crown was; when the sun shone on it, it gleamed like a hundred thousand carbuncles. The tailor tied his handkerchief together by the four corners, and carried it to the King, who was full of joy, and put a gold chain round the tailor's neck.

When the shoemaker saw that one stroke had failed, he contrived a second, and went to the King and said, "Lord King, the tailor has become insolent again; he boasts that he will copy in wax the whole of the royal palace, with everything that pertains to it, loose or fast, inside and out." The King sent for the tailor and ordered him to copy in wax the whole of the royal palace, with everything that pertained to it, movable or immovable, within and without, and if he did not succeed in doing this, or if so much as one nail on the wall were wanting, he should be imprisoned for his whole life under ground.

The tailor thought, "It gets worse and worse! No one can endure that?" and threw his bundle on his back, and went forth. When he came to the hollow tree, he sat down and hung his head. The bees came flying out, and the Queen-bee asked him if he had a stiff neck, since he held his head so awry? "Alas, no," answered the tailor, "something quite different weighs me down," and he told her what the King had demanded of him. The bees began to buzz and hum amongst themselves, and the

Queen-bee said, "Just go home again, but come back to-morrow at this time, and bring a large sheet with you, and then all will be well." So he turned back again, but the bees flew to the royal palace and straight into it through the open windows, crept round about into every corner, and inspected everything most carefully. Then they hurried back and modelled the palace in wax with such rapidity that any one looking on would have thought it was growing before his eyes. By the evening all was ready, and when the tailor came next morning, the whole of the splendid building was there, and not one nail in the wall or tile of the roof was wanting, and it was delicate withal, and white as snow, and smelt sweet as honey. The tailor wrapped it carefully in his cloth and took it to the King, who could not admire it enough, placed it in his largest hall, and in return for it presented the tailor with a large stone house.

The shoemaker, however, did not give up, but went for the third time to the King and said, "Lord King, it has come to the tailor's ears that no water will spring up in the court-yard of the castle, and he has boasted that it shall rise up in the midst of the court-yard to a man's height and be clear as crystal." Then the King ordered the tailor to be brought before him and said, "If a stream of water does not rise in my court-yard by to-morrow as thou hast promised, the executioner shall in that very place make thee shorter by the head." The poor tailor did not take long to think about it, but hurried out to the gate, and because this time it was a matter of life and death to him, tears rolled down his face. Whilst he was thus going forth full of sorrow, the foal to which he had formerly given its liberty, and which had now become a beautiful chestnut horse, came leaping towards him. "The time has come," it said to the tailor, "when I can repay thee for thy good deed. I know already what is needful to thee, but thou shalt soon have help; get on me, my back can carry two such as thou." The tailor's courage came back to him; he jumped up in one bound, and the horse went full speed into the town, and right up to the court-yard of the castle. It galloped as quick as lightning thrice round it, and at the third time it fell

violently down. At the same instant, however, there was a terrific clap of thunder, a fragment of earth in the middle of the court-yard sprang like a cannon-ball into the air, and over the castle, and directly after it a jet of water rose as high as a man on horseback, and the water was as pure as crystal, and the sunbeams began to dance on it. When the King saw that he arose in amazement, and went and embraced the tailor in the sight of all men.

But good fortune did not last long. The King had daughters in plenty, one still prettier than the other, but he had no son. So the malicious shoemaker betook himself for the fourth time to the King, and said, "Lord King, the tailor has not given up his arrogance. He has now boasted that if he liked, he could cause a son to be brought to the Lord King through the air." The King commanded the tailor to be summoned, and said, "If thou causest a son to be brought to me within nine days, thou shalt have my eldest daughter to wife." "The reward is indeed great," thought the little tailor; "one would willingly do something for it, but the cherries grow too high for me, if I climb for them, the bough will break beneath me, and I shall fall."

He went home, seated himself cross-legged on his work-table, and thought over what was to be done. "It can't be managed," cried he at last, "I will go away; after all I can't live in peace here." He tied up his bundle and hurried away to the gate. When he got to the meadow, he perceived his old friend the stork, who was walking backwards and forwards like a philosopher. Sometimes he stood still, took a frog into close consideration, and at length swallowed it down. The stork came to him and greeted him. "I see," he began, "that thou hast thy pack on thy back. Why art thou leaving the town?" The tailor told him what the King had required of him, and how he could not perform it, and lamented his misfortune. "Don't let thy hair grow grey about that," said the stork, "I will help thee out of thy difficulty. For a long time now, I have carried the children in swaddling-clothes into the town, so for once in a way I can fetch a little prince out of the well. Go home and be easy. In nine days from this time repair to the royal

palace, and there will I come." The little tailor went home, and at the appointed time was at the castle. It was not long before the stork came flying thither and tapped at the window. The tailor opened it, and cousin Longlegs came carefully in, and walked with solemn steps over the smooth marble pavement. He had, however, a baby in his beak that was as lovely as an angel, and stretched out its little hands to the Queen. The stork laid it in her lap, and she caressed it and kissed it, and was beside herself with delight. Before the stork flew away, he took his travelling bag off his back and handed it over to the Queen. In it there were little paper parcels with coloured sweetmeats, and they were divided amongst the little princesses. The eldest, however, had none of them, but got the merry tailor for a husband. "It seems to me," said he, "just as if I had won the highest prize. My mother was right after all, she always said that whoever trusts in God and only has good luck, can never fail."

The shoemaker had to make the shoes in which the little tailor danced at the wedding festival, after which he was commanded to quit the town for ever. The road to the forest led him to the gallows. Worn out with anger, rage, and the heat of the day, he threw himself down. When he had closed his eyes and was about to sleep, the two crows flew down from the heads of the men who were hanging there, and pecked his eyes out. In his madness he ran into the forest and must have died there of hunger, for no one has ever either seen him again or heard of him.

108.—HANS THE HEDGEHOG.

THERE was once a countryman who had money and land in plenty, but how rich soever he was, one thing was still wanting to his happiness—he had no children. Often when he went into the town with the other peasants they

mocked him and asked why he had no children. At last he became angry, and when he got home he said, "I will have a child, even if it be a hedgehog." Then his wife had a child, that was a hedgehog in the upper part of his body, and a boy in the lower, and when she saw the child, she was terrified, and said, "See, there thou hast brought ill-luck on us." Then said the man, "What can be done now? The boy must be christened, but we shall not be able to get a godfather for him." The woman said, "And we cannot call him anything else but Hans the Hedgehog."

When he was christened, the parson said, "He cannot go into any ordinary bed because of his spikes." So a little straw was put behind the stove, and Hans the Hedgehog was laid on it. His mother could not suckle him, for he would have pricked her with his quills. So he lay there behind the stove for eight years, and his father was tired of him and thought, "If he would but die!" He did not die, however, but remained lying there. Now it happened that there was a fair in the town, and the peasant was about to go to it, and asked his wife what he should bring back with him for her. "A little meat and a couple of white rolls which are wanted for the house," said she. Then he asked the servant, and she wanted a pair of slippers and some stockings with clocks. At last he said also, "And what wilt thou have, Hans my Hedgehog?" "Dear father," he said, "do bring me bagpipes." When, therefore, the father came home again, he gave his wife what he had bought for her; meat and white rolls, and then he gave the maid the slippers, and the stockings with clocks; and, lastly, he went behind the stove, and gave Hans the Hedgehog the bagpipes. And when Hans the Hedgehog had the bagpipes, he said, "Dear father, do go to the forge and get the cock shod, and then I will ride away, and never come back again." On this, the father was delighted to think that he was going to get rid of him, and had the cock shod for him, and when it was done, Hans the Hedgehog got on it, and rode away, but took swine and asses with him which he intended to keep in the forest. When they got there he made the cock fly on to a high tree with him, and there he sat for many

a long year, and watched his asses and swine until the herd was quite large, and his father knew nothing about him. While he was sitting in the tree, however, he played his bagpipes, and made music which was very beautiful. Once a King came travelling by who had lost his way and heard the music. He was astonished at it, and sent his servant forth to look all round and see from whence this music came. He spied about, but saw nothing but a little animal sitting up aloft on the tree, which looked like a cock with a hedgehog on it which made this music. Then the King told the servant he was to ask why he sat there, and if he knew the road which led to his kingdom. So Hans the Hedgehog descended from the tree, and said he would show the way if the King would write a bond and promise him whatever he first met in the royal courtyard as soon as he arrived at home. Then the King thought, "I can easily do that, Hans the Hedgehog understands nothing, and I can write what I like." So the King took pen and ink and wrote something, and when he had done it, Hans the Hedgehog showed him the way, and he got safely home. But his daughter, when she saw him from afar, was so overjoyed that she ran to meet him, and kissed him. Then he remembered Hans the Hedgehog, and told her what had happened, and that he had been forced to promise whatsoever first met him when he got home, to a very strange animal which sat on a cock as if it were a horse, and made beautiful music, but that instead of writing that he should have what he wanted, he had written that he should not have it. Thereupon the princess was glad, and said he had done well, for she never would have gone away with the Hedgehog.

Hans the Hedgehog, however, looked after his asses and pigs, and was always merry and sat on the tree and played his bagpipes.

Now it came to pass that another King came journeying by with his attendants and runners, and he also had lost his way, and did not know how to get home again because the forest was so large. He likewise heard the beautiful music from a distance, and asked his runner what that could be, and told him to go and see. Then the runner

went under the tree, and saw the cock sitting at the top of it, and Hans the Hedgehog on the cock. The runner asked him what he was about up there? "I am keeping my asses and my pigs; but what is your desire?" The messenger said that they had lost their way, and could not get back into their own kingdom, and asked if he would not show them the way. Then Hans the Hedgehog got down the tree with the cock, and told the aged King that he would show him the way, if he would give him for his own whatsoever first met him in front of his royal palace. The King said, "Yes," and wrote a promise to Hans the Hedgehog that he should have this. That done, Hans rode on before him on the cock, and pointed out the way, and the King reached his kingdom again in safety. When he got to the courtyard, there were great rejoicings. Now he had an only daughter who was very beautiful; she ran to meet him, threw her arms round his neck, and was delighted to have her old father back again. She asked him where in the world he had been so long. So he told her how he had lost his way, and had very nearly not come back at all, but that as he was travelling through a great forest, a creature, half hedgehog, half man, who was sitting astride a cock in a high tree, and making music, had shown him the way and helped him to get out, but that in return he had promised him whatsoever first met him in the royal court-yard, and how that was she herself, which made him unhappy now. But on this she promised that, for love of her father, she would willingly go with this Hans if he came.

Hans the Hedgehog, however, took care of his pigs, and the pigs multiplied until they became so many in number that the whole forest was filled with them. Then Hans the Hedgehog resolved not to live in the forest any longer, and sent word to his father to have every stye in the village emptied, for he was coming with such a great herd that all might kill who wished to do so. When his father heard that he was troubled, for he thought Hans the Hedgehog had died long ago. Hans the Hedgehog, however, seated himself on the cock, and drove the pigs before him into the village, and ordered the slaughter to begin. Ha!—but there was a killing and a chopping

that might have been heard two miles off! After this Hans the Hedgehog said, "Father, let me have the cock shod once more at the forge, and then I will ride away and never come back as long as I live." Then the father had the cock shod once more, and was pleased that Hans the Hedgehog would never return again.

Hans the Hedgehog rode away to the first kingdom. There the King had commanded that whosoever came mounted on a cock and had bagpipes with him should be shot at, cut down, or stabbed by every one, so that he might not enter the palace. When, therefore, Hans the Hedgehog came riding thither, they all pressed forward against him with their pikes, but he spurred the cock and it flew up over the gate in front of the King's window and lighted there, and Hans cried that the King must give him what he had promised, or he would take both his life and his daughter's. Then the King began to speak his daughter fair, and beg her to go away with Hans in order to save her own life and her father's. So she dressed herself in white, and her father gave her a carriage with six horses and magnificent attendants together with gold and possessions. She seated herself in the carriage, and placed Hans the Hedgehog beside her with the cock and the bagpipes, and then they took leave and drove away, and the King thought he should never see her again. He was, however, deceived in his expectation, for when they were at a short distance from the town, Hans the Hedgehog took her pretty clothes off, and pierced her with his hedgehog's skin until she bled all over. "That is the reward of your falseness," said he, "go your way, I will not have you!" and on that he chased her home again, and she was disgraced for the rest of her life.

Hans the Hedgehog, however, rode on further on the cock, with his bagpipes, to the dominions of the second King to whom he had shown the way. This one, however, had arranged that if any one resembling Hans the Hedgehog should come, they were to present arms, give him safe conduct, cry long life to him, and lead him to the royal palace.

But when the King's daughter saw him she was

terrified, for he looked quite too strange. She remembered, however, that she could not change her mind, for she had given her promise to her father. So Hans the Hedgehog was welcomed by her, and married to her, and had to go with her to the royal table, and she seated herself by his side, and they ate and drank. When the evening came and they wanted to go to sleep, she was afraid of his quills, but he told her she was not to fear, for no harm would befall her, and he told the old King that he was to appoint four men to watch by the door of the chamber, and light a great fire, and when he entered the room and was about to get into bed, he would creep out of his hedgehog's skin and leave it lying there by the bedside, and that the men were to run nimbly to it, throw it in the fire, and stay by it until it was consumed. When the clock struck eleven, he went into the chamber, stripped off the hedgehog's skin, and left it lying by the bed. Then came the men and fetched it swiftly, and threw it in the fire; and when the fire had consumed it, he was delivered, and lay there in bed in human form, but he was coal-black as if he had been burnt. The King sent for his physician who washed him with precious salves, and anointed him, and he became white, and was a handsome young man. When the King's daughter saw that she was glad, and the next morning they arose joyfully, ate and drank, and then the marriage was properly solemnized, and Hans the Hedgehog received the kingdom from the aged King.

When several years had passed he went with his wife to his father, and said that he was his son. The father, however, declared he had no son—he had never had but one, and he had been born like a hedgehog with spikes, and had gone forth into the world. Then Hans made himself known, and the old father rejoiced and went with him to his kingdom.

My tale is done,
And away it has run
To little August's house.

109.—THE SHROUD.

THERE was once a mother who had a little boy of seven years old, who was so handsome and loveable that no one could look at him without liking him, and she herself worshipped him above everything in the world. Now it so happened that he suddenly became ill, and God took him to himself; and for this the mother could not be comforted, and wept both day and night. But soon afterwards, when the child had been buried, it appeared by night in the places where it had sat and played during its life, and if the mother wept, it wept also, and when morning came it disappeared. As, however, the mother would not stop crying, it came one night, in the little white shroud in which it had been laid in its coffin, and with its wreath of flowers round its head, and stood on the bed at her feet, and said, "Oh, mother, do stop crying, or I shall never fall asleep in my coffin, for my shroud will not dry because of all thy tears, which fall upon it." The mother was afraid when she heard that, and wept no more. The next night the child came again, and held a little light in its hand, and said, "Look, mother, my shroud is nearly dry, and I can rest in my grave." Then the mother gave her sorrow into God's keeping, and bore it quietly and patiently, and the child came no more, but slept in its little bed beneath the earth.

110.—THE JEW AMONG THORNS.

THERE was once a rich man, who had a servant who served him diligently and honestly: he was every morning the first out of bed, and the last to go to rest at night; and, whenever there was a difficult job to be done, which nobody cared to undertake, he was always the first to set himself to it. Moreover, he never complained, but was contented with everything, and always merry.

When a year was ended, his master gave him no wages, for he said to himself, "That is the cleverest way; for I shall save something, and he will not go away, but stay quietly in my service." The servant said nothing, but did his work the second year as he had done it the first; and when at the end of this, likewise, he received no wages, he made himself happy, and still stayed on.

When the third year also was past, the master considered, put his hand in his pocket, but pulled nothing out. Then at last the servant said, "Master, for three years I have served you honestly, be so good as to give me what I ought to have; for I wish to leave, and look about me a little more in the world."

"Yes, my good fellow," answered the old miser; "you have served me industriously, and, therefore, you shall be cheerfully rewarded;" and he put his hand into his pocket, but counted out only three farthings, saying, "There, you have a farthing for each year; that is large and liberal pay, such as you would have received from few masters."

The honest servant, who understood little about money, put his fortune into his pocket, and thought, "Ah! now that I have my purse full, why need I trouble and plague myself any longer with hard work!" So on he went, up hill and down dale; and sang and jumped to his heart's content. Now it came to pass that as he was going by a thicket a little man stepped out, and called to him, "Whither away, merry brother? I see you do not carry many cares." "Why should I be sad?" answered the servant; "I have enough; three years' wages are jingling in my pocket."

"How much is your treasure?" the dwarf asked him.

'How much? Three farthings sterling, all told."

"Look here," said the dwarf, "I am a poor needy man, give me your three farthings; I can work no longer, but you are young, and can easily earn your bread."

And as the servant had a good heart, and felt pity for the old man, he gave him the three farthings, saying, "Take them in the name of Heaven, I shall not be any the worse for it."

Then the little man said, "As I see you have a good

heart I grant you three wishes, one for each farthing, they shall all be fulfilled."

"Aha?" said the servant, "you are one of those who can work wonders! Well, then, if it is to be so, I wish, first, for a gun, which shall hit everything that I aim at; secondly, for a fiddle, which when I play on it, shall compel all who hear it to dance; thirdly, that if I ask a favour of any one he shall not be able to refuse it."

"All that shall you have," said the dwarf; and put his hand into the bush, and only think, there lay a fiddle and gun, all ready, just as if they had been ordered. These he gave to the servant, and then said to him, "Whatever you may ask at any time, no man in the world shall be able to deny you."

"Heart alive! What can one desire more?" said the servant to himself, and went merrily onwards. Soon afterwards he met a Jew with a long goat's-beard, who was standing listening to the song of a bird which was sitting up at the top of a tree. "Good heavens," he was exclaiming, "that such a small creature should have such a fearfully loud voice! if it were but mine! if only some one would sprinkle some salt upon its tail!"

"If that is all," said the servant, "the bird shall soon be down here;" and taking aim he pulled the trigger, and down fell the bird into the thorn-bushes. "Go, you rogue," he said to the Jew, "and fetch the bird out for yourself!"

"Oh!" said the Jew, "leave out the rogue, my master, and I will do it at once. I will get the bird out for myself, as you really have hit it." Then he lay down on the ground, and began to crawl into the thicket.

When he was fast among the thorns, the good servant's humour so tempted him that he took up his fiddle and began to play. In a moment the Jew's legs began to move, and to jump into the air, and the more the servant fiddled the better went the dance. But the thorns tore his shabby coat for him, combed his beard, and pricked and plucked him all over the body. "Oh dear," cried the Jew, "what do I want with your fiddling? leave the fiddle alone, master; I do not want to dance."

But the servant did not listen to him, and thought,

"You have fleeced people often enough, now the thorn-bushes shall do the same to you;" and he began to play over again, so that the Jew had to jump higher than ever, and scraps of his coat were left hanging on the thorns. "Oh, woe's me!" cried the Jew; "I will give the gentleman whatsoever he asks if only he leaves off fiddling—a purse full of gold." "If you are so liberal," said the servant, "I will stop my music; but this I must say to your credit, that you dance to it so well that it is quite an art;" and having taken the purse he went his way.

The Jew stood still and watched the servant quietly until he was far off and out of sight, and then he screamed out with all his might, "You miserable musician, you beer-house fiddler! wait till I catch you alone, I will hunt you till the soles of your shoes fall off! You ragamuffin! just put five farthings in your mouth, and then you may be worth three halfpence!" and went on abusing him as fast as he could speak. As soon as he had refreshed himself a little in this way, and got his breath again, he ran into the town to the justice.

"My lord judge," he said, "I have come to make a complaint; see how a rascal has robbed and ill-treated me on the public highway! a stone on the ground might pity me; my clothes all torn, my body pricked and scratched, my little all gone with my purse,—good ducats, each piece better than the last; for God's sake let the man be thrown into prison!"

"Was it a soldier," said the judge, "who cut you thus with his sabre?" "Nothing of the sort!" said the Jew; "it was no sword that he had, but a gun hanging at his back, and a fiddle at his neck; the wretch may easily be known."

So the judge sent his people out after the man, and they found the good servant, who had been going quite slowly along, and they found, too, the purse with the money upon him. As soon as he was taken before the judge he said, "I did not touch the Jew, nor take his money; he gave it to me of his own free will, that I might leave off fiddling because he could not bear my music."

"Heaven defend us!" cried the Jew, "his lies are as thick as flies upon the wall."

But the judge also did not believe his tale, and said, "This is a bad defence, no Jew would do that." And because he had committed robbery on the public highway, he sentenced the good servant to be hanged. As he was being led away the Jew again screamed after him, "You vagabond! you dog of a fiddler! now you are going to receive your well-earned reward!" The servant walked quietly with the hangman up the ladder, but upon the last step he turned round and said to the judge, "Grant me just one request before I die."

"Yes, if you do not ask your life," said the judge.

"I do not ask for life," answered the servant, "but as a last favour let me play once more upon my fiddle."

The Jew raised a great cry of "Murder! murder! for goodness' sake do not allow it! Do not allow it!" But the judge said, "Why should I not let him have this short pleasure? it has been granted to him, and he shall have it." However, he could not have refused on account of the gift which had been bestowed on the servant.

Then the Jew cried, "Oh! woe's me! tie me, tie me fast!" while the good servant took his fiddle from his neck, and made ready. As he gave the first scrape, they all began to quiver and shake, the judge, his clerk, and the hangman and his men, and the cord fell out of the hand of the one who was going to tie the Jew fast. At the second scrape all raised their legs, and the hangman let go his hold of the good servant, and made himself ready to dance. At the third scrape they all leaped up and began to dance; the judge and the Jew being the best at jumping. Soon all who had gathered in the market-place out of curiosity were dancing with them; old and young, fat and lean, one with another. The dogs, likewise, which had run there got up on their hind legs and capered about; and the longer he played, the higher sprang the dancers, so that they knocked against each other's heads, and began to shriek terribly.

At length the judge cried, quite out of breath, "I will give you your life if you will only stop fiddling." The good servant thereupon had compassion, took his fiddle

and hung it round his neck again, and stepped down the ladder. Then he went up to the Jew, who was lying upon the ground panting for breath, and said, "You rascal, now confess, whence you got the money, or I will take my fiddle and begin to play again." "I stole it, I stole it!" cried he; "but you have honestly earned it." So the judge had the Jew taken to the gallows and hanged as a thief.

111.—THE SKILFUL HUNTSMAN.

THERE was once a young fellow who had learnt the trade of locksmith, and told his father he would now go out into the world and seek his fortune. "Very well," said the father, "I am quite content with that," and gave him some money for his journey. So he travelled about and looked for work. After a time he resolved not to follow the trade of locksmith any more, for he no longer liked it, but he took a fancy for hunting. Then there met him in his rambles a huntsman dressed in green, who asked whence he came and whither he was going? The youth said he was a locksmith's apprentice, but that the trade no longer pleased him, and he had a liking for huntsmanship, would he teach it to him? "Oh, yes," said the huntsman, "if thou wilt go with me." Then the young fellow went with him, bound himself to him for some years, and learnt the art of hunting. After this he wished to try his luck elsewhere, and the huntsman gave him nothing in the way of payment but an air-gun, which had, however, this property, that it hit its mark without fail whenever he shot with it. Then he set out and found himself in a very large forest, which he could not get to the end of in one day. When evening came he seated himself in a high tree in order to escape from the wild beasts. Towards midnight, it seemed to him as if a tiny little light glimmered in the distance. Then he looked down through the branches towards it, and kept well in his mind where it was. But in the first place he took off his

hat and threw it down in the direction of the light, so that he might go to the hat as a mark when he had descended. Then he got down and went to his hat, put it on again and went straight forwards. The farther he went, the larger the light grew, and when he got close to it he saw that it was an enormous fire, and that three giants were sitting by it, who had an ox on the spit, and were roasting it. Presently one of them said, "I must just taste if the meat will soon be fit to eat," and pulled a piece off, and was about to put it in his mouth when the huntsman shot it out of his hand. "Well, really," said the giant, "if the wind has not blown the bit out of my hand!" and helped himself to another. But when he was just about to bite into it, the huntsman again shot it away from him. On this the giant gave the one who was sitting next him a box on the ear, and cried angrily, "Why art thou snatching my piece away from me?" "I have not snatched it away," said the other, "a sharpshooter must have shot it away from thee." The giant took another piece, but could not, however, keep it in his hand, for the huntsman shot it out. Then the giant said, "That must be a good shot to shoot the bit out of one's very mouth, such an one would be useful to us." And he cried aloud, "Come here, thou sharpshooter, seat thyself at the fire beside us and eat thy fill, we will not hurt thee; but if thou wilt not come, and we have to bring thee by force, thou art a lost man!" On this the youth went up to them and told them he was a skilled huntsman, and that whatever he aimed at with his gun, he was certain to hit. Then they said if he would go with them he should be well treated, and they told him that outside the forest there was a great lake, behind which stood a tower, and in the tower was imprisoned a lovely princess, whom they wished very much to carry off. "Yes," said he, "I will soon get her for you." Then they added, "But there is still something else, there is a tiny little dog, which begins to bark directly any one goes near, and as soon as it barks every one in the royal palace wakens up, and for this reason we cannot get there; canst thou undertake to shoot it dead?" "Yes," said he, "that will be a little

bit of fun for me." After this he got into a boat and rowed over the lake, and as soon as he landed, the little dog came running out, and was about to bark, but the huntsman took his air-gun and shot it dead. When the giants saw that, they rejoiced, and thought they already had the King's daughter safe, but the huntsman wished first to see how matters stood, and told them that they must stay outside until he called them. Then he went into the castle, and all was perfectly quiet within, and every one was asleep. When he opened the door of the first room, a sword was hanging on the wall which was made of pure silver, and there was a golden star on it, and the name of the King, and on a table near it lay a sealed letter which he broke open, and inside it was written that whosoever had the sword could kill everything which opposed him. So he took the sword from the wall, hung it at his side and went onwards: then he entered the room where the King's daughter was lying sleeping, and she was so beautiful that he stood still and, holding his breath, looked at her. He thought to himself, "How can I give an innocent maiden into the power of the wild giants, who have evil in their minds?" He looked about further, and under the bed stood a pair of slippers, on the right one was her father's name with a star, and on the left her own name with a star. She wore also a great neck-kerchief of silk embroidered with gold, and on the right side was her father's name, and on the left her own, all in golden letters. Then the huntsman took a pair of scissors and cut the right corner off, and put it in his knapsack, and then he also took the right slipper with the King's name, and thrust that in. Now the maiden still lay sleeping, and she was quite sewn into her night-dress, and he cut a morsel from this also, and thrust it in with the rest, but he did all without touching her. Then he went forth and left her lying asleep undisturbed, and when he came to the gate again, the giants were still standing outside waiting for him, and expecting that he was bringing the princess. But he cried to them that they were to come in, for the maiden was already in their power, that he could not open the gate to them, but there was a hole through which

they must creep. Then the first approached, and the huntsman wound the giant's hair round his hand, pulled the head in, and cut it off at one stroke with his sword, and then drew the rest of him in. He called to the second and cut his head off likewise, and then he killed the third also, and he was well pleased that he had freed the beautiful maiden from her enemies, and he cut out their tongues and put them in his knapsack. Then thought he, "I will go home to my father and let him see what I have already done, and afterwards I will travel about the world; the luck which God is pleased to grant me will easily find me."

But when the King in the castle awoke, he saw the three giants lying there dead. So he went into the sleeping-room of his daughter, awoke her, and asked who could have killed the giants? Then said she, "Dear father, I know not, I have been asleep." But when she arose and would have put on her slippers, the right one was gone, and when she looked at her neck-kerchief it was cut, and the right corner was missing, and when she looked at her night-dress a piece was cut out of it. The King summoned his whole court together, soldiers and every one else who was there, and asked who had set his daughter at liberty, and killed the giants? Now it happened that he had a captain, who was one-eyed and a hideous man, and he said that he had done it. Then the old King said that as he had accomplished this, he should marry his daughter. But the maiden said, "Rather than marry him, dear father, I will go away into the world as far as my legs can carry me." But the King said that if she would not marry him she should take off her royal garments and wear peasant's clothing, and go forth, and that she should go to a potter, and begin a trade in earthen vessels. So she put off her royal apparel, and went to a potter and borrowed crockery enough for a stall, and she promised him also that if she had sold it by the evening, she would pay for it. Then the King said she was to seat herself in a corner with it and sell it, and he arranged with some peasants to drive over it with their carts, so that everything should be broken into a thousand pieces. When therefore the King's daughter

had placed her stall in the street, by came the carts, and broke all she had into tiny fragments. She began to weep and said, "Alas, how shall I ever pay for the pots now?" The King had, however, wished by this to force her to marry the captain; but instead of that, she again went to the potter, and asked him if he would lend to her once more. He said, "No," she must first pay for the things she had already had. Then she went to her father and cried and lamented, and said she would go forth into the world. Then said he, "I will have a little hut built for thee in the forest outside, and in it thou shalt stay all thy life long and cook for every one, but thou shalt take no money for it." When the hut was ready, a sign was hung on the door whereon was written, "To-day given, to-morrow sold." There she remained a long time, and it was rumoured about the world that a maiden was there who cooked without asking for payment, and that this was set forth on a sign outside her door. The huntsman heard it likewise, and thought to himself, "That would suit thee. Thou art poor, and hast no money." So he took his air-gun and his knapsack, wherein all the things which he had formerly carried away with him from the castle as tokens of his truthfulness were still lying, and went into the forest, and found the hut with the sign, "To-day given, to-morrow sold." He had put on the sword with which he had cut off the heads of the three giants, and thus entered the hut, and ordered something to eat to be given to him. He was charmed with the beautiful maiden, who was indeed as lovely as any picture. She asked him whence he came and whither he was going, and he said, "I am roaming about the world." Then she asked him where he had got the sword, for that truly her father's name was on it. He asked her if she were the King's daughter? "Yes," answered she. "With this sword," said he, "did I cut off the heads of three giants." And he took their tongues out of his knapsack in proof. Then he also showed her the slipper, and the corner of the neck-kerchief, and the bit of the night-dress. Hereupon she was overjoyed, and said that he was the one who had delivered her. On this they went together to the old King, and fetched him to the hut, and she led him into

her room, and told him that the huntsman was the man who had really set her free from the giants. And when the aged King saw all the proofs of this, he could no longer doubt, and said that he was very glad he knew how everything had happened, and that the huntsman should have her to wife, on which the maiden was glad at heart. Then she dressed the huntsman as if he were a foreign lord, and the King ordered a feast to be prepared. When they went to table, the captain sat on the left side of the King's daughter, but the huntsman was on the right, and the captain thought he was a foreign lord who had come on a visit. When they had eaten and drunk, the old King said to the captain that he would set before him something which he must guess. "Supposing any one said that he had killed the three giants and he were asked where the giants' tongues were, and he were forced to go and look, and there were none in their heads, how could that happen?" The captain said, "Then they cannot have had any." "Not so," said the King. "Every animal has a tongue," and then he likewise asked what any one would deserve who made such an answer? The captain replied, "He ought to be torn in pieces." Then the King said he had pronounced his own sentence, and the captain was put in prison and then torn in four pieces; but the King's daughter was married to the huntsman. After this he brought his father and mother, and they lived with their son in happiness, and after the death of the old King he received the kingdom.

112.—THE FLAIL FROM HEAVEN.

A COUNTRYMAN was once going out to plough with a pair of oxen. When he got to the field, both the animals' horns began to grow, and went on growing, and when he wanted to go home they were so big that the oxen could not get through the gateway for them. By good luck a butcher came by just then, and he delivered them over

to him, and made the bargain in this way, that he should take the butcher a measure of turnip-seed, and then the butcher was to count him out a Brabant thaler for every seed. I call that well sold! The peasant now went home, and carried the measure of turnip-seed to him on his back. On the way, however, he lost one seed out of the bag. The butcher paid him justly as agreed on, and if the peasant had not lost the seed, he would have had one thaler the more. In the meantime, when he went on his way back, the seed had grown into a tree which reached up to the sky. Then thought the peasant, "As thou hast the chance, thou must just see what the angels are doing up there above, and for once have them before thine eyes." So he climbed up, and saw that the angels above were threshing oats, and he looked on. While he was thus watching them, he observed that the tree on which he was standing, was beginning to totter; he peeped down, and saw that some one was just going to cut it down. "If I were to fall down from hence it would be a bad thing," thought he, and in his necessity he did not know how to save himself better than by taking the chaff of the oats which lay there in heaps, and twisting a rope of it. He likewise snatched a hoe and a flail which were lying about in heaven, and let himself down by the rope. But he came down on the earth exactly in the middle of a deep, deep hole. So it was a real piece of luck that he had brought the hoe, for he hoed himself a flight of steps with it, and mounted up, and took the flail with him as a token of his truth, so that no one could have any doubt of his story.

113.—THE TWO KINGS' CHILDREN.

THERE was once on a time a King who had a little boy of whom it had been foretold that he should be killed by a stag when he was sixteen years of age, and when he had reached that age the huntsmen once went hunt-

ing with him. In the forest, the King's son was separated from the others, and all at once he saw a great stag which he wanted to shoot, but could not hit. At length he chased the stag so far that they were quite out of the forest, and then suddenly a great tall man was standing there instead of the stag, and said, "It is well that I have thee, I have already ruined six pairs of glass skates with running after thee, and have not been able to get thee." Then he took the King's son with him, and dragged him through a great lake to a great palace, and then he had to sit down to table with him and eat something. When they had eaten something together the King said, "I have three daughters, thou must keep watch over the eldest for one night, from nine in the evening till six in the morning, and every time the clock strikes, I will come myself and call, and if thou then givest me no answer, to-morrow morning thou shalt be put to death, but if thou always givest me an answer, thou shalt have her to wife."

When the young folks went to the bed-room there stood a stone image of St. Christopher, and the King's daughter said to it, "My father will come at nine o'clock, and every hour till it strikes three; when he calls, give him an answer instead of the King's son." Then the stone image of St. Christopher nodded its head quite quickly, and then more and more slowly till at last it stood still. The next morning the King said to him, "Thou hast done the business well, but I cannot give my daughter away, thou must now watch a night by my second daughter, and then I will consider with myself, whether thou canst have my eldest daughter to wife, but I shall come every hour myself, and when I call thee, answer me, and if I call thee and thou dost not reply, thy blood shall flow." Then they both went into the sleeping-room, and there stood a still larger stone image of St. Christopher, and the King's daughter said to it, "If my father calls, do you answer him." Then the great stone image of St. Christopher again nodded its head quite quickly and then more and more slowly, until at last it stood still again. And the King's son lay down on the threshold, put his hand under his head and slept.

The next morning the King said to him, "Thou hast done the business really well, but I cannot give my daughter away; thou must now watch a night by the youngest princess, and then I will consider with myself whether thou canst have my second daughter to wife, but I shall come every hour myself, and when I call thee answer me, and if I call thee and thou answerest not, thy blood shall flow for me."

Then they once more went to the sleeping-room together, and there was a much greater and much taller image of St. Christopher than the two first had been. The King's daughter said to it, "When my father calls, do thou answer." Then the great tall stone image of St. Christopher nodded quite half an hour with its head, until at length the head stood still again. And the King's son laid himself down on the threshold of the door and slept. The next morning the King said, "Thou hast indeed watched well, but I cannot give thee my daughter now; I have a great forest, if thou cuttest it down for me between six o'clock this morning and six at night, I will think about it." Then he gave him a glass axe, a glass wedge, and a glass mallet. When he got into the wood, he began at once to cut, but the axe broke in two, then he took the wedge, and struck it once with the mallet, and it became as short and as small as sand. Then he was much troubled and believed he would have to die, and sat down and wept.

Now when it was noon the King said, "One of you girls must take him something to eat." No," said the two eldest, "We will not take it to him; the one by whom he last watched, can take him something." Then the youngest was forced to go and take him something to eat. When she got into the forest, she asked him how he was getting on? "Oh," said he, "I am getting on very badly." Then she said he was to come and just eat a little. "Nay," said he, "I cannot do that, I shall still have to die, so I will eat no more." Then she spoke so kindly to him and begged him just to try, that he came and ate something. When he had eaten something she said, "I will comb thy hair a while, and then thou wilt feel happier."

So she combed his hair, and he became weary and fell asleep, and then she took her handkerchief and made a knot in it, and struck it three times on the earth, and said, "Earth-workers, come forth." In a moment, numbers of little earth-men came forth, and asked what the King's daughter commanded? Then said she, "In three hours' time the great forest must be cut down, and the whole of the wood laid in heaps." So the little earth-men went about and got together the whole of their kindred to help them with the work. They began at once, and when the three hours were over, all was done, and they came back to the King's daughter and told her so. Then she took her white handkerchief again and said, "Earth-workers, go home." On this they all disappeared.

When the King's son awoke, he was delighted, and she said, "Come home when it has struck six o'clock." He did as she told him, and then the King asked, "Hast thou made away with the forest?" "Yes," said the King's son. When they were sitting at table, the King said, "I cannot yet give thee my daughter to wife, thou must still do something more for her sake." So he asked what it was to be, then? "I have a great fish-pond," said the King. "Thou must go to it to-morrow morning and clear it of all mud until it is as bright as a mirror, and fill it with every kind of fish." The next morning the King gave him a glass shovel and said, "The fish-pond must be done by six o'clock." So he went away, and when he came to the fish-pond he stuck his shovel in the mud and it broke in two, then he stuck his hoe in the mud, and broke it also. Then he was much troubled. At noon the youngest daughter brought him something to eat, and asked him how he was getting on? So the King's son said everything was going very ill with him, and he would certainly have to lose his head. "My tools have broken to pieces again." "Oh," said she, "thou must just come and eat something, and then thou wilt be in another frame of mind." "No," said he, "I cannot eat, I am far too unhappy for that!" Then she gave him many good words until at last he came and ate something. Then she combed his hair again, and he fell asleep, so once more she took her handkerchief, tied a knot in it,

and struck the ground thrice with the knot, and said, "Earth-workers, come forth." In a moment a great many little earth-men came and asked what she desired, and she told them that in three hours' time, they must have the fish-pond entirely cleaned out, and it must be so clear that people could see themselves reflected in it, and every kind of fish must be in it. The little earth-men went away and summoned all their kindred to help them, and in two hours it was done. Then they returned to her and said, "We have done as thou hast commanded." The King's daughter took the handkerchief and once more struck thrice on the ground with it, and said, "Earth-workers, go home again." Then they all went away.

When the King's son awoke the fish-pond was done. Then the King's daughter went away also, and told him that when it was six he was to come to the house. When he arrived at the house the King asked, "Hast thou got the fish-pond done?" "Yes," said the King's son. That was very good.

When they were again sitting at table the King said, "Thou hast certainly done the fish-pond, but I cannot give thee my daughter yet; thou must just do one thing more." "What is that, then?" asked the King's son. The King said he had a great mountain on which there was nothing but briars which must all be cut down, and at the top of it the youth must build up a great castle, which must be as strong as could be conceived, and all the furniture and fittings belonging to a castle must be inside it. And when he arose next morning the King gave him a glass axe and a glass gimlet with him, and he was to have all done by six o'clock. As he was cutting down the first briar with the axe, it broke off short, and so small that the pieces flew all round about, and he could not use the gimlet either. Then he was quite miserable, and waited for his dearest to see if she would not come and help him in his need. When it was mid-day she came and brought him something to eat. He went to meet her and told her all, and ate something, and let her comb his hair and fell asleep. Then she once more took the knot and struck the earth with it, and said, "Earth-workers, come forth!" Then came once again numbers of earth-men, and asked what

her desire was. Then said she, "In the space of three hours they must cut down the whole of the briars, and a castle must be built on the top of the mountain that must be as strong as any one could conceive, and all the furniture that pertains to a castle must be inside it. They went away, and summoned their kindred to help them and when the time was come, all was ready. Then they came to the King's daughter and told her so, and the King's daughter took her handkerchief and struck thrice on the earth with it, and said, "Earth-workers, go home," on which they all disappeared. When therefore the King's son awoke and saw everything done, he was as happy as a bird in air.

When it had struck six, they went home together. Then said the King, "Is the castle ready?" "Yes," said the King's son. When they sat down to table, the King said, "I cannot give away my youngest daughter until the two eldest are married." Then the King's son and the King's daughter were quite troubled, and the King's son had no idea what to do. But he went by night to the King's daughter and ran away with her. When they had got a little distance away, the King's daughter peeped round and saw her father behind her. "Oh," said she, "what are we to do? My father is behind us, and will take us back with him. I will at once change thee into a briar, and myself into a rose, and I will shelter myself in the midst of the bush." When the father reached the place, there stood a briar with one rose on it, then he was about to gather the rose, when the thorn came and pricked his finger so that he was forced to go home again. His wife asked why he had not brought their daughter back with him? So he said he had nearly got up to her, but that all at once he had lost sight of her, and a briar with one rose was growing on the spot.

Then said the Queen, "If thou hadst but gathered the rose, the briar would have been forced to come too." So he went back again to fetch the rose, but in the meantime the two were already far over the plain, and the King ran after them. Then the daughter once more looked round and saw her father coming, and said, "Oh, what

shall we do now? I will instantly change thee into a church and myself into a priest, and I will stand up in the pulpit, and preach." When the King got to the place, there stood a church, and in the pulpit was a priest preaching. So he listened to the sermon, and then went home again.

Then the Queen asked why he had not brought their daughter with him, and he said, "Nay, I ran a long time after her, and just as I thought I should soon overtake her, a church was standing there and a priest was in the pulpit preaching." "Thou shouldst just have brought the priest," said his wife, "and then the church would soon have come. It is no use to send thee, I must go there myself." When she had walked for some time, and could see the two in the distance, the King's daughter peeped round and saw her mother coming, and said, "Now we are undone, for my mother is coming herself: I will immediately change thee into a fish-pond and myself into a fish."

When the mother came to the place, there was a large fish-pond, and in the midst of it a fish was leaping about and peeping out of the water, and it was quite merry. She wanted to catch the fish, but she could not. Then she was very angry, and drank up the whole pond in order to catch the fish, but it made her so ill that she was forced to vomit, and vomited the whole pond out again. Then she cried, "I see very well that nothing can be done now," and said that now they might come back to her. Then the King's daughter went back again, and the Queen gave her daughter three walnuts, and said, "With these thou canst help thyself when thou art in thy greatest need." So the young folks went once more away together. And when they had walked quite ten miles, they arrived at the castle from whence the King's son came, and close by it was a village. When they reached it, the King's son said, "Stay here, my dearest, I will just go to the castle, and then will I come with a carriage and with attendants to fetch thee."

When he got to the castle they all rejoiced greatly at having the King's son back again, and he told them he

had a bride who was now in the village, and they must go with the carriage to fetch her. Then they harnessed the horses at once, and many attendants seated themselves outside the carriage. When the King's son was about to get in, his mother gave him a kiss, and he forgot everything which had happened, and also what he was about to do. On this his mother ordered the horses to be taken out of the carriage again, and every one went back into the house. But the maiden sat in the village and watched and watched, and thought he would come and fetch her, but no one came. Then the King's daughter took service in the mill which belonged to the castle, and was obliged to sit by the pond every afternoon and clean the tubs. And the Queen came one day on foot from the castle, and went walking by the pond, and saw the well-grown maiden sitting there, and said, "What a fine strong girl that is! She pleases me well!" Then she and all with her looked at the maid, but no one knew her. So a long time passed by during which the maiden served the miller honourably and faithfully. In the meantime, the Queen had sought a wife for her son, who came from quite a distant part of the world. When the bride came, they were at once to be married. And many people hurried together, all of whom wanted to see everything. Then the girl said to the miller that he might be so good as to give her leave to go also. So the miller said, "Yes, do go there." When she was about to go, she opened one of the three walnuts, and a beautiful dress lay inside it. She put it on, and went into the church and stood by the altar. Suddenly came the bride and bridegroom, and seated themselves before the altar, and when the priest was just going to bless them, the bride peeped half round and saw the maiden standing there. Then she stood up again, and said she would not be given away until she also had as beautiful a dress as that lady there. So they went back to the house again, and sent to ask the lady if she would sell that dress. No, she would not sell it, but the bride might perhaps earn it. Then the bride asked her how she was to do this? Then the maiden said if she might sleep one night outside the King's son's door, the bride might have what she wanted. So the

bride said, "Yes, she was to do that." But the servants were ordered to give the King's son a sleeping drink, and then the maiden laid herself down on the threshold and lamented all night long. She had had the forest cut down for him, she had had the fish-pond cleaned out for him, she had had the castle built for him, she had changed him into a briar, and then into a church, and at last into a fish-pond, and yet he had forgotten her so quickly. The King's son did not hear one word of it, but the servants had been awakened, and had listened to it, and had not known what it could mean. The next morning when they were all up, the bride put on the dress, and went away to the church with the bridegroom. In the meantime the maiden opened the second walnut, and a still more beautiful dress was inside it. She put it on, and went and stood by the altar in the church, and everything happened as it had happened the time before. And the maiden again lay all night on the threshold which led to the chamber of the King's son, and the servant was once more to give him a sleeping-drink. The servant, however, went to him and gave him something to keep him awake, and then the King's son went to bed, and the miller's maiden bemoaned herself as before on the threshold of the door, and told of all that she had done. All this the King's son heard, and was sore troubled, and what was past came back to him. Then he wanted to go to her, but his mother had locked the door. The next morning, however, he went at once to his beloved, and told her everything which had happened to him, and prayed her not to be angry with him for having forgotten her. Then the King's daughter opened the third walnut, and within it was a still more magnificent dress, which she put on, and went with her bridegroom to church, and numbers of children came who gave them flowers, and offered them gay ribbons to bind about their feet, and they were blessed by the priest, and had a merry wedding. But the false mother and the bride had to depart. And the mouth of the person who last told all this is still warm.

114.—THE CUNNING LITTLE TAILOR.

THERE was once on a time a princess who was extremely proud. If a wooer came she gave him some riddle to guess, and if he could not find it out, he was sent contemptuously away. She let it be made known also that whosoever solved her riddle should marry her, let him be who he might. At length, therefore, three tailors fell in with each other, the two eldest of whom thought they had done so many dexterous bits of work successfully that they could not fail to succeed in this also; the third was a little useless land-louper, who did not even know his trade, but thought he must have some luck in this venture, for where else was it to come from? Then the two others said to him, "Just stay at home; thou canst not do much with thy little bit of understanding." The little tailor, however, did not let himself be discouraged, and said he had set his head to work about this for once, and he would manage well enough, and he went forth as if the whole world were his.

They all three announced themselves to the princess, and said she was to propound her riddle to them, and that the right persons were now come, who had understandings so fine that they could be threaded in a needle. Then said the princess, "I have two kinds of hair on my head, of what colour is it?" "If that be all," said the first, "it must be black and white, like the cloth which is called "pepper and salt." The princess said, "Wrongly guessed; let the second answer." Then said the second, "If it be not black and white, then it is brown, and red, like my father's company coat." "Wrongly guessed," said the princess, "let the third give the answer, for I see very well he knows it for certain." Then the little tailor stepped boldly forth and said, "The princess has a silver and a golden hair on her head, and those are the two different colours." When the princess heard that, she turned pale and nearly fell down with terror, for the little tailor had guessed her riddle, and she had firmly believed that no man on earth could discover it. When her courage returned she said, "Thou hast not won me yet

by that; there is still something else that thou must do. Below, in the stable, is a bear with which thou shalt pass the night, and when I get up in the morning if thou art still alive, thou shalt marry me." She expected, however, she should thus get rid of the tailor, for the bear had never yet left any one alive who had fallen into his clutches. The little tailor did not let himself be frightened away, but was quite delighted, and said, "Boldly ventured is half won."

When therefore the evening came, our little tailor was taken down to the bear. The bear was about to set at the little fellow at once, and give him a hearty welcome with his paws: "Softly, softly," said the little tailor, "I will soon make thee quiet." Then quite composedly, and as if he had not an anxiety in the world, he took some nuts out of his pocket, cracked them, and ate the kernels. When the bear saw that, he was seized with a desire to have some nuts too. The tailor felt in his pockets, and reached him a handful; they were, however, not nuts, but pebbles. The bear put them in his mouth, but could get nothing out of them, let him bite as he would. "Eh!" thought he, "what a stupid blockhead I am! I cannot even crack a nut!" and then he said to the tailor, "Here, crack me the nuts." "There, see what a stupid fellow thou art!" said the little tailor, "to have such a great mouth, and not be able to crack a small nut!" Then he took the pebble and nimbly put a nut in his mouth in the place of it, and crack, it was in two! "I must try the thing again," said the bear; "when I watch you, I then think I ought to be able to do it too." So the tailor once more gave him a pebble, and the bear tried and tried to bite into it with all the strength of his body. But no one will imagine that he accomplished it. When that was over, the tailor took out a violin from beneath his coat, and played a piece on it to himself. When the bear heard the music, he could not help beginning to dance, and when he had danced a while, the thing pleased him so well that he said to the little tailor, "Hark you, is the fiddle heavy?" "Light enough for a child. Look, with the left hand I lay my fingers on it, and with the right I stroke it with the bow, and then it goes merrily, hop sa sa vivallalera!" "So," said the bear; "fiddling is a thing I

should like to understand too, that I might dance whenever I had a fancy. What dost thou think of that? Wilt thou give me lessons?" "With all my heart," said the tailor, "if thou hast a talent for it. But just let me see thy claws, they are terribly long, I must cut thy nails a little." Then a vice was brought, and the bear put his claws in it, and the little tailor screwed it tight, and said, "Now wait until I come with the scissors," and he let the bear growl as he liked, and lay down in the corner on a bundle of straw, and fell asleep.

When the princess heard the bear growling so fiercely during the night, she believed nothing else but that he was growling for joy, and had made an end of the tailor. In the morning she arose careless and happy, but when she peeped into the stable, the tailor stood gaily before her, and was as healthy as a fish in the water. Now she could not say another word against the wedding because she had given a promise before every one, and the King ordered a carriage to be brought in which she was to drive to church with the tailor, and there she was to be married. When they had got into the carriage, the two other tailors, who had false hearts and envied him his good fortune, went into the stable and unscrewed the bear again. The bear in great fury ran after the carriage. The princess heard him snorting and growling; she was terrified, and she cried, "Ah, the bear is behind us and wants to get thee!" The tailor was quick and stood on his head, stuck his legs out of the window, and cried, "Dost thou see the vice? If thou dost not be off thou shalt be put into it again." When the bear saw that, he turned round and ran away. The tailor drove quietly to church, and the princess was married to him at once, and he lived with her as happy as a woodlark. Whosoever does not believe this, must pay a thaler.

115.—THE BRIGHT SUN BRINGS IT TO LIGHT.

A TAILOR'S apprentice was travelling about the world in search of work, and at one time he could find none, and his poverty was so great that he had not a farthing to live on. Presently he met a Jew on the road, and as he thought he would have a great deal of money about him, the tailor thrust God out of his heart, fell on the Jew, and said, "Give me thy money, or I will strike thee dead." Then said the Jew, "Grant me my life, I have no money but eight farthings." But the tailor said, "Money thou hast; and it shall be produced," and used violence and beat him until he was near death. And when the Jew was dying, the last words he said were, "The bright sun will bring it to light," and thereupon he died. The tailor's apprentice felt in his pockets and sought for money, but he found nothing but eight farthings, as the Jew had said. Then he took him up and carried him behind a clump of trees, and went onwards to seek work. After he had travelled about a long while, he got work in a town with a master who had a pretty daughter, with whom he fell in love, and he married her, and lived in good and happy wedlock.

After a long time when he and his wife had two children, the wife's father and mother died, and the young people kept house alone. One morning, when the husband was sitting on the table before the window, his wife brought him his coffee, and when he had poured it out into the saucer, and was just going to drink, the sun shone on it and the reflection gleamed hither and thither on the wall above, and made circles on it. Then the tailor looked up and said, "Yes, it would like very much to bring it to light, and cannot!" The woman said, "Oh, dear husband, and what is that, then? What dost thou mean by that?" He answered, "I must not tell thee." But she said, "If thou lovest me, thou must tell me," and used her most affectionate words, and said that no one should ever know it, and left him no rest. Then he told her how years ago, when he was travelling about seeking work and quite worn out and penniless, he had

killed a Jew, and that in the last agonies of death, the Jew had spoken the words, "The bright sun will bring it to light." And now, the sun had just wanted to bring it to light, and had gleamed and made circles on the wall, but had not been able to do it. After this, he again charged her particularly never to tell this, or he would lose his life, and she did promise. When, however, he had sat down to work again, she went to her great friend and confided the story to her, but she was never to repeat it to any human being, but before two days were over, the whole town knew it, and the tailor was brought to trial, and condemned. And thus, after all, the bright sun did bring it to light.

116.—THE BLUE LIGHT.

THERE was once on a time a soldier who for many years had served the King faithfully, but when the war came to an end could serve no longer because of the many wounds which he had received. The King said to him, "Thou mayst return to thy home, I need thee no longer, and thou wilt not receive any more money, for he only receives wages who renders me service for them." Then the soldier did not know how to earn a living, went away greatly troubled, and walked the whole day, until in the evening he entered a forest. When darkness came on, he saw a light, which he went up to, and came to a house wherein lived a witch. "Do give me one night's lodging, and a little to eat and drink," said he to her, "or I shall starve." "Oho!" she answered, "who gives anything to a runaway soldier? Yet will I be compassionate, and take you in, if you will do what I wish." "What do you wish?" said the soldier. "That you should dig all round my garden for me, to-morrow." The soldier consented, and next day laboured with all his strength, but could not finish it by the evening. "I see well enough," said the witch, "that you can do no more to-day, but I will keep you yet another night, in payment for which you must

to-morrow chop me a load of wood, and make it small." The soldier spent the whole day in doing it, and in the evening the witch proposed that he should stay one night more. "To-morrow, you shall only do me a very trifling piece of work. Behind my house, there is an old dry well, into which my light has fallen, it burns blue, and never goes out, and you shall bring it up again for me." Next day the old woman took him to the well, and let him down in a basket. He found the blue light, and made her a signal to draw him up again. She did draw him up, but when he came near the edge, she stretched down her hand and wanted to take the blue light away from him. "No," said he, perceiving her evil intention, "I will not give thee the light until I am standing with both feet upon the ground." The witch fell into a passion, let him down again into the well, and went away.

The poor soldier fell without injury on the moist ground, and the blue light went on burning, but of what use was that to him? He saw very well that he could not escape death. He sat for a while very sorrowfully, then suddenly he felt in his pocket and found his tobacco pipe, which was still half full. "This shall be my last pleasure," thought he, pulled it out, lit it at the blue light and began to smoke. When the smoke had circled about the cavern, suddenly a little black dwarf stood before him, and said, "Lord, what are thy commands?" "What commands have I to give thee?" replied the soldier, quite astonished. "I must do everything thou biddest me," said the little man. "Good," said the soldier; "then in the first place help me out of this well." The little man took him by the hand, and led him through an underground passage, but he did not forget to take the blue light with him. On the way the dwarf showed him the treasures which the witch had collected and hidden there, and the soldier took as much gold as he could carry. When he was above, he said to the little man, "Now go and bind the old witch, and carry her before the judge." In a short time she, with frightful cries, came riding by, as swift as the wind on a wild tom-cat, nor was it long after that before the little man re-appeared. "It is all done," said he, "and the witch is already hanging on the gallows.

What further commands has my lord?" inquired the dwarf. "At this moment, none," answered the soldier; "thou canst return home, only be at hand immediately, if I summon thee." "Nothing more is needed than that thou shouldst light thy pipe at the blue light, and I will appear before thee at once." Thereupon he vanished from his sight.

The soldier returned to the town from which he had come. He went to the best inn, ordered himself handsome clothes, and then bade the landlord furnish him a room as handsomely as possible. When it was ready and the soldier had taken possession of it, he summoned the little black mannikin and said, "I have served the King faithfully, but he has dismissed me, and left me to hunger, and now I want to take my revenge." "What am I to do?" asked the little man. "Late at night, when the King's daughter is in bed, bring her here in her sleep, she shall do servant's work for me." The mannikin said, "That is an easy thing for me to do, but a very dangerous thing for you, for if it is discovered, you will fare ill." When twelve o'clock had struck, the door sprang open, and the mannikin carried in the princess. "Aha! art thou there?" cried the soldier, "get to thy work at once! Fetch the broom and sweep the chamber." When she had done this, he ordered her to come to his chair, and then he stretched out his feet and said, "Pull off my boots for me," and then he threw them in her face, and made her pick them up again, and clean and brighten them. She, however, did everything he bade her, without opposition, silently and with half-shut eyes. When the first cock crowed, the mannikin carried her back to the royal palace, and laid her in her bed.

Next morning when the princess arose, she went to her father, and told him that she had had a very strange dream. "I was carried through the streets with the rapidity of lightning," said she, "and taken into a soldier's room, and I had to wait upon him like a servant, sweep his room, clean his boots, and do all kinds of menial work. It was only a dream, and yet I am just as tired as if I really had done everything." "The dream may have been true," said the King, "I will give thee a piece of advice.

Fill thy pocket full of peas, and make a small hole in it, and then if thou art carried away again, they will fall out and leave a track in the streets." But unseen by the King, the mannikin was standing beside him when he said that, and heard all. At night when the sleeping princess was again carried through the streets, some peas certainly did fall out of her pocket, but they made no track, for the crafty mannikin had just before scattered peas in every street there was. And again the princess was compelled to do servant's work until cock-crow.

Next morning the King sent his people out to seek the track, but it was all in vain, for in every street poor children were sitting, picking up peas, and saying, "It must have rained peas, last night." "We must think of something else," said the King; "keep thy shoes on when thou goest to bed, and before thou comest back from the place where thou art taken, hide one of them there, I will soon contrive to find it." The black mannikin heard this plot, and at night when the soldier again ordered him to bring the princess, revealed it to him, and told him that he knew of no expedient to counteract this stratagem, and that if the shoe were found in the soldier's house it would go badly with him." "Do what I bid thee," replied the soldier, and again this third night the princess was obliged to work like a servant, but before she went away, she hid her shoe under the bed.

Next morning the King had the entire town searched for his daughter's shoe. It was found at the soldier's, and the soldier himself, who at the entreaty of the dwarf had gone outside the gate, was soon brought back, and thrown into prison. In his flight he had forgotten the most valuable things he had, the blue light and the gold, and had only one ducat in his pocket. And now loaded with chains, he was standing at the window of his dungeon, when he chanced to see one of his comrades passing by. The soldier tapped at the pane of glass, and when this man came up, said to him, "Be so kind as to fetch me the small bundle I have left lying in the inn, and I will give you a ducat for doing it." His comrade ran thither and brought him what he wanted. As soon as the soldier was alone again, he lighted his pipe and summoned the black

mannikin. "Have no fear," said the latter to his master. 'Go wheresoever they take you, and let them do what they will, only take the blue light with you." Next day the soldier was tried, and though he had done nothing wicked, the judge condemned him to death. When he was led forth to die, he begged a last favour of the King. "What is it?" asked the King. "That I may smoke one more pipe on my way." "Thou mayst smoke three," answered the King, "but do not imagine that I will spare thy life." Then the soldier pulled out his pipe and lighted it at the blue light, and as soon as a few wreaths of smoke had ascended, the mannikin was there with a small cudgel in his hand, and said, "What does my lord command?" "Strike down to earth that false judge there, and his constable, and spare not the King who has treated me so ill." Then the mannikin fell on them like lightning, darting this way and that way, and whosoever was so much as touched by his cudgel fell to earth, and did not venture to stir again. The King was terrified; he threw himself on the soldier's mercy, and merely to be allowed to live at all, gave him his kingdom for his own, and the princess to wife.

117.—THE WILFUL CHILD.

ONCE upon a time there was a child who was wilful, and would not do what her mother wished. For this reason God had no pleasure in her, and let her become ill, and no doctor could do her any good, and in a short time she lay on her death-bed. When she had been lowered into her grave, and the earth was spread over her, all at once her arm came out again, and stretched upwards, and when they had put it in and spread fresh earth over it, it was all to no purpose, for the arm always came out again. Then the mother herself was obliged to go to the grave, and strike the arm with a rod, and when she had done that, it was drawn in, and then at last the child had rest beneath the ground.

118.—THE THREE ARMY-SURGEONS.

THREE army-surgeons who thought they knew their art perfectly, were travelling about the world, and they came to an inn where they wanted to pass the night. The host asked whence they came, and whither they were going? "We are roaming about the world and practising our art." "Just show me for once in a way what you can do," said the host. Then the first said he would cut off his hand, and put it on again early next morning; the second said he would tear out his heart, and replace it next morning; the third said he would cut out his eyes and heal them again next morning. "If you can do that," said the innkeeper, "you have learnt everything." They, however, had a salve, with which they rubbed themselves, which joined parts together, and they carried the little bottle in which it was, constantly with them. Then they cut the hand, heart and eyes from their bodies as they had said they would, and laid them all together on a plate, and gave it to the innkeeper. The innkeeper gave it to a servant who was to set it in the cupboard, and take good care of it. The girl, however, had a lover in secret, who was a soldier. When therefore the innkeeper, the three army-surgeons, and every one else in the house were asleep, the soldier came and wanted something to eat. The girl opened the cupboard and brought him some food, and in her love forgot to shut the cupboard-door again; she seated herself at the table by her lover, and they chattered away together. While she sat so contentedly there thinking of no ill luck, the cat came creeping in, found the cupboard open, took the hand and heart and eyes of the three army-surgeons, and ran off with them. When the soldier had done eating, and the girl was taking away the things and going to shut the cupboard she saw that the plate which the innkeeper had given her to take care of, was empty. Then she said in a fright to her lover, "Ah, miserable girl, what shall I do? The hand is gone, the heart and the eyes are gone too, what will become of me in the morning?" "Be easy," said he, "I will help thee out of thy trouble—there is a thief

hanging outside on the gallows, I will cut off his hand. Which hand was it?" "The right one." Then the girl gave him a sharp knife, and he went and cut the poor sinner's right hand off, and brought it to her. After this he caught the cat and cut its eyes out, and now nothing but the heart was wanting. "Have you not been killing, and are not the dead pigs in the cellar?" said he. "Yes," said the girl. "That's well," said the soldier, and he went down and fetched a pig's heart. The girl placed all together on the plate, and put it in the cupboard, and when after this her lover took leave of her, she went quietly to bed.

In the morning when the three army-surgeons got up, they told the girl she was to bring them the plate on which the hand, heart, and eyes were lying. Then she brought it out of the cupboard, and the first fixed the thief's hand on and smeared it with his salve, and it grew to his arm directly. The second took the cat's eyes and put them in his own head. The third fixed the pig's heart firm in the place where his own had been, and the innkeeper stood by, admired their skill, and said he had never yet seen such a thing as that done, and would sing their praises and recommend them to every one. Then they paid their bill, and travelled farther.

As they were on their way, the one with the pig's heart did not stay with them at all, but wherever there was a corner he ran to it, and rooted about in it with his nose as pigs do. The others wanted to hold him back by the tail of his coat, but that did no good; he tore himself loose, and ran wherever the dirt was thickest. The second also behaved very strangely; he rubbed his eyes, and said to the others, "Comrades, what is the matter? I don't see at all. Will one of you lead me, so that I do not fall." Then with difficulty they travelled on till evening, when they reached another inn. They went into the bar together, and there at a table in the corner sat a rich man counting money. The one with the thief's hand walked round about him, made a sudden movement twice with his arm, and at last when the stranger turned away, he snatched at the pile of money, and took a handful from it. One of them saw this, and said, "Comrade, what art thou about? Thou must not

steal—shame on thee!" "Eh," said he, "but how can I stop myself? My hand twitches, and I am forced to snatch things whether I will or not."

After this, they lay down to sleep, and while they were lying there it was so dark that no one could see his own hand. All at once the one with the cat's eyes awoke, aroused the others, and said, "Brothers, just look up, do you see the white mice running about there?" The two sat up, but could see nothing. Then said he, "Things are not right with us, we have not got back again what is ours. We must return to the innkeeper, he has deceived us." They went back, therefore, the next morning, and told the host they had not got what was their own again; that the first had a thief's hand, the second cat's eyes, and the third a pig's heart. The innkeeper said that the girl must be to blame for that, and was going to call her, but when she had seen the three coming, she had run out by the backdoor, and not come back. Then the three said he must give them a great deal of money, or they would set his house on fire.* He gave them what he had, and whatever he could get together, and the three went away with it. It was enough for the rest of their lives, but they would rather have had their own proper organs.

* "Sonst liessen sie ihm den rothen Hahn übers Haus fliegen." The symbol of a red cock for fire is of remote antiquity. (See Völuspá, 34, 35.) "I will set a red cock on your roof," is the incendiary's threat in Germany, where fire is compared to a cock flying from house to house.—Grimm's 'Deutsche Mythologie,' p. 568. Red cock-crawing—a cant phrase for fire-raising in the south of Scotland. See Jamieson's Et. Dict., where also the following extract from Guy Mannering, i. 39, is given: "'Weel, there's ane abune a', but we'll see if the red cock craw not in his bonnie barn-yard ae morning before day dawing.' 'What does she mean?' 'Fire-raising,' answered the laconic Dominie." Sir Walter Scott was, however, a German scholar at a time when German was little studied, and the picturesqueness of the expression may have induced him to import it into North Britain.—TR.

119.—THE SEVEN SWABIANS.

SEVEN Swabians were once together. The first was Master Schulz; the second, Jackli; the third, Marli; the fourth, Jergli; the fifth, Michal; the sixth, Hans; the seventh, Veitli: all seven had made up their minds to travel about the world to seek adventures, and perform great deeds. But in order that they might go in security and with arms in their hands, they thought it would be advisable that they should have one solitary, but very strong, and very long spear made for them. This spear all seven of them took in their hands at once; in front walked the boldest and bravest, and that was Master Schulz; all the others followed in a row, and Veitli was the last. Then it came to pass one day in the hay-making month (July), when they had walked a long distance, and still had a long way to go before they reached the village where they were to pass the night, that as they were in a meadow in the twilight a great beetle or hornet flew by them from behind a bush, and hummed in a menacing manner. Master Schulz was so terrified that he all but dropped the spear, and a cold perspiration broke out over his whole body. "Hark! hark!" cried he to his comrades, "Good heavens! I hear a drum." Jackli, who was behind him holding the spear, and who perceived some kind of a smell, said, "Something is most certainly going on, for I taste powder and matches." At these words Master Schulz began to take to flight, and in a trice jumped over a hedge, but as he just happened to jump on to the teeth of a rake which had been left lying there after the hay-making, the handle of it struck against his face and gave him a tremendous blow. "Oh dear! Oh dear!" screamed Master Schulz. "Take me prisoner; I surrender! I surrender!" The other six all leapt over, one on the top of the other, crying, "If you surrender, I surrender too! If you surrender, I surrender too!" At length, as no enemy was there to bind and take them away, they saw that they had been mistaken, and in order that the story might not be known, and they be treated as fools and ridiculed, they

all swore to each other to hold their peace about it until one of them accidentally spoke of it.

Then they journeyed onwards. The second danger which they survived cannot be compared with the first. Some days afterwards, their path led them through a fallow-field where a hare was sitting sleeping in the sun. Her ears were standing straight up, and her great glassy eyes were wide open. All of them were alarmed at the sight of the horrible wild beast, and they consulted together as to what it would be the least dangerous to do. For if they were to run away, they knew that the monster would pursue and swallow them whole. So they said, "We must go through a great and dangerous struggle. Boldly ventured, is half won," and all seven grasped the spear, Master Schulz in front, and Veitli behind. Master Schulz was always trying to keep the spear back, but Veitli had become quite brave while behind, and wanted to dash forward and cried,

"Strike home, in every Swabian's name,
Or else I wish ye may be lame."

But Hans knew how to meet this, and said,

"Thunder and lightning, it's fine to prate,
But for dragon-hunting thou'rt aye too late."

Michal cried,

"Nothing is wanting, not even a hair,
Be sure the Devil himself is there."

Then it was Jergli's turn to speak,

"If it be not, it's at least his mother,
Or else it's the Devil's own step-brother."

And now Marli had a bright thought, and said to Veitli,

"Advance, Veitli, advance, advance,
And I behind will hold the lance."

Veitli, however, did not attend to that, and Jackli said,

'Tis Schulz's place the first to be,
No one deserves that honour but he."

Then Master Schulz plucked up his courage, and said, gravely,

"Then let us boldly advance to the fight,
And thus we shall show our valour and might."

Hereupon they all together set on the dragon. Master Schulz crossed himself and prayed for God's assistance, but as all this was of no avail, and he was getting nearer and nearer to the enemy, he screamed "Oho! Oho! ho! ho! ho!" in the greatest anguish. This awakened the hare, which in great alarm darted swiftly away. When Master Schulz saw her thus flying from the field of battle, he cried in his joy.

"Quick, Veitli, quick, look there, look there,
The monster's nothing but a hare!"

But the Swabian allies went in search of further adventures, and came to the Moselle, a mossy, quiet, deep river, over which there are few bridges, and which in many places people have to cross in boats. As the seven Swabians did not know this, they called to a man who was working on the opposite side of the river, to know how people contrived to get across. The distance and their way of speaking made the man unable to understand what they wanted, and he said "What? what?" in the way people speak in the neighbourhood of Treves. Master Schulz thought he was saying, "Wade, wade through the water," and as he was the first, began to set out and went into the Moselle. It was not long before he sank in the mud and the deep waves which drove against him, but his hat was blown on the opposite shore by the wind, and a frog sat down beside it, and croaked "Wat, wat, wat." The other six on the opposite side heard that, and said, "Oho, comrades, Master Schulz is calling us; if he can wade across, why cannot we?" So they all jumped into the water together in a great hurry, and were drowned, and thus one frog took the lives of all six of them, and not one of the Swabian allies ever reached home again.

120.—THE THREE APPRENTICES.

THERE were once three apprentices, who had agreed to keep always together while travelling, and always to work in the same town. At one time, however, their masters had no more work to give them, so that at last they were in rags, and had nothing to live on. Then one of them said, "What shall we do? We cannot stay here any longer, we will travel once more, and if we do not find any work in the town we go to, we will arrange with the innkeeper there, that we are to write and tell him where we are staying, so that we can always have news of each other, and then we will separate." And that seemed best to the others also. They went forth, and met on the way a richly-dressed man who asked who they were. "We are apprentices looking for work; up to this time we have kept together, but if we cannot find anything to do we are going to separate." "There is no need for that," said the man, "if you will do what I tell you, you shall not want for gold or for work;—nay, you shall become great lords, and drive in your carriages!" One of them said, "If our souls and salvation be not endangered, we will certainly do it." "They will not," replied the man, "I have no claim on you." One of the others had, however, looked at his feet, and when he saw a horse's foot and a man's foot, he did not want to have anything to do with him. The Devil, however, said, "Be easy, I have no designs on you, but on another soul, which is half my own already, and whose measure shall but run full." As they were now secure, they consented, and the Devil told them what he wanted. The first was to answer, "All three of us," to every question; the second was to say, "For money," and the third, "And quite right too!" They were always to say this, one after the other, but they were not to say one word more, and if they disobeyed this order, all their money would disappear at once, but so long as they observed it, their pockets would always be full. As a beginning, he at once gave them as much as they could carry, and told them to go to such and such an inn when they got to the town. They went to it, and the inn-

keeper came to meet them, and asked if they wished for anything to eat? The first replied, "All three of us." "Yes," said the host, "that is what I mean." The second said, "For money." "Of course," said the host. The third said, "And quite right too!" "Certainly it is right," said the host.

Good meat and drink were now brought to them, and they were well waited on. After the dinner came the payment, and the innkeeper gave the bill to the one who said, "All three of us," the second said, "For money," and the third, "And quite right too!" "Indeed it is right," said the host, "all three pay, and without money I can give nothing." They, however, paid still more than he had asked. The lodgers, who were looking on, said, "These people must be mad." "Yes, indeed they are," said the host, "they are not very wise." So they stayed some time in the inn, and said nothing else but "All three of us," "For money," and "And quite right too!" But they saw and knew all that was going on. It so happened that a great merchant came with a large sum of money, and said, "Sir host, take care of my money for me, here are three crazy apprentices who might steal it from me." The host did as he was asked. As he was carrying the trunk into his room, he felt that it was heavy with gold. Thereupon he gave the three apprentices a lodging below, but the merchant came up-stairs into a separate apartment. When it was midnight, and the host thought that all were asleep, he came with his wife, and they had an axe and struck the rich merchant dead; and after they had murdered him they went to bed again. When it was day there was a great outcry; the merchant lay dead in bed bathed in blood. All the guests ran at once, but the host said, "The three crazy apprentices have done this;" the lodgers confirmed it, and said, "It can have been no one else." The innkeeper, however, had them called, and said to them, "Have you killed the merchant?" "All three of us," said the first, "For money," said the second; and the third added, "And quite right too!" "There now, you hear," said the host, "they confess it themselves." They were taken to prison, therefore, and were to be tried. When they saw that things were going so seriously, they were

after all afraid, but at night the Devil came and said, "Bear it just one day longer, and do not play away your luck, not one hair of your head shall be hurt."

The next morning they were led to the bar, and the judge said, "Are you the murderers?" "All three of us." "Why did you kill the merchant?" "For money." "You wicked wretches, you have no horror of your sins?" "And quite right too!" "They have confessed, and are still stubborn," said the judge, "lead them to death instantly." So they were taken out, and the host had to go with them into the circle. When they were taken hold of by the executioner's men, and were just going to be led up to the scaffold where the headsman was standing with naked sword, a coach drawn by four blood-red chestnut horses came up suddenly, driving so fast that fire flashed from the stones, and some one made signs from the window with a white handkerchief. Then said the headsman, "It is a pardon coming," and "Pardon! pardon!" was called from the carriage also. Then the Devil stepped out as a very noble gentleman, beautifully dressed and said, "You three are innocent; you may now speak, make known what you have seen and heard." Then said the eldest, "We did not kill the merchant, the murderer is standing there in the circle," and he pointed to the innkeeper. "In proof of this, go into his cellar, where many others whom he has killed are still hanging." Then the judge sent the executioner's men thither, and they found it was as the apprentices said, and when they had informed the judge of this, he caused the innkeeper to be led up, and his head was cut off. Then said the Devil to the three, "Now I have got the soul which I wanted to have, and you are free, and have money for the rest of your lives."

121.—THE KING'S SON WHO FEARED NOTHING

THERE was once a king's son, who was no longer content to stay at home in his father's house, and as he had no fear of anything, he thought, "I will go forth into the wide

world, there the time will not seem long to me, and I shall see wonders enough." So he took leave of his parents, and went forth, and on and on from morning till night, and whichever way his path led it was the same to him. It came to pass that he got to the house of a giant, and as he was so tired he sat down by the door and rested. And as he let his eyes roam here and there, he saw the giant's playthings lying in the yard. These were a couple of enormous balls, and nine-pins as tall as a man. After a while he had a fancy to set the nine-pins up and then rolled the balls at them, and screamed and cried out when the nine-pins fell, and had a merry time of it. The giant heard the noise, stretched his head out of the window, and saw a man who was not taller than other men, and yet played with his nine-pins. "Little worm," cried he, "why art thou playing with my balls? Who gave thee strength to do it?" The King's son looked up, saw the giant, and said, "Oh, thou blockhead, thou thinkest indeed that thou only hast strong arms, I can do everything I want to do." The giant came down and watched the bowling with great admiration, and said, "Child of man, if thou art one of that kind, go and bring me an apple of the tree of life." "What dost thou want with it?" said the King's son. "I do not want the apple for myself," answered the giant, "but I have a betrothed bride who wishes for it. I have travelled far about the world and cannot find the tree." "I will soon find it," said the King's son, "and I do not know what is to prevent me from getting the apple down." The giant said, "Thou really believest it to be so easy! The garden in which the tree stands is surrounded by an iron railing, and in front of the railing lie wild beasts, each close to the other, and they keep watch and let no man go in." "They will be sure to let me in," said the King's son. "Yes, but even if thou dost get into the garden, and seest the apple hanging to the tree, it is still not thine; a ring hangs in front of it, through which any one who wants to reach the apple and break it off, must put his hand, and no one has yet had the luck to do it." "That luck will be mine," said the King's son.

Then he took leave of the giant, and went forth over

mountain and valley, and through plains and forests, until at length he came to the wondrous garden.

The beasts lay round about it, but they had put their heads down and were asleep. Moreover, they did not awake when he went up to them, so he stepped over them, climbed the fence, and got safely into the garden. There, in the very middle of it, stood the tree of life, and the red apples were shining upon the branches. He climbed up the trunk to the top, and as he was about to reach out for an apple, he saw a ring hanging before it; but he thrust his hand through that without any difficulty, and gathered the apple. The ring closed tightly on his arm, and all at once he felt a prodigious strength flowing through his veins. When he had come down again from the tree with the apple, he would not climb over the fence, but grasped the great gate, and had no need to shake it more than once before it sprang open with a loud crash. Then he went out, and the lion which had been lying down before, was awake and sprang after him, not in rage and fierceness, but following him humbly as its master.

The King's son took the giant the apple he had promised him, and said, "Seest thou, I have brought it without difficulty." The giant was glad that his desire had been so soon satisfied, hastened to his bride, and gave her the apple for which she had wished. She was a beautiful and wise maiden, and as she did not see the ring on his arm, she said, "I shall never believe that thou hast brought the apple, until I see the ring on thine arm." The giant said, "I have nothing to do but go home and fetch it," and thought it would be easy to take away by force from the weak man, what he would not give of his own free will. He therefore demanded the ring from him, but the King's son refused it. "Where the apple is, the ring must be also," said the giant; "if thou wilt not give it of thine own accord, thou must fight with me for it."

They wrestled with each other for a long time, but the giant could not get the better of the King's son, who was strengthened by the magical power of the ring. Then the giant thought of a stratagem, and said, "I have got warm with fighting, and so hast thou. We will bathe in the

river, and cool ourselves before we begin again." The King's son, who knew nothing of falsehood, went with him to the water, and pulled off with his clothes the ring also from his arm, and sprang into the river. The giant instantly snatched the ring, and ran away with it, but the lion, which had observed the theft, pursued the giant, tore the ring out of his hand, and brought it back to its master. Then the giant placed himself behind an oak-tree, and while the King's son was busy putting on his clothes again, surprised him, and put both his eyes out.

And now the unhappy King's son stood there, and was blind and knew not how to help himself. Then the giant came back to him, took him by the hand as if he were some one who wanted to guide him, and led him to the top of a high rock. There he left him standing, and thought, "Just two steps more, and he will fall down and kill himself, and I can take the ring from him." But the faithful lion had not deserted its master; it held him fast by the clothes, and drew him gradually back again. When the giant came and wanted to rob the dead man, he saw that his cunning had been in vain. "Is there no way, then, of destroying a weak child of man like that?" said he angrily to himself, and seized the King's son and led him back again to the precipice by another way, but the lion which saw his evil design, helped its master out of danger here also. When they had got close to the edge, the giant let the blind man's hand drop, and was going to leave him behind alone, but the lion pushed the giant so that he was thrown down and fell, dashed to pieces, on the ground.

The faithful animal again drew its master back from the precipice, and guided him to a tree by which flowed a clear brook. The King's son sat down there, but the lion lay down, and sprinkled the water in his face with its paws. Scarcely had a couple of drops wetted the sockets of his eyes, than he was once more able to see something, and remarked a little bird flying quite close by, which wounded itself against the trunk of a tree. On this it went down to the water and bathed itself therein, and then it soared upwards and swept between the trees without touching them, as if it had recovered its sight again. Then the King's son recognized a sign from God and

stooped down to the water, and washed and bathed his face in it. And when he arose he had his eyes once more, brighter and clearer than they had ever been.

The King's son thanked God for his great mercy, and travelled with his lion onwards through the world. And it came to pass that he arrived before a castle which was enchanted. In the gateway stood a maiden of beautiful form and fine face, but she was quite black. She spoke to him and said, "Ah, if thou couldst but deliver me from the evil spell which is thrown over me." "What shall I do?" said the King's son. The maiden answered, "Thou must pass three nights in the great hall of this enchanted castle, but thou must let no fear enter thy heart. When they are doing their worst to torment thee, if thou bearest it without letting a sound escape thee, I shall be free. Thy life they dare not take." Then said the King's son, "I have no fear; with God's help I will try it." So he went gaily into the castle, and when it grew dark he seated himself in the large hall and waited. Everything was quiet, however, till midnight, when all at once a great tumult began, and out of every hole and corner came little devils. They behaved as if they did not see him, seated themselves in the middle of the room, lighted a fire, and began to gamble. When one of them lost, he said, "It is not right; some one is here who does not belong to us; it is his fault that I am losing." "Wait, you fellow behind the stove, I am coming," said another. The screaming became still louder, so that no one could have heard it without terror. The King's son stayed sitting quite quietly, and was not afraid; but at last the devils jumped up from the ground, and fell on him, and there were so many of them that he could not defend himself from them. They dragged him about on the floor, pinched him, pricked him, beat him, and tormented him, but no sound escaped from him. Towards morning they disappeared, and he was so exhausted that he could scarcely move his limbs, but when day dawned the black maiden came to him. She bore in her hand a little bottle wherein was the water of life wherewith she washed him, and he at once felt all pain depart and new strength flow through his veins. She said, "Thou hast held out successfully for

one night, but two more lie before thee." Then she went away again, and as she was going, he observed that her feet had become white. The next night the devils came and began their gambols anew. They fell on the King's son, and beat him much more severely than the night before, until his body was covered with wounds. But as he bore all quietly, they were forced to leave him, and when dawn appeared, the maiden came and healed him with the water of life. And when she went away, he saw with joy that she had already become white to the tips of her fingers. And now he had only one night more to go through, but it was the worst. The hob-goblins came again: "Art thou there still?" cried they, "thou shalt be tormented till thy breath stops." They pricked him and beat him, and threw him here and there, and pulled him by the arms and legs as if they wanted to tear him to pieces, but he bore everything, and never uttered a cry. At last the devils vanished, but he lay fainting there, and did not stir, nor could he raise his eyes to look at the maiden who came in, and sprinkled and bathed him with the water of life. But suddenly he was freed from all pain, and felt fresh and healthy as if he had awakened from sleep, and when he opened his eyes he saw the maiden standing by him, snow-white, and fair as day. "Rise," said she, "and swing thy sword three times over the stairs, and then all will be delivered." And when he had done that, the whole castle was released from enchantment, and the maiden was a rich King's daughter. The servants came and said that the table was already set in the great hall, and dinner served up. Then they sat down and ate and drank together, and in the evening the wedding was solemnized with great rejoicings.

122.—DONKEY CABBAGES.

THERE was once a young huntsman who went into the forest to lie in wait. He had a fresh and joyous heart, and as he was going thither, whistling upon a leaf, an

ugly old crone came up, who spoke to him and said, "Good-day, dear huntsman, truly you are merry and contented, but I am suffering from hunger and thirst, do give me an alms." The huntsman had compassion on the poor old creature, felt in his pocket, and gave her what he could afford. He was then about to go further, but the old woman stopped him and said, "Listen, dear huntsman, to what I tell you; I will make you a present in return for your kindness. Go on your way now, but in a little while you will come to a tree, whereon nine birds are sitting which have a cloak in their claws, and are plucking at it; take your gun and shoot into the midst of them, they will let the cloak fall down to you, but one of the birds will be hurt, and will drop down dead. Carry away the cloak, it is a wishing-cloak; when you throw it over your shoulders, you only have to wish to be in a certain place, and you will be there in the twinkling of an eye. Take out the heart of the dead bird and swallow it whole, and every morning early, when you get up, you will find a gold piece under your pillow." The huntsman thanked the wise woman, and thought to himself, "Those are fine things that she has promised me, if all does but come true." And verily when he had walked about a hundred paces, he heard in the branches above him such a screaming and twittering that he looked up and saw there a crowd of birds who were tearing a piece of cloth about with their beaks and claws, and tugging and fighting as if each wanted to have it all to himself. "Well," said the huntsman, "this is wonderful, it has really come to pass just as the old wife foretold!" and he took the gun from his shoulder, aimed and fired right into the midst of them, so that the feathers flew about. The birds instantly took to flight with loud outcries, but one dropped down dead, and the cloak fell at the same time. Then the huntsman did as the old woman had directed him, cut open the bird, sought the heart, swallowed it down, and took the cloak home with him.

Next morning, when he awoke, the promise occurred to him, and he wished to see if it also had been fulfilled. When he lifted up the pillow, the gold piece shone in his eyes, and next day he found another, and so it went on,

every time he got up. He gathered together a heap of gold, but at last he thought, "Of what use is all my gold to me if I stay at home? I will go forth and see the world."

He then took leave of his parents, buckled on his huntsman's pouch and gun, and went out into the world. It came to pass, that one day he travelled through a dense forest, and when he came to the end of it, in the plain before him stood a fine castle. An old woman was standing with a wonderfully beautiful maiden, looking out of one of the windows. The old woman, however, was a witch and said to the maiden, "There comes one out of the forest, who has a wonderful treasure in his body, we must filch it from him, my dear daughter, it is more suitable for us than for him. He has a bird's heart about him, by means of which a gold piece lies every morning under his pillow." She told her what she was to do to get it, and what part she had to play, and finally threatened her, and said with angry eyes, "And if you do not attend to what I say, it will be the worse for you." Now when the huntsman came nearer he descried the maiden, and said to himself, "I have travelled about for such a long time, I will take a rest for once, and enter that beautiful castle. I have certainly money enough." Nevertheless, the real reason was that he had caught sight of the pretty girl.

He entered the house, and was well received and courteously entertained. Before long he was so much in love with the young witch that he no longer thought of anything else, and only saw things as she saw them, and did what she desired. The old woman then said, "Now we must have the bird's heart, he will never miss it." She prepared a drink, and when it was ready, poured it into a cup and gave it to the maiden, who was to present it to the huntsman. She did so, saying, "Now, my dearest, drink to me." So he took the cup, and when he had swallowed the draught, he brought up the heart of the bird. The girl had to take it away secretly and swallow it herself, for the old woman would have it so. Thenceforward he found no more gold under his pillow, but it lay instead under that of the maiden, from whence the old woman fetched it away every morning; but he

was so much in love and so befooled, that he thought of nothing else but of passing his time with the girl.

Then the old witch said, "We have the bird's heart, but we must also take the wishing-cloak away from him." The girl answered, "We will leave him that, he has lost his wealth." The old woman was angry and said, "Such a mantle is a wonderful thing, and is seldom to be found in this world. I must and will have it!" She gave the girl several blows, and said that if she did not obey, it should fare ill with her. So she did the old woman's bidding, placed herself at the window and looked on the distant country, as if she were very sorrowful. The huntsman asked, "Why dost thou stand there so sorrowfully?" "Ah, my beloved," was her answer, "over yonder lies the Garnet Mountain, where the precious stones grow. I long for them so much that when I think of them, I feel quite sad, but who can get them? Only the birds; they fly and can reach them, but a man never." "Hast thou nothing else to complain of?" said the huntsman. "I will soon remove that burden from thy heart." With that he drew her under his mantle, wished himself on the Garnet Mountain, and in the twinkling of an eye they were sitting on it together. Precious stones were glistening on every side so that it was a joy to see them, and together they gathered the finest and costliest of them. Now, the old woman had, through her sorceries, contrived that the eyes of the huntsman should become heavy. He said to the maiden, "We will sit down and rest awhile, I am so tired that I can no longer stand on my feet." Then they sat down, and he laid his head in her lap, and fell asleep. When he was asleep, she unfastened the mantle from his shoulders, and wrapped herself in it, picked up the garnets and stones, and wished herself back at home with them.

But when the huntsman had had his sleep out and awoke, and perceived that his sweetheart had betrayed him, and left him alone on the wild mountain, he said, "Oh, what treachery there is in the world!" and sat down there in care and sorrow, not knowing what to do. But the mountain belonged to some wild and monstrous giants who dwelt thereon and lived their lives there, and

he had not sat long before he saw three of them coming towards him, so he lay down as if he were sunk in a deep sleep. Then the giants came up, and the first kicked him with his foot and said, "What sort of an earth-worm is lying curled up here? The second said, "Step upon him and kill him." But the third said, "That would indeed be worth your while; just let him live, he cannot remain here; and when he climbs higher, toward the summit of the mountain, the clouds will lay hold of him and bear him away." So saying they passed by. But the huntsman had paid heed to their words, and as soon as they were gone, he rose and climbed up to the summit of the mountain, and when he had sat there a while, a cloud floated towards him, caught him up, carried him away, and travelled about for a long time in the heavens. Then it sank lower, and let itself down on a great cabbage-garden, girt round by walls, so that he came softly to the ground on cabbages and vegetables.

Then the huntsman looked about him and said, "If I had but something to eat! I am so hungry, and my hunger will increase in course of time; but I see here neither apples nor pears, nor any other sort of fruit, everywhere nothing but cabbages," but at length he thought, "At a pinch I can eat some of the leaves, they do not taste particularly good, but they will refresh me." With that he picked himself out a fine head of cabbage, and ate it, but scarcely had he swallowed a couple of mouthfuls than he felt very strange and quite different.

Four legs grew on him, a large head and two thick ears, and he saw with horror that he was changed into an ass. Still as his hunger increased every minute, and as the juicy leaves were suitable to his present nature, he went on eating with great zest. At last he arrived at a different kind of cabbage, but as soon as he had swallowed it, he again felt a change, and reassumed his former human shape.

Then the huntsman lay down and slept off his fatigue. When he awoke next morning, he broke off one head of the bad cabbages and another of the good ones, and thought to himself, "This shall help me to get my own again and punish treachery." Then he took the cabbages with him,

climbed over the wall, and went forth to seek for the castle of his sweetheart. After wandering about for a couple of days he was lucky enough to find it again. He dyed his face brown, so that his own mother would not have known him; and begged for shelter; "I am so tired," said he, "that I can go no further." The witch asked, "Who are you, countryman, and what is your business?" "I am a king's messenger, and was sent out to seek the most delicious salad which grows beneath the sun. I have even been so fortunate as to find it, and am carrying it about with me; but the heat of the sun is so intense that the delicate cabbage threatens to wither, and I do not know if I can carry it any further."

When the old woman heard of the exquisite salad, she was greedy, and said, "Dear countryman, let me just taste this wonderful salad." "Why not?" answered he, "I have brought two heads with me, and will give you one of them," and he opened his pouch and handed her the bad cabbage. The witch suspected nothing amiss, and her mouth watered so for this new dish that she herself went into the kitchen and dressed it. When it was prepared she could not wait until it was set on the table, but took a couple of leaves at once, and put them in her mouth, but hardly had she swallowed them than she was deprived of her human shape, and she ran out into the courtyard in the form of an ass. Presently the maid-servant entered the kitchen, saw the salad standing there ready prepared, and was about to carry it up; but on the way, according to habit, she was seized by the desire to taste, and she ate a couple of leaves. Instantly the magic power showed itself, and she likewise became an ass and ran out to the old woman, and the dish of salad fell to the ground. Meantime the messenger sat beside the beautiful girl, and as no one came with the salad and she also was longing for it, she said, "I don't know what has become of the salad." The huntsman thought, "The salad must have already taken effect," and said, "I will go to the kitchen and inquire about it." As he went down he saw the two asses running about in the courtyard; the salad, however, was lying on the ground. "All right," said he, "the two have taken their portion," and he

picked up the other leaves, laid them on the dish, and carried them to the maiden. "I bring you the delicate food myself," said he, "in order that you may not have to wait longer." Then she ate of it, and was, like the others, immediately deprived of her human form, and ran out into the courtyard in the shape of an ass.

After the huntsman had washed his face, so that the transformed ones could recognize him, he went down into the courtyard, and said, "Now you shall receive the wages of your treachery," and bound them together, all three with one rope, and drove them along until he came to a mill. He knocked at the window, the miller put out his head, and asked what he wanted. "I have three unmanageable beasts," answered he, "which I don't want to keep any longer. Will you take them in, and give them food and stable room, and manage them as I tell you, and then I will pay you what you ask." The miller said, "Why not? but how am I to manage them?" The huntsman then said that he was to give three beatings and one meal daily to the old donkey, and that was the witch; one beating and three meals to the younger one, which was the servant-girl; and to the youngest, which was the maiden, no beatings and three meals, for he could not bring himself to have the maiden beaten. After that he went back into the castle, and found therein everything he needed.

After a couple of days, the miller came and said he must inform him that the old ass which had received three beatings and only one meal daily was dead; "the two others," he continued, "are certainly not dead, and are fed three times daily, but they are so sad that they cannot last much longer." The huntsman was moved to pity, put away his anger, and told the miller to drive them back again to him. And when they came, he gave them some of the good salad, so that they became human again. The beautiful girl fell on her knees before him, and said, "Ah, my beloved, forgive me for the evil I have done you; my mother drove me to it; it was done against my will, for I love you dearly. Your wishing-cloak hangs in a cupboard, and as for the bird's-heart I will take a vomiting potion." But he thought otherwise, and said,

"Keep it; it is all the same, for I will take thee for my true wife." So the wedding was celebrated, and they lived happily together until their death.

123.—THE OLD WOMAN IN THE WOOD.

A POOR servant-girl was once travelling with the family with which she was in service, through a great forest, and when they were in the midst of it, robbers came out of the thicket, and murdered all they found. All perished together except the girl, who had jumped out of the carriage in a fright, and hidden herself behind a tree. When the robbers had gone away with their booty, she came out and beheld the great disaster. Then she began to weep bitterly, and said, "What can a poor girl like me do now? I do not know how to get out of the forest, no human being lives in it, so I must certainly starve." She walked about and looked for a road, but could find none. When it was evening she seated herself under a tree, gave herself into God's keeping, and resolved to sit waiting there and not go away, let what might happen. When, however, she had sat there for a while, a white dove came flying to her with a little golden key in its mouth. It put the little key in her hand, and said, "Dost thou see that great tree, therein is a little lock, it opens with the tiny key, and there thou wilt find food enough, and suffer no more hunger." Then she went to the tree and opened it, and found milk in a little dish, and white bread to break into it, so that she could eat her fill. When she was satisfied, she said, "It is now the time when the hens at home go to roost, I am so tired I could go to bed too." Then the dove flew to her again, and brought another golden key in its bill, and said, "Open that tree there, and thou wilt find a bed." So she opened it, and found a beautiful white bed, and she prayed God to protect her during the night, and lay down and slept. In the morning the dove came for the third time, and

again brought a little key, and said, "Open that tree there, and thou wilt find clothes." And when she opened it, she found garments beset with gold and with jewels, more splendid than those of any king's daughter. So she lived there for some time, and the dove came every day and provided her with all she needed, and it was a quiet good life.

Once, however, the dove came and said, "Wilt thou do something for my sake?" "With all my heart," said the girl. Then said the little dove, "I will guide thee to a small house; enter it, and inside it, an old woman will be sitting by the fire and will say, 'Good-day.' But on thy life give her no answer, let her do what she will, but pass by her on the right side; further on, there is a door, which open, and thou wilt enter into a room where a quantity of rings of all kinds are lying, amongst which are some magnificent ones with shining stones; leave them, however, where they are, and seek out a plain one, which must likewise be amongst them, and bring it here to me as quickly as thou canst." The girl went to the little house, and came to the door. There sat an old woman who stared when she saw her, and said, "Good day, my child." The girl gave her no answer, and opened the door. "Whither away," cried the old woman, and seized her by the gown, and wanted to hold her fast, saying, "That is my house; no one can go in there if I choose not to allow it." But the girl was silent, got away from her, and went straight into the room. Now there lay on the table an enormous quantity of rings, which gleamed and glittered before her eyes. She turned them over and looked for the plain one, but could not find it. While she was seeking, she saw the old woman and how she was stealing away, and wanting to get off with a bird-cage which she had in her hand. So she went after her and took the cage out of her hand, and when she raised it up and looked into it, a bird was inside which had the plain ring in its bill. Then she took the ring, and ran quite joyously home with it, and thought the little white dove would come and get the ring, but it did not. Then she leant against a tree and determined to wait for the dove, and, as she thus stood, it seemed just as if the tree was soft and pliant, and was letting

its branches down. And suddenly the branches twined around her, and were two arms, and when she looked round, the tree was a handsome man, who embraced and kissed her heartily, and said, "Thou hast delivered me from the power of the old woman, who is a wicked witch. She had changed me into a tree, and every day for two hours I was a white dove, and so long as she possessed the ring I could not regain my human form." Then his servants and his horses, who had likewise been changed into trees, were freed from the enchantment also, and stood beside him. And he led them forth to his kingdom, for he was a King's son, and they married, and lived happily.

124.—THE THREE BROTHERS.

THERE was once a man who had three sons, and nothing else in the world but the house in which he lived. Now each of the sons wished to have the house after his father's death; but the father loved them all alike, and did not know what to do; he did not wish to sell the house, because it had belonged to his forefathers, else he might have divided the money amongst them. At last a plan came into his head, and he said to his sons, "Go into the world, and try each of you to learn a trade, and, when you all come back, he who makes the best masterpiece shall have the house."

The sons were well content with this, and the eldest determined to be a blacksmith, the second a barber, and the third a fencing-master. They fixed a time when they should all come home again, and then each went his way.

It chanced that they all found skilful masters, who taught them their trades well. The blacksmith had to shoe the King's horses, and he thought to himself, "The house is mine, without doubt." The barber only shaved great people, and he too already looked upon the house as his own. The fencing-master got many a blow, but he

only bit his lip, and let nothing vex him; "for," said he to himself, "if you are afraid of a blow, you'll never win the house."

When the appointed time had gone by, the three brothers came back home to their father; but they did not know how to find the best opportunity for showing their skill, so they sat down and consulted together. As they were sitting thus, all at once a hare came running across the field. "Ah, ha, just in time!" said the barber. So he took his basin and soap, and lathered away until the hare came up; then he soaped and shaved off the hare's whiskers whilst he was running at the top of his speed, and did not even cut his skin or injure a hair on his body. "Well done!" said the old man, "your brothers will have to exert themselves wonderfully, or the house will be yours."

Soon after, up came a nobleman in his coach, dashing along at full speed. "Now you shall see what I can do, father," said the blacksmith; so away he ran after the coach, took all four shoes off the feet of one of the horses whilst he was galloping, and put him on four new shoes without stopping him. "You are a fine fellow, and as clever as your brother," said his father; "I do not know to which I ought to give the house."

Then the third son said, "Father, let me have my turn, if you please;" and, as it was beginning to rain, he drew his sword, and flourished it backwards and forwards above his head so fast that not a drop fell upon him. It rained still harder and harder, till at last it came down in torrents; but he only flourished his sword faster and faster, and remained as dry as if he were sitting in a house. When his father saw this he was amazed, and said, "This is the master-piece, the house is yours!"

His brothers were satisfied with this, as was agreed beforehand; and, as they loved one another very much, they all three stayed together in the house, followed their trades, and, as they had learnt them so well and were so clever, they earned a great deal of money. Thus they lived together happily until they grew old; and at last, when one of them fell sick and died, the two others grieved so sorely about it that they also fell ill, and soon

after died. And because they had been so clever, and had loved one another so much, they were all laid in the same grave.

125.—THE DEVIL AND HIS GRANDMOTHER.

THERE was a great war, and the King had many soldiers, but gave them small pay, so small that they could not live upon it, so three of them agreed among themselves to desert. One of them said to the others, "If we are caught we shall be hanged on the gallows; how shall we manage it?" Another said, "Look at that great cornfield, if we were to hide ourselves there, no one could find us; the troops are not allowed to enter it, and to-morrow they are to march away." They crept into the corn, only the troops did not march away, but remained lying all round about it. They stayed in the corn for two days and two nights, and were so hungry that they all but died, but if they had come out, their death would have been certain. Then said they, "What is the use of our deserting if we have to perish miserably here?" But now a fiery dragon came flying through the air, and it came down to them, and asked why they had concealed themselves there? They answered, "We are three soldiers who have deserted because the pay was so bad, and now we shall have to die of hunger if we stay here, or to dangle on the gallows if we go out." "If you will serve me for seven years," said the dragon, "I will convey you through the army so that no one shall seize you." "We have no choice and are compelled to accept," they replied. Then the dragon caught hold of them with his claws, and carried them away through the air over the army, and put them down again on the earth far from it; but the dragon was no other than the Devil. He gave them a small whip and said, "Whip with it and crack it, and then as much gold will spring up round about as you can wish for; then you can live like great lords, keep horses, and drive your carriages, but when the seven years have come to an end, you are my property."

Then he put before them a book which they were all three forced to sign. "I will, however, then set you a riddle," said he, "and if you can guess that, you shall be free, and released from my power." Then the dragon flew away from them, and they went away with their whip, had gold in plenty, ordered themselves rich apparel, and travelled about the world. Wherever they were they lived in pleasure and magnificence, rode on horseback, drove in carriages, ate and drank, but did nothing wicked. The time slipped quickly away, and when the seven years were coming to an end, two of them were terribly anxious and alarmed; but the third took the affair easily, and said, "Brothers, fear nothing, my head is sharp enough, I shall guess the riddle." They went out into the open country and sat down, and the two pulled sorrowful faces. Then an aged woman came up to them who inquired why they were so sad? "Alas!" said they, "how can that concern you? After all, you cannot help us." "Who knows?" said she, "confide your trouble to me." So they told her that they had been the Devil's servants for nearly seven years, and that he had provided them with gold as plentifully as if it had been blackberries, but that they had sold themselves to him, and were forfeited to him, if at the end of the seven years they could not guess a riddle." The old woman said, "If you are to be saved, one of you must go into the forest, there he will come to a fallen rock which looks like a little house, he must enter that, and then he will obtain help." The two melancholy ones thought to themselves, "That will still not save us," and stayed where they were, but the third, the merry one, got up and walked on in the forest until he found the rock-house. In the little house, however, a very aged woman was sitting, who was the Devil's grandmother, and asked the soldier where he came from, and what he wanted there? He told her everything that had happened, and as he pleased her well, she had pity on him, and said she would help him. She lifted up a great stone which lay above a cellar, and said, "Conceal thyself there, thou canst hear everything that is said here; only sit still, and do not stir. When the dragon comes, I will question him about the riddle, he tells everything to me, so listen carefully

to his answer." At twelve o'clock at night, the dragon came flying thither, and asked for his dinner. The grandmother laid the table, and served up food and drink, so that he was pleased, and they ate and drank together. In the course of conversation, she asked him what kind of a day he had had, and how many souls he had got? "Nothing went very well to-day," he answered, "but I have laid hold of three soldiers,—I have them safe." "Indeed! three soldiers, that's something like, but they may escape you yet." The Devil said mockingly, "They are mine! I will set them a riddle, which they will never in this world be able to guess!" "What riddle is that?" she inquired. "I will tell you. In the great North Sea lies a dead dog-fish, that shall be your roast meat, and the rib of a whale shall be your silver spoon, and a hollow old horse's hoof shall be your wine-glass." When the Devil had gone to bed, the old grandmother raised up the stone, and let out the soldier. "Hast thou paid particular attention to everything?" "Yes," said he, "I know enough, and will contrive to save myself." Then he had to go back another way, through the window, secretly and with all speed to his companions. He told them how the Devil had been overreached by the old grandmother, and how he had learned the answer to the riddle from him. Then they were all joyous, and of good cheer, and took the whip and whipped so much gold for themselves that it ran all over the ground. When the seven years had fully gone by, the Devil came with the book, showed the signatures, and said, "I will take you with me to hell. There you shall have a meal! If you can guess what kind of roast meat you will have to eat, you shall be free and released from your bargain, and may keep the whip as well." Then the first soldier began and said, "In the great North Sea lies a dead dog-fish, that no doubt is the roast meat." The Devil was angry, and began to mutter "Hm! hm! hm!" and asked the second, "But what will your spoon be?" "The rib of a whale, that is to be our silver spoon." The Devil made a wry face, again growled, "Hm! hm! hm!" and said to the third, "And do you also know what your wine-glass is to be?" "An old horse's hoof is to be our wine-glass." Then

the Devil flew away with a loud cry, and had no more power over them, but the three kept the whip, whipped as much money for themselves with it as they wanted, and lived happily to their end.

126.—FERDINAND THE FAITHFUL.

ONCE on a time lived a man and a woman who so long as they were rich had no children, but when they were poor they had a little boy. They could, however, find no godfather for him, so the man said he would just go to another place to see if he could get one there. As he went, a poor man met him, who asked him where he was going. He said he was going to see if he could get a godfather, that he was poor, so no one would stand as godfather for him. "Oh," said the poor man, "you are poor, and I am poor; I will be godfather for you, but I am so ill off I can give the child nothing. Go home and tell the nurse that she is to come to the church with the child."

When they all got to the church together, the beggar was already there, and he gave the child the name of Ferdinand the Faithful.

When he was going out of the church, the beggar said, "Now go home, I can give you nothing, and you likewise ought to give me nothing." But he gave a key to the nurse, and told her when she got home she was to give it to the father, who was to take care of it until the child was fourteen years old, and then he was to go on the heath where there was a castle which the key would fit, and that all which was therein should belong to him. Now when the child was seven years old and had grown very big, he once went to play with some other boys, and each of them boasted that he had got more from his godfather than the other; but the child could say nothing, and was vexed, and went home and said to his father, "Did I get nothing at all, then, from my godfather?" "Oh, yes," said the father, "thou hadst a key—if there is a castle

standing on the heath, just go to it and open it." Then the boy went thither, but no castle was to be seen, or heard of.

After seven years more, when he was fourteen years old, he again went thither, and there stood the castle. When he had opened it, there was nothing within but a horse,—a white one. Then the boy was so full of joy because he had a horse, that he mounted on it and galloped back to his father. "Now I have a white horse, and I will travel," said he. So he set out, and as he was on his way, a pen was lying on the road. At first he thought he would pick it up, but then again he thought to himself, "Thou shouldst leave it lying there; thou wilt easily find a pen where thou art going, if thou hast need of one." As he was thus riding away, a voice called after him, "Ferdinand the Faithful, take it with thee." He looked around, but saw no one, then he went back again and picked it up. When he had ridden a little way farther, he passed by a lake, and a fish was lying on the bank, gasping and panting for breath, so he said, "Wait, my dear fish, I will help thee to get into the water," and he took hold of it by the tail, and threw it into the lake. Then the fish put its head out of the water and said, "As thou hast helped me out of the mud I will give thee a flute; when thou art in any need, play on it, and then I will help thee, and if ever thou lettest anything fall in the water, just play and I will reach it out to thee." Then he rode away, and there came to him a man who asked him where he was going. "Oh, to the next place." Then what his name was? "Ferdinand the Faithful." "So! then we have got almost the same name, I am called Ferdinand the Unfaithful." And they both set out to the inn in the nearest place.

Now it was unfortunate that Ferdinand the Unfaithful knew everything that the other had ever thought and every thing he was about to do; he knew it by means of all kinds of wicked arts. There was, however, in the inn an honest girl, who had a bright face and behaved very prettily. She fell in love with Ferdinand the Faithful because he was a handsome man, and she asked him whither he was going. "Oh, I am just travelling round about," said he.

Then she said he ought to stay there, for the King of that country wanted an attendant or an outrider, and he ought to enter his service. He answered he could not very well go to any one like that and offer himself. Then said the maiden, "Oh, but I will soon do that for you." And so she went straight to the King, and told him that she knew of an excellent servant for him. He was well pleased with that, and had Ferdinand the Faithful brought to him, and wanted to make him his servant. He, however, liked better to be an outrider, for where his horse was, there he also wanted to be, so the King made him an outrider. When Ferdinand the Unfaithful learnt that, he said to the girl, "What! Dost thou help him and not me?" "Oh," said the girl, "I will help thee too." She thought, "I must keep friends with that man, for he is not to be trusted." She went to the King, and offered him as a servant, and the King was willing.

Now when the King met his lords in the morning, he always lamented and said, "Oh, if I had but my love with me." Ferdinand the Unfaithful was, however, always hostile to Ferdinand the Faithful. So once, when the King was complaining thus, he said, "You have the outrider, send him away to get her, and if he does not do it, his head must be struck off." Then the King sent for Ferdinand the Faithful, and told him that there was, in this place or in that place, a girl he loved, and that he was to bring her to him, and if he did not do it he should die.

Ferdinand the Faithful went into the stable to his white horse, and complained and lamented "Oh, what an unhappy man I am!" Then some one behind him cried, "Ferdinand the Faithful, why weepest thou?" He looked round but saw no one, and went on lamenting; "Oh, my dear little white horse, now must I leave thee; now must I die." Then some one cried once more, "Ferdinand the Faithful, why weepest thou?" Then for the first time he was aware that it was his little white horse who was putting that question. "Dost thou speak, my little white horse; canst thou do that?" And again, he said, "I am to go to this place and to that, and am to bring the bride; canst thou tell me how I am to set about it?" Then answered the little white horse, "Go thou to the

King, and say if he will give thee what thou must have, thou wilt get her for him. If he will give thee a ship full of meat, and a ship full of bread, it will succeed. Great giants dwell on the lake, and if thou takest no meat with thee for them, they will tear thee to pieces, and there are the large birds which would pick the eyes out of thy head if thou hadst no bread for them." Then the King made all the butchers in the land kill, and all the bakers bake, that the ships might be filled. When they were full, the little white horse said to Ferdinand the Faithful, "Now mount me, and go with me into the ship, and then when the giants come, say,

"Peace, peace, my dear little giants,
I have had thought of ye,
Something I have brought for ye;"

and when the birds come, thou shalt again say,

"Peace, peace, my dear little birds,
I have had thought of ye,
Something I have brought for ye;"

then they will do nothing to thee, and when thou comest to the castle, the giants will help thee. Then go up to the castle, and take a couple of giants with thee. There the princess lies sleeping; thou must, however, not awaken her, but the giants must lift her up, and carry her in her bed to the ship." And now everything took place as the little white horse had said, and Ferdinand the Faithful gave the giants and the birds what he had brought with him for them, and that made the giants willing, and they carried the princess in her bed to the King. And when she came to the King, she said she could not live, she must have her writings, they had been left in her castle. Then by the instigation of Ferdinand the Unfaithful, Ferdinand the Faithful was called, and the King told him he must fetch the writings from the castle, or he should die. Then he went once more into the stable, and bemoaned himself and said, "Oh, my dear little white horse, now I am to go away again, how am I to do it?" Then the little white horse said he was just to load the ships full again. So it happened again as it had happened before, and the giants and the birds were satisfied, and

made gentle by the meat. When they came to the castle, the white horse told Ferdinand the Faithful that he must go in, and that on the table in the princess's bed-room lay the writings. And Ferdinand the Faithful went in, and fetched them. When they were on the lake, he let his pen fall into the water; then said the white horse, "Now I cannot help thee at all." But he remembered his flute, and began to play on it, and the fish came with the pen in its mouth, and gave it to him. So he took the writings to the castle, where the wedding was celebrated.

The Queen, however, did not love the King because he had no nose, but she would have much liked to love Ferdinand the Faithful. Once, therefore, when all the lords of the court were together, the Queen said she could do feats of magic, that she could cut off any one's head and put it on again, and that one of them ought just to try it. But none of them would be the first, so Ferdinand the Faithful, again at the instigation of Ferdinand the Unfaithful, undertook it and she hewed off his head, and put it on again for him, and it healed together directly, so that it looked as if he had a red thread round his throat. Then the King said to her, "My child, and where hast thou learnt that?" "Yes," she said, "I understand the art; shall I just try it on thee also?" "Oh, yes," said he. But she cut off his head, and did not put it on again; but pretended that she could not get it on, and that it would not keep fixed. Then the King was buried, but she married Ferdinand the Faithful.

He, however, always rode on his white horse, and once when he was seated on it, it told him that he was to go on to the heath which he knew, and gallop three times round it. And when he had done that, the white horse stood up on its hind legs, and was changed into a King's son.

127.—THE IRON STOVE.

IN the days when wishing was still of some use, a King's son was bewitched by an old witch, and shut up in an

iron stove in a forest. There he passed many years, and no one could deliver him. Then a King's daughter came into the forest, who had lost herself, and could not find her father's kingdom again. After she had wandered about for nine days, she at length came to the iron stove. Then a voice came forth from it, and asked her, "Whence comest thou, and whither goest thou?" She answered, "I have lost my father's kingdom, and cannot get home again." Then a voice inside the iron stove said, "I will help thee to get home again, and that indeed most swiftly, if thou wilt promise to do what I desire of thee. I am the son of a far greater King than thy father, and I will marry thee."

Then was she afraid, and thought, "Good Heavens! What can I do with an iron stove?" But as she much wished to get home to her father, she promised to do as he desired. But he said, "Thou shalt return here, and bring a knife with thee, and scrape a hole in the iron." Then he gave her a companion who walked near her, but did not speak, but in two hours he took her home; there was great joy in the castle when the King's daughter came home, and the old King fell on her neck, and kissed her. She, however, was sorely troubled, and said, "Dear father, what I have suffered! I should never have got home again from the great wild forest, if I had not come to an iron stove, but I have been forced to give my word that I will go back to it, set it free, and marry it." Then the old King was so terrified that he all but fainted, for he had but this one daughter. They there fore resolved they would send, in her place, the miller's daughter, who was very beautiful. They took her there, gave her a knife, and said she was to scrape at the iron stove. So she scraped at it for four-and-twenty hours, but could not bring off the least morsel of it. When day dawned, a voice in the stove said, "It seems to me it is day outside." Then she answered, "It seems so to me too; I fancy I hear the noise of my father's mill."

"So thou art a miller's daughter! Then go thy way at once, and let the King's daughter come here." Then she went away at once, and told the old King that the man outside there, would have none of her—he wanted the

King's daughter. They, however, still had a swine-herd's daughter, who was even prettier then the miller's daughter, and they determined to give her a piece of gold to go to the iron stove instead of the King's daughter. So she was taken thither, and she also had to scrape for four-and-twenty hours. She, however, made nothing of it. When day broke, a voice inside the stove cried, "It seems to me it is day outside!" Then answered she, "So it seems to me also; I fancy I hear my father's horn blowing."

"Then thou art a swine-herd's daughter! Go away at once, and tell the King's daughter to come, and tell her all must be done as was promised, and if she does not come, everything in the kingdom shall be ruined and destroyed, and not one stone be left standing on another." When the King's daughter heard that she began to weep, but now there was nothing for it but to keep her promise. So she took leave of her father, put a knife in her pocket, and went forth to the iron stove in the forest. When she got there, she began to scrape, and the iron gave way, and when two hours were over, she had already scraped a small hole. Then she peeped in, and saw a youth so handsome, and so brilliant with gold and with precious jewels, that her very soul was delighted. Now, therefore, she went on scraping, and made the hole so large that he was able to get out. Then said he, "Thou art mine, and I am thine; thou art my bride, and hast released me." He wanted to take her away with him to his kingdom, but she entreated him to let her go once again to her father, and the King's son allowed her to do so, but she was not to say more to her father than three words, and then she was to come back again. So she went home, but she spoke more than three words, and instantly the iron stove disappeared, and was taken far away over glass mountains and piercing swords; but the King's son was set free, and no longer shut up in it. After this she bade good-bye to her father, took some money with her, but not much, and went back to the great forest, and looked for the iron stove, but it was nowhere to be found. For nine days she sought it, and then her hunger grew so great that she did not know what to do, for she could no

longer live. When it was evening, she seated herself in a small tree, and made up her mind to spend the night there, as she was afraid of wild beasts. When midnight drew near she saw in the distance a small light, and thought, "Ah, there I should be saved!" She got down from the tree, and went towards the light, but on the way she prayed. Then she came to a little old house, and much grass had grown all about it, and a small heap of wood lay in front of it. She thought, "Ah, whither have I come," and peeped in through the window, but she saw nothing inside but toads, big and little, except a table well covered with wine and roast meat, and the plates and glasses were of silver. Then she took courage, and knocked at the door. The fat toad cried,

"Little green waiting-maid,
Waiting-maid with the limping leg,
Little dog of the limping leg,
Hop hither and thither,
And quickly see who is without:"

and a small toad came walking by and opened the door to her. When she entered, they all bade her welcome, and she was forced to sit down. They asked, "Where hast thou come from, and whither art thou going?" Then she related all that had befallen her, and how because she had transgressed the order which had been given her not to say more than three words, the stove, and the King's son also, had disappeared, and now she was about to seek him over hill and dale until she found him. Then the old fat one said,

"Little green waiting-maid,
Waiting-maid with the limping leg,
Little dog of the limping leg,
Hop hither and thither,
And bring me the great box."

Then the little one went and brought the box. After this they gave her meat and drink, and took her to a well-made bed, which felt like silk and velvet, and she laid herself therein, in God's name, and slept. When morning came she arose, and the old toad gave her three needles out of the great box which she was to take with her; they would be needed by her, for she had to cross a

high glass mountain, and go over three piercing swords and a great lake. If she did all this she would get her lover back again. Then she gave her three things, which she was to take the greatest care of, namely, three large needles, a plough-wheel, and three nuts. With these she travelled onwards, and when she came to the glass mountain which was so slippery, she stuck the three needles first behind her feet and then before them, and so got over it, and when she was over it, she hid them in a place which she marked carefully. After this she came to the three piercing swords, and then she seated herself on her plough-wheel, and rolled over them. At last she arrived in front of a great lake, and when she had crossed it, she came to a large and beautiful castle. She went in and asked for a place; she was a poor girl, she said, and would like to be hired. She knew, however, that the King's son whom she had released from the iron stove in the great forest was in the castle. Then she was taken as a scullery-maid at low wages. But, already the King's son had another maiden by his side whom he wanted to marry, for he thought that she had long been dead.

In the evening, when she had washed up and was done, she felt in her pocket and found the three nuts which the old toad had given her. She cracked one with her teeth, and was going to eat the kernel when lo and behold there was a stately royal garment in it! But when the bride heard of this she came and asked for the dress, and wanted to buy it, and said, "It is not a dress for a servant-girl." But she said, no, she would not sell it, but if the bride would grant her one thing she should have it, and that was, leave to sleep one night in her bridegroom's chamber. The bride gave her permission because the dress was so pretty, and she had never had one like it. When it was evening she said to her bridegroom, "That silly girl will sleep in thy room." "If thou art willing so am I," said he. She, however, gave him a glass of wine in which she had poured a sleeping-draught. So the bridegroom and the scullery-maid went to sleep in the room, and he slept so soundly that she could not waken him.

She wept the whole night and cried, "I set thee free when thou wert in an iron stove in the wild forest, I

sought thee, and walked over a glass mountain, and three sharp swords, and a great lake before I found thee, and yet thou wilt not hear me!"

The servants sat by the chamber-door, and heard how she thus wept the whole night through, and in the morning they told it to their lord. And the next evening when she had washed up, she opened the second nut, and a far more beautiful dress was within it, and when the bride beheld it, she wished to buy that also. But the girl would not take money, and begged that she might once again sleep in the bridegroom's chamber. The bride, however, gave him a sleeping-drink, and he slept so soundly that he could hear nothing. But the scullery-maid wept the whole night long, and cried, "I set thee free when thou wert in an iron stove in the wild forest, I sought thee, and walked over a glass mountain, and over three sharp swords and a great lake before I found thee, and yet thou wilt not hear me!" The servants sat by the chamber-door and heard her weeping the whole night through, and in the morning informed their lord of it. And on the third evening, when she had washed up, she opened the third nut, and within it was a still more beautiful dress which was stiff with pure gold. When the bride saw that she wanted to have it, but the maiden only gave it up on condition that she might for the third time sleep in the bridegroom's apartment. The King's son was, however, on his guard, and threw the sleeping-draught away. Now, therefore, when she began to weep and to cry, "Dearest love, I set thee free when thou wert in the iron stove in the terrible wild forest," the King's son leapt up and said, "Thou art the true one, thou art mine, and I am thine." Thereupon, while it was still night, he got into a carriage with her, and they took away the false bride's clothes so that she could not get up. When they came to the great lake, they sailed across it, and when they reached the three sharp-cutting swords they seated themselves on the plough-wheel, and when they got to the glass mountain they thrust the three needles in it, and so at length they got to the little old house; but when they went inside that, it was a great castle, and the toads were all disenchanted, and were King's children, and

full of happiness. Then the wedding was celebrated, and the King's son and the princess remained in the castle, which was much larger than the castles of their fathers. As, however, the old King grieved at being left alone, they fetched him away, and brought him to live with them, and they had two kingdoms, and lived in happy wedlock.

A mouse did run,
The story is done.

128.—THE LAZY SPINNER.

IN a certain village there once lived a man and his wife, and the wife was so idle that she would never work at anything; whatever her husband gave her to spin, she did not get done, and what she did spin she did not wind, but let it all remain entangled in a heap. If the man scolded her, she was always ready with her tongue, and said, "Well, how should I wind it, when I have no reel? Just you go into the forest and get me one." "If that is all," said the man, "then I will go into the forest, and get some wood for making reels." Then the woman was afraid that if he had the wood he would make her a reel of it, and she would have to wind her yarn off, and then begin to spin again. She bethought herself a little, and then a lucky idea occurred to her, and she secretly followed the man into the forest, and when he had climbed into a tree to choose and cut the wood, she crept into the thicket below where he could not see her, and cried,

"He who cuts wood for reels shall die,
And he who winds, shall perish."

The man listened, laid down his axe for a moment, and began to consider what that could mean. "Hollo," he said at last, "what can that have been; my ears must have been singing, I won't alarm myself for nothing." So he again seized the axe, and began to hew, then again there came a cry from below:

"He who cuts wood for reels shall die,
And he who winds shall perish."

He stopped, and felt afraid and alarmed, and pondered over the circumstance. But when a few moments had passed, he took heart again, and a third time he stretched out his hand for the axe, and began to cut. But some one called out a third time, and said loudly,

"He who cuts wood for reels shall die,
And he who winds, shall perish."

That was enough for him, and all inclination had departed from him, so he hastily descended the tree, and set out on his way home. The woman ran as fast as she could by bye-ways so as to get home first. So when he entered the parlour, she put on an innocent look as if nothing had happened, and said, "Well, have you brought a nice piece of wood for reels?" "No," said he, "I see very well that winding won't do," and told her what had happened to him in the forest, and from that time forth left her in peace about it. Nevertheless after some time, the man again began to complain of the disorder in the house. "Wife," said he, "it is really a shame that the spun yarn should lie there all entangled!" "I'll tell you what," said she, "as we still don't come by any reel, go you up into the loft, and I will stand down below, and will throw the yarn up to you, and you will throw it down to me, and so we shall get a skein after all." "Yes, that will do," said the man. So they did that, and when it was done, he said, "The yarn is in skeins, now it must be boiled." The woman was again distressed; she certainly said, "Yes, we will boil it next morning early," but she was secretly contriving another trick.

Early in the morning she got up, lighted a fire, and put the kettle on, only instead of the yarn, she put in a lump of tow, and let it boil. After that she went to the man who was still lying in bed, and said to him, "I must just go out, you must get up and look after the yarn which is in the kettle on the fire, but you must be at hand at once; mind that, for if the cock should happen to crow, and you are not attending to the yarn, it will become tow." The man was willing and took good care not to loiter. He got up

as quickly as he could, and went into the kitchen. But when he reached the kettle and peeped in, he saw, to his horror nothing but a lump of tow. Then the poor man was as still as a mouse, thinking he had neglected it, and was to blame, and in future said no more about yarn and spinning. But you yourself must own she was an odious woman!

129.—THE FOUR SKILFUL BROTHERS.

THERE was once a poor man who had four sons, and when they were grown up, he said to them, "My dear children, you must now go out into the world, for I have nothing to give you, so set out, and go to some distance and learn a trade, and see how you can make your way." So the four brothers took their sticks, bade their father farewell, and went through the town-gate together. When they had travelled about for some time, they came to a cross-way which branched off in four different directions. Then said the eldest, "Here we must separate, but on this day four years, we will meet each other again at this spot, and in the meantime we will seek our fortunes."

Then each of them went his way, and the eldest met a man who asked him where he was going, and what he was intending to do? "I want to learn a trade," he replied. Then the other said, "Come with me, and be a thief." "No," he answered, "that is no longer regarded as a reputable trade, and the end of it is that one has to swing on the gallows." "Oh," said the man, "you need not be afraid of the gallows; I will only teach you to get such things as no other man could ever lay hold of, and no one will ever detect you." So he allowed himself to be talked into it, and while with the man became an accomplished thief, and so dexterous that nothing was safe from him, if he once desired to have it. The second brother met a man who put the same question to him—what he wanted to learn in the world. "I don't know yet," he replied. "Then come with me, and be an astro-

nomer; there is nothing better than that, for nothing is hid from you." He liked the idea, and became such a skilful astronomer that when he had learnt everything, and was about to travel onwards, his master gave him a telescope and said to him, "With that canst thou see whatsoever takes place either on earth or in heaven, and nothing can remain concealed from thee." A huntsman took the third brother into training, and gave him such excellent instruction in everything which related to huntsmanship, that he became an experienced hunter. When he went away, his master gave him a gun and said, "It will never fail you; whatsoever you aim at, you are certain to hit." The youngest brother also met a man who spoke to him, and inquired what his intentions were. "Would you not like to be a tailor?" said he. "Not that I know of," said the youth; "sitting doubled up from morning till night, driving the needle and the goose backwards and forwards, is not to my taste." "Oh, but you are speaking in ignorance," answered the man; "with me you would learn a very different kind of tailoring, which is respectable and proper, and for the most part very honourable." So he let himself be persuaded, and went with the man, and learnt his art from the very beginning. When they parted, the man gave the youth a needle, and said, "With this you can sew together whatever is given you, whether it is as soft as an egg or as hard as steel; and it will all become one piece of stuff, so that no seam will be visible."

When the appointed four years were over, the four brothers arrived at the same time at the cross-roads, embraced and kissed each other, and returned home to their father. "So now," said he, quite delighted, "the wind has blown you back again to me." They told him of all that had happened to them, and that each had learnt his own trade. Now they were sitting just in front of the house under a large tree, and the father said, "I will put you all to the test, and see what you can do." Then he looked up and said to his second son, "Between two branches up at the top of this tree, there is a chaffinch's nest, tell me how many eggs there are in it?" The astronomer took his glass, looked up, and said, "There

are five." Then the father said to the eldest, "Fetch the eggs down without disturbing the bird which is sitting hatching them." The skilful thief climbed up, and took the five eggs from beneath the bird, which never observed what he was doing, and remained quietly sitting where she was, and brought them down to his father. The father took them, and put one of them on each corner of the table, and the fifth in the middle, and said to the huntsman, "With one shot thou shalt shoot me the five eggs in two, through the middle." The huntsman aimed, and shot the eggs, all five as the father had desired, and that at one shot. He certainly must have had some of the powder for shooting round corners. "Now it's your turn," said the father to the fourth son; "you shall sew the eggs together again, and the young birds that are inside them as well, and you must do it so that they are not hurt by the shot." The tailor brought his needle, and sewed them as his father wished. When he had done this the thief had to climb up the tree again, and carry them to the nest, and put them back again under the bird without her being aware of it. The bird sat her full time, and after a few days the young ones crept out, and they had a red line round their necks where they had been sewn together by the tailor.

"Well," said the old man to his sons, "I begin to think you are worth more than green clover; you have used your time well, and learnt something good. I can't say which of you deserves the most praise. That will be proved if you have but an early opportunity of using your talents." Not long after this, there was a great uproar in the country, for the King's daughter was carried off by a dragon. The King was full of trouble about it, both by day and night, and caused it to be proclaimed that whosoever brought her back should have her to wife. The four brothers said to each other, "This would be a fine opportunity for us to show what we can do!" and resolved to go forth together and liberate the King's daughter. "I will soon know where she is," said the astronomer, and looked through his telescope and said, "I see her already, she is far away from here on a rock in the sea, and the dragon is beside her watching her." Then he went to the

King, and asked for a ship for himself and his brothers, and sailed with them over the sea until they came to the rock. There the King's daughter was sitting, and the dragon was lying asleep on her lap. The huntsman said, "I dare not fire, I should kill the beautiful maiden at the same time." "Then I will try my art," said the thief, and he crept thither and stole her away from under the dragon, so quietly and dexterously, that the monster never remarked it, but went on snoring. Full of joy, they hurried off with her on board ship, and steered out into the open sea; but the dragon, who when he awoke had found no princess there, followed them, and came snorting angrily through the air. Just as he was circling above the ship, and about to descend on it, the huntsman shouldered his gun, and shot him to the heart. The monster fell down dead, but was so large and powerful that his fall shattered the whole ship. Fortunately, however, they laid hold of a couple of planks, and swam about the wide sea. Then again they were in great peril, but the tailor, who was not idle, took his wondrous needle, and with a few stitches sewed the planks together, and they seated themselves upon them, and collected together all the fragments of the vessel. Then he sewed these so skilfully together, that in a very short time the ship was once more seaworthy, and they could go home again in safety.

When the King once more saw his daughter, there were great rejoicings. He said to the four brothers, "One of you shall have her to wife, but which of you it is to be you must settle among yourselves." Then a warm contest arose among them, for each of them preferred his own claim. The astronomer said, "If I had not seen the princess, all your arts would have been useless, so she is mine." The thief said, "What would have been the use of your seeing, if I had not got her away from the dragon? so she is mine." The huntsman said, "You and the princess, and all of you, would have been torn to pieces by the dragon if my ball had not hit him, so she is mine." The tailor said, "And if I, by my art, had not sewn the ship together again, you would all of you have been miserably drowned, so she is mine." Then

the King uttered this saying, "Each of you has an equal right, and as all of you cannot have the maiden, none of you shall have her, but I will give to each of you, as a reward, half a kingdom." The brothers were pleased with this decision, and said, "It is better thus than that we should be at variance with each other." Then each of them received half a kingdom, and they lived with their father in the greatest happiness as long as it pleased God.

130.—ONE-EYE, TWO-EYES, AND THREE-EYES.

THERE was once a woman who had three daughters, the eldest of whom was called One-eye, because she had only one eye in the middle of her forehead, and the second, Two-eyes, because she had two eyes like other folks, and the youngest, Three-eyes, because she had three eyes; and her third eye was also in the centre of her forehead. However, as Two-eyes saw just as other human beings did, her sisters and her mother could not endure her. They said to her, "Thou, with thy two eyes, art no better than the common people; thou dost not belong to us!" They pushed her about, and threw old clothes to her, and gave her nothing to eat but what they left, and did everything that they could to make her unhappy. It came to pass that Two-eyes had to go out into the fields and tend the goat, but she was still quite hungry, because her sisters had given her so little to eat. So she sat down on a ridge and began to weep, and so bitterly that two streams ran down from her eyes. And once when she looked up in her grief, a woman was standing beside her, who said, "Why art thou weeping, little Two-eyes?" Two-eyes answered, "Have I not reason to weep, when I have two eyes like other people, and my sisters and mother hate me for it, and push me from one corner to another, throw old clothes at me, and give me nothing to eat but the scraps they leave? To-day they have given me so little that I

am still quite hungry." Then the wise woman said, "Wipe away thy tears, Two-eyes, and I will tell thee something to stop thee ever suffering from hunger again; just say to thy goat,

"Bleat, my little goat, bleat,
Cover the table with something to eat,"

and then a clean well-spread little table will stand before thee, with the most delicious food upon it of which thou mayst eat as much as thou art inclined for, and when thou hast had enough, and hast no more need of the little table, just say,

"Bleat, bleat, my little goat, I pray,
And take the table quite away,"

and then it will vanish again from thy sight." Hereupon the wise woman departed. But Two-eyes thought, "I must instantly make a trial, and see if what she said is true, for I am far too hungry," and she said,

"Bleat, my little goat, bleat,
Cover the table with something to eat,"

and scarcely had she spoken the words than a little table, covered with a white cloth, was standing there, and on it was a plate with a knife and fork, and a silver spoon; and the most delicious food was there also, warm and smoking as if it had just come out of the kitchen. Then Two-eyes said the shortest prayer she knew, "Lord God, be with us always, Amen," and helped herself to some food, and enjoyed it. And when she was satisfied, she said, as the wise woman had taught her,

"Bleat, bleat, my little goat, I pray,
And take the table quite away,"

and immediately the little table and everything on it was gone again. "That is a delightful way of keeping house!" thought Two-eyes, and was quite glad and happy.

In the evening, when she went home with her goat, she found a small earthenware dish with some food, which her sisters had set ready for her, but she did not touch it. Next day she again went out with her goat, and left the

few bits of broken bread which had been handed to her, lying untouched. The first and second time that she did this, her sisters did not remark it at all, but as it happened every time, they did observe it, and said, "There is something wrong about Two-eyes, she always leaves her food untasted, and she used to eat up everything that was given her; she must have discovered other ways of getting food." In order that they might learn the truth, they resolved to send One-eye with Two-eyes when she went to drive her goat to the pasture, to observe what Two eyes did when she was there, and whether any one brought her anything to eat and drink. So when Two-eyes set out the next time, One-eye went to her and said, "I will go with you to the pasture, and see that the goat is well taken care of, and driven where there is food." But Two-eyes knew what was in One-eye's mind, and drove the goat into high grass and said, "Come, One-eye, we will sit down, and I will sing something to you." One-eye sat down and was tired with the unaccustomed walk and the heat of the sun, and Two-eyes sang constantly,

"One eye, wakest thou?
One eye, sleepest thou?"

until One-eye shut her one eye, and fell asleep, and as soon as Two-eyes saw that One-eye was fast asleep, and could discover nothing, she said,

"Bleat, my little goat, bleat,
Cover the table with something to eat,"

and seated herself at her table, and ate and drank until she was satisfied, and then she again cried,

"Bleat, bleat, my little goat, I pray,
And take the table quite away,"

and in an instant all was gone. Two-eyes now awakened One-eye, and said, "One-eye, you want to take care of the goat, and go to sleep while you are doing it, and in the meantime the goat might run all over the world. Come, let us go home again." So they went home, and again Two-eyes let her little dish stand untouched, and One-eye could not tell her mother why she would not eat it, and to excuse herself said, "I fell asleep when I was out."

Next day the mother said to Three-eyes, "This time thou shalt go and observe if Two-eyes eats anything when she is out, and if any one fetches her food and drink, for she must eat and drink in secret." So Three-eyes went to Two-eyes, and said, "I will go with you and see if the goat is taken proper care of, and driven where there is food." But Two-eyes knew what was in Three-eyes' mind, and drove the goat into high grass and said, "We will sit down, and I will sing something to you, Three-eyes." Three-eyes sat down and was tired with the walk and with the heat of the sun, and Two-eyes began the same song as before, and sang,

"Three eyes, are you waking?"

but then, instead of singing,

"Three eyes, are you sleeping?"

as she ought to have done, she thoughtlessly sang,

"Two eyes, are you sleeping?"

and sang all the time,

"Three eyes, are you waking?
Two eyes, are you sleeping?"

Then two of the eyes which Three-eyes had, shut and fell asleep, but the third, as it had not been named in the song, did not sleep. It is true that Three-eyes shut it, but only in her cunning, to pretend it was asleep too, but it blinked, and could see everything very well. And when Two-eyes thought that Three-eyes was fast asleep, she used her little charm,

"Bleat, my little goat, bleat,
Cover the table with something to eat,"

and ate and drank as much as her heart desired, and then ordered the table to go away again,

"Bleat, bleat, my little goat, I pray,
And take the table quite away,"

and Three-eyes had seen everything. Then Two-eyes came to her, waked her and said, "Have you been asleep, Three-eyes? You are a good care-taker! Come, we will

go home." And when they got home, Two-eyes again did not eat, and Three-eyes said to the mother, "Now, I know why that high-minded thing there does not eat. When she is out, she says to the goat,

> "Bleat, my little goat, bleat,
> Cover the table with something to eat,"

and then a little table appears before her covered with the best of food, much better than any we have here, and when she has eaten all she wants, she says,

> "Bleat, bleat, my little goat, I pray,
> And take the table quite away,"

and all disappears. I watched everything closely. She put two of my eyes to sleep by using a certain form of words, but luckily the one in my forehead kept awake." Then the envious mother cried, "Dost thou want to fare better than we do? The desire shall pass away," and she fetched a butcher's knife, and thrust it into the heart of the goat, which fell down dead.

When Two-eyes saw that, she went out full of trouble, seated herself on the ridge of grass at the edge of the field, and wept bitter tears. Suddenly the wise woman once more stood by her side, and said, "Two-eyes, why art thou weeping?" "Have I not reason to weep?" she answered. "The goat which covered the table for me every day when I spoke your charm, has been killed by my mother, and now I shall again have to bear hunger and want." The wise woman said, "Two-eyes, I will give thee a piece of good advice; ask thy sisters to give thee the entrails of the slaughtered goat, and bury them in the ground in front of the house, and thy fortune will be made." Then she vanished, and Two-eyes went home and said to her sisters, "Dear sisters, do give me some part of my goat; I don't wish for what is good, but give me the entrails." Then they laughed and said, "If that's all you want, you can have it." So Two-eyes took the entrails and buried them quietly in the evening, in front of the house-door, as the wise woman had counselled her to do.

Next morning, when they all awoke, and went to the

house-door, there stood a strangely magnificent tree with leaves of silver, and fruit of gold hanging among them, so that in all the wide world there was nothing more beautiful or precious. They did not know how the tree could have come there during the night, but Two-eyes saw that it had grown up out of the entrails of the goat, for it was standing on the exact spot where she had buried them. Then the mother said to One-eye, "Climb up, my child, and gather some of the fruit of the tree for us." One-eye climbed up, but when she was about to get hold of one of the golden apples, the branch escaped from her hands, and that happened each time, so that she could not pluck a single apple, let her do what she might. Then said the mother, "Three-eyes, do you climb up; you with your three eyes can look about you better than One-eye." One-eye slipped down, and Three-eyes climbed up. Three-eyes was not more skilful, and might search as she liked, but the golden apples always escaped her. At length the mother grew impatient, and climbed up herself, but could get hold of the fruit no better than One-eye and Three-eyes, for she always clutched empty air. Then said Two-eyes, "I will just go up, perhaps I may succeed better." The sisters cried, "You indeed, with your two eyes, what can you do?" But Two-eyes climbed up, and the golden apples did not get out of her way, but came into her hand of their own accord, so that she could pluck them one after the other, and brought a whole apronful down with her. The mother took them away from her, and instead of treating poor Two-eyes any better for this, she and One-eye and Three-eyes were only envious, because Two-eyes alone had been able to get the fruit, and they treated her still more cruelly.

It so befell that once when they were all standing together by the tree, a young knight came up. "Quick, Two-eyes," cried the two sisters, "creep under this, and don't disgrace us!" and with all speed they turned an empty barrel which was standing close by the tree over poor Two-eyes, and they pushed the golden apples which she had been gathering, under it too. When the knight came nearer he was a handsome lord, who stopped

and admired the magnificent gold and silver tree, and said to the two sisters, "To whom does this fine tree belong? Any one who would bestow one branch of it on me might in return for it ask whatsoever he desired." Then One-eye and Three-eyes replied that the tree belonged to them, and that they would give him a branch. They both took great trouble, but they were not able to do it, for the branches and fruit both moved away from them every time. Then said the knight, "It is very strange that the tree should belong to you, and that you should still not be able to break a piece off." They again asserted that the tree was their property. Whilst they were saying so, Two-eyes rolled out a couple of golden apples from under the barrel to the feet of the knight, for she was vexed with One-eye and Three-eyes, for not speaking the truth. When the knight saw the apples he was astonished, and asked where they came from. One-eye and Three-eyes answered that they had another sister, who was not allowed to show herself, for she had only two eyes like any common person. The knight, however, desired to see her, and cried, "Two-eyes, come forth." Then Two-eyes, quite comforted, came from beneath the barrel, and the knight was surprised at her great beauty, and said, "Thou, Two-eyes, canst certainly break off a branch from the tree for me." "Yes," replied Two-eyes, "that I certainly shall be able to do, for the tree belongs to me." And she climbed up, and with the greatest ease broke off a branch with beautiful silver leaves and golden fruit, and gave it to the knight. Then said the knight, "Two-eyes, what shall I give thee for it?" "Alas!" answered Two-eyes, "I suffer from hunger and thirst, grief and want, from early morning till late night; if you would take me with you, and deliver me from these things, I should be happy." So the knight lifted Two-eyes on to his horse, and took her home with him to his father's castle, and there he gave her beautiful clothes, and meat and drink to her heart's content, and as he loved her so much he married her, and the wedding was solemnized with great rejoicing. When Two-eyes was thus carried away by the handsome knight, her two sisters grudged her good fortune in downright earnest. "The wonderful tree, however, still

remains with us," thought they, "and even if we can gather no fruit from it, still every one will stand still and look at it, and come to us and admire it. Who knows what good things may be in store for us?" But next morning, the tree had vanished, and all their hopes were at an end. And when Two-eyes looked out of the window of her own little room, to her great delight it was standing in front of it, and so it had followed her.

Two-eyes lived a long time in happiness. Once two poor women came to her in her castle, and begged for alms. She looked in their faces, and recognized her sisters, One-eye, and Three-eyes, who had fallen into such poverty that they had to wander about and beg their bread from door to door. Two-eyes, however, made them welcome, and was kind to them, and took care of them, so that they both with all their hearts repented the evil that they had done their sister in their youth.

131.—FAIR KATRINELJE AND PIF-PAF-POLTRIE.*

"GOOD-DAY, Father Hollenthe." "Many thanks, Pif-paf-poltrie." "May I be allowed to have your daughter?" "Oh, yes, if Mother Malcho (Milch-cow), Brother High-and-Mighty, Sister Käsetraut, and fair Katrinelje are willing, you can have her."

"Where is Mother Malcho, then?" "She is in the cow-house, milking the cow."

"Good-day, Mother Malcho." "Many thanks, Pif-paf-poltrie." "May I be allowed to have your daughter?" "Oh, yes, if Father Hollenthe, Brother High-and-Mighty, Sister Käsetraut, and fair Katrinelje are willing, you can have her." "Where is Brother High-and-Mighty, then?" "He is in the room chopping some wood." "Good-day, Brother High-and-Mighty." "Many thanks, Pif-paf-poltrie." "May I be allowed to have your sister?" "Oh,

* This is probably the form of words used in some juvenile game.—Tr.

yes, if Father Hollenthe, Mother Malcho, Sister Käsetraut, and fair Katrinelje are willing, you can have her." "Where is Sister Käsetraut, then?" "She is in the garden cutting cabbages." "Good-day, Sister Käsetraut." "Many thanks, Pif-paf-poltrie." "May I be allowed to have your sister?" "Oh, yes, if Father Hollenthe, Mother Malcho, Brother High-and-Mighty, and fair Katrinelje are willing, you may have her." "Where is fair Katrinelje, then?" "She is in the room counting out her farthings." "Good day, fair Katrinelje." "Many thanks, Pif-paf-poltrie." "Wilt thou be my bride?" "Oh, yes, if Father Hollenthe, Mother Malcho, Brother High-and-Mighty, and Sister Käsetraut are willing, I am ready."

"Fair Katrinelje, how much dowry hast thou?" "Fourteen farthings in ready money, three and a half groschen owing to me, half a pound of dried apples, a handful of fried bread, and a handful of spices.

And many other things are mine,
Have I not a dowry fine?

"Pif-paf-poltrie, what is thy trade? Art thou a tailor?" "Something better." "A shoemaker?" "Something better." "A husbandman?" "Something better." "A joiner?" "Something better." "A smith?" "Something better." "A miller?" "Something better." "Perhaps a broom-maker?" "Yes, that's what I am, is it not a fine trade?"

132.—THE FOX AND THE HORSE.

A PEASANT had a faithful horse which had grown old and could do no more work, so his master would no longer give him anything to eat and said, "I can certainly make no more use of thee, but still I mean well by thee; if thou provest thyself still strong enough to bring me a lion here, I will maintain thee, but now take thyself away out of my stable," and with that he chased him into the open

country. The horse was sad, and went to the forest to seek a little protection there from the weather. Then the fox met him and said, "Why dost thou hang thy head so, and go about all alone?" "Alas," replied the horse, "avarice and fidelity do not dwell together in one house. My master has forgotten what services I have performed for him for so many years, and because I can no longer plough well, he will give me no more food, and has driven me out." "Without giving thee a chance?" asked the fox. "The chance was a bad one. He said, if I were still strong enough to bring him a lion, he would keep me, but he well knows that I cannot do that." The fox said, "I will help thee, just lay thyself down, stretch thyself out, as if thou wert dead, and do not stir." The horse did as the fox desired, and the fox went to the lion, who had his den not far off, and said, "A dead horse is lying outside there, just come with me, thou canst have a rich meal." The lion went with him, and when they were both standing by the horse the fox said, "After all it is not very comfortable for thee here—I tell thee what —I will fasten it to thee by the tail, and then thou canst drag it into thy cave, and devour it in peace."

This advice pleased the lion: he lay down, and in order that the fox might tie the horse fast to him, he kept quite quiet. But the fox tied the lion's legs together with the horse's tail, and twisted and fastened all so well and so strongly that no strength could break it. When he had finished his work, he tapped the horse on the shoulder and said, "Pull, white horse, pull." Then up sprang the horse at once, and drew the lion away with him. The lion began to roar so that all the birds in the forest flew out in terror, but the horse let him roar, and drew him and dragged him over the country to his master's door. When the master saw the lion, he was of a better mind, and said to the horse, "Thou shalt stay with me and fare well," and he gave him plenty to eat until he died.

133.—THE SHOES THAT WERE DANCED TO PIECES.

THERE was once upon a time a King who had twelve daughters, each one more beautiful than the other. They all slept together in one chamber, in which their beds stood side by side, and every night when they were in them the King locked the door, and bolted it. But in the morning when he unlocked the door, he saw that their shoes were worn out with dancing, and no one could find out how that had come to pass. Then the King caused it to be proclaimed that whosoever could discover where they danced at night, should choose one of them for his wife and be King after his death, but that whosoever came forward and had not discovered it within three days and nights, should have forfeited his life. It was not long before a King's son presented himself, and offered to undertake the enterprise. He was well received, and in the evening was led into a room adjoining the princesses' sleeping-chamber. His bed was placed there, and he was to observe where they went and danced, and in order that they might do nothing secretly or go away to some other place, the door of their room was left open.

But the eyelids of the prince grew heavy as lead, and he fell asleep, and when he awoke in the morning, all twelve had been to the dance, for their shoes were standing there with holes in the soles. On the second and third nights it fell out just the same, and then his head was struck off without mercy. Many others came after this and undertook the enterprise, but all forfeited their lives. Now it came to pass that a poor soldier, who had a wound, and could serve no longer, found himself on the road to the town where the King lived. There he met an old woman, who asked him where he was going. "I hardly know myself," answered he, and added in jest, "I had half a mind to discover where the princesses danced their shoes into holes, and thus become King." "That is not so difficult," said the old woman, "you must not drink the wine which will be brought to you at night, and must pretend to be sound asleep." With that she

gave him a little cloak, and said, "If you put on that, you will be invisible, and then you can steal after the twelve." When the soldier had received this good advice, he went into the thing in earnest, took heart, went to the King, and announced himself as a suitor. He was as well received as the others, and royal garments were put upon him. He was conducted that evening at bed-time into the ante-chamber, and as he was about to go to bed, the eldest came and brought him a cup of wine, but he had tied a sponge under his chin, and let the wine run down into it, without drinking a drop. Then he lay down and when he had lain a while, he began to snore, as if in the deepest sleep. The twelve princesses heard that, and laughed, and the eldest said, "He, too, might as well have saved his life." With that they got up, opened wardrobes, presses, cupboards, and brought out pretty dresses; dressed themselves before the mirrors, sprang about, and rejoiced at the prospect of the dance. Only the youngest said, "I know not how it is; you are very happy, but I feel very strange; some misfortune is certainly about to befall us." "Thou art a goose, who art always frightened," said the eldest. "Hast thou forgotten how many Kings' sons have already come here in vain? I had hardly any need to give the soldier a sleeping-draught, in any case the clown would not have awakened." When they were all ready they looked carefully at the soldier, but he had closed his eyes and did not move or stir, so they felt themselves quite secure. The eldest then went to her bed and tapped it; it immediately sank into the earth, and one after the other they descended through the opening, the eldest going first. The soldier, who had watched everything, tarried no longer, put on his little cloak, and went down last with the youngest. Half-way down the steps, he just trod a little on her dress; she was terrified at that, and cried out, "What is that? who is pulling at my dress?" "Don't be so silly!" said the eldest, "you have caught it on a nail." Then they went all the way down, and when they were at the bottom, they were standing in a wonderfully pretty avenue of trees, all the leaves of which were of silver, and shone and glistened. The soldier thought, "I must carry a token away with me," and

broke off a twig from one of them, on which the tree cracked with a loud report. The youngest cried out again, "Something is wrong, did you hear the crack?" But the eldest said, "It is a gun fired for joy, because we have got rid of our prince so quickly." After that they came into an avenue where all the leaves were of gold, and lastly into a third where they were of bright diamonds; he broke off a twig from each, which made such a crack each time that the youngest started back in terror, but the eldest still maintained that they were salutes. They went on and came to a great lake whereon stood twelve little boats, and in every boat sat a handsome prince, all of whom were waiting for the twelve, and each took one of them with him, but the soldier seated himself by the youngest. Then her prince said, "I can't tell why the boat is so much heavier to-day; I shall have to row with all my strength, if I am to get it across." "What should cause that," said the youngest, "but the warm weather? I feel very warm too." On the opposite side of the lake stood a splendid, brightly-lit castle, from whence resounded the joyous music of trumpets and kettle-drums. They rowed over there, entered, and each prince danced with the girl he loved, but the soldier danced with them unseen, and when one of them had a cup of wine in her hand he drank it up, so that the cup was empty when she carried it to her mouth; the youngest was alarmed at this, but the eldest always made her be silent. They danced there till three o'clock in the morning when all the shoes were danced into holes, and they were forced to leave off; the princes rowed them back again over the lake, and this time the soldier seated himself by the eldest. On the shore they took leave of their princes, and promised to return the following night. When they reached the stairs the soldier ran on in front and lay down in his bed, and when the twelve had come up slowly and wearily, he was already snoring so loudly that they could all hear him, and they said, "So far as he is concerned, we are safe." They took off their beautiful dresses, laid them away, put the worn-out shoes under the bed, and lay down. Next morning the soldier was resolved not to speak, but to watch the wonderful

goings on, and again went with them. Then everything was done just as it had been done the first time, and each time they danced until their shoes were worn to pieces. But the third time he took a cup away with him as a token. When the hour had arrived for him to give his answer, he took the three twigs and the cup, and went to the King, but the twelve stood behind the door, and listened for what he was going to say. When the King put the question, "Where have my twelve daughters danced their shoes to pieces in the night?" he answered, "In an underground castle with twelve princes," and related how it had come to pass, and brought out the tokens. The King then summoned his daughters, and asked them if the soldier had told the truth, and when they saw that they were betrayed, and that falsehood would be of no avail, they were obliged to confess all. Thereupon the King asked which of them he would have to wife? He answered, "I am no longer young, so give me the eldest." Then the wedding was celebrated on the self-same day, and the kingdom was promised him after the King's death. But the princes were bewitched for as many days as they had danced nights with the twelve.

134.—THE SIX SERVANTS.

IN former times there lived an aged Queen who was a sorceress, and her daughter was the most beautiful maiden under the sun. The old woman, however, had no other thought than how to lure mankind to destruction, and when a wooer appeared, she said that whosoever wished to have her daughter, must first perform a task, or die. Many had been dazzled by the daughter's beauty, and had actually risked this, but they never could accomplish what the old woman enjoined them to do, and then no mercy was shown; they had to kneel down, and their heads were struck off. A certain King's son who had also heard of the maiden's beauty, said to his father, "Let me

go there, I want to demand her in marriage." "Never," answered the King; "if you were to go, it would be going to your death." On this the son lay down and was sick unto death, and for seven years he lay there, and no physician could heal him. When the father perceived that all hope was over, with a heavy heart he said to him, "Go thither, and try your luck, for I know no other means of curing you." When the son heard that, he rose from his bed and was well again, and joyfully set out on his way.

And it came to pass that as he was riding across a heath, he saw from afar something like a great heap of hay lying on the ground, and when he drew nearer, he could see that it was the stomach of a man, who had laid himself down there, but the stomach looked like a small mountain. When the fat man saw the traveller, he stood up and said, "If you are in need of any one, take me into your service." The prince answered, "What can I do with such a great big man?" "Oh," said the Stout-One, "this is nothing, when I stretch myself out well, I am three thousand times fatter." "If that's the case," said the prince, "I can make use of thee, come with me." So the Stout One followed the prince, and after a while they found another man who was lying on the ground with his ear laid to the turf. "What art thou doing there?" asked the King's son. "I am listening," replied the man. "What art thou listening to so attentively?" "I am listening to what is just going on in the world, for nothing escapes my ears; I even hear the grass growing." "Tell me," said the prince, "what thou hearest at the court of the old Queen who has the beautiful daughter." Then he answered, "I hear the whizzing of the sword that is striking off a wooer's head." The King's son said, "I can make use of thee, come with me." They went onwards, and then saw a pair of feet lying and part of a pair of legs, but could not see the rest of the body. When they had walked on for a great distance, they came to the body, and at last to the head also. "Why," said the prince, "what a tall rascal thou art!" "Oh," replied the Tall One, "that is nothing at all yet; when I really stretch out my limbs, I am three thousand times as tall,

and taller than the highest mountain on earth. I will gladly enter your service, if you will take me.". "Come with me," said the prince, "I can make use of thee." They went onwards and found a man sitting by the road who had bound up his eyes. The prince said to him, "Hast thou weak eyes, that thou canst not look at the light?" "No," replied the man, "but I must not remove the bandage, for whatsoever I look at with my eyes, splits to pieces, my glance is so powerful. If you can use that, I shall be glad to serve you." "Come with me," replied the King's son, "I can make use of thee." They journeyed onwards and found a man who was lying in the hot sunshine, trembling and shivering all over his body, so that not a limb was still. "How canst thou shiver when the sun is shining so warm?" said the King's son. "Alack," replied the man, "I am of quite a different nature. The hotter it is, the colder I am, and the frost pierces through all my bones; and the colder it is, the hotter I am. In the midst of ice, I cannot endure the heat, nor in the midst of fire, the cold." "Thou art a strange fellow!" said the prince, "but if thou wilt enter my service, follow me." They travelled onwards, and saw a man standing who made a long neck and looked about him, and could see over all the mountains. "What art thou looking at so eagerly?" said the King's son. The man replied, "I have such sharp eyes that I can see into every forest and field, and hill and valley, all over the world." The prince said, "Come with me if thou wilt, for I am still in want of such an one."

And now the King's son and his six servants came to the town where the aged Queen dwelt. He did not tell her who he was, but said, "If you will give me your beautiful daughter, I will perform any task you set me." The sorceress was delighted to get such a handsome youth as this into her net, and said, "I will set thee three tasks, and if thou art able to perform them all, thou shalt be husband and master of my daughter." "What is the first to be?" "Thou shalt fetch me my ring which I have dropped into the Red Sea." So the King's son went home to his servants and said, "The first task is not easy. A ring is to be got out of the Red Sea. Come,

find some way of doing it." Then the man with the sharp sight said, "I will see where it is lying," and looked down into the water and said, "It is sticking there, on a pointed stone." The Tall One carried them thither, and said, "I would soon get it out, if I could only see it." "Oh, is that all!" cried the Stout One, and lay down and put his mouth to the water, on which all the waves fell into it just as if it had been a whirlpool, and he drank up the whole sea till it was as dry as a meadow. The Tall One stooped down a little, and brought out the ring with his hand. Then the King's son rejoiced when he had the ring, and took it to the old Queen. She was astonished, and said, "Yes, it is the right ring. Thou hast safely performed the first task, but now comes the second. Dost thou see the meadow in front of my palace? Three hundred fat oxen are feeding there, and these must thou eat, skin, hair, bones, horns and all, and down below in my cellar lie three hundred casks of wine, and these thou must drink up as well, and if one hair of the oxen, or one little drop of the wine is left, thy life will be forfeited to me." "May I invite no guests to this repast?" inquired the prince, "no dinner is good without some company." The old woman laughed maliciously, and replied, "Thou mayst invite one for the sake of companionship, but no more."

The King's son went to his servants and said to the Stout One, "Thou shalt be my guest to-day, and shalt eat thy fill." Hereupon the Stout One stretched himself out and ate up the three hundred oxen without leaving one single hair, and then he asked if he was to have nothing but his breakfast. He drank the wine straight from the casks without feeling any need of a glass, and he licked the last drop from his finger-nails. When the meal was over, the prince went to the old woman, and told her that the second task also was performed. She wondered at this and said, "No one has ever done so much before, but one task still remains," and she thought to herself, "Thou shalt not escape me, and wilt not keep thy head on thy shoulders! This night," said she, "I will bring my daughter to thee in thy chamber, and thou shalt put thine arms round her, but when you are sitting there together,

beware of falling asleep. When twelve o'clock is striking, I will come, and if she is then no longer in thine arms, thou art lost." The prince thought, "The task is easy, I will most certainly keep my eyes open." Nevertheless he called his servants, told them what the old woman had said, and remarked, "Who knows what treachery may lurk behind this. Foresight is a good thing—keep watch, and take care that the maiden does not go out of my room again." When night fell, the old woman came with her daughter, and gave her into the prince's arms, and then the Tall One wound himself round the two in a circle, and the Stout One placed himself by the door, so that no living creature could enter. There the two sat, and the maiden spake never a word, but the moon shone through the window on her face, and the prince could behold her wondrous beauty. He did nothing but gaze at her, and was filled with love and happiness, and his eyes never felt weary. This lasted until eleven o'clock, when the old woman cast such a spell over all of them that they fell asleep, and at the self-same moment the maiden was carried away.

Then they all slept soundly until a quarter to twelve, when the magic lost its power, and all awoke again. "Oh, misery and misfortune!" cried the prince, "now I am lost!" The faithful servants also began to lament, but the Listener said, "Be quiet, I want to listen." Then he listened for an instant and said, "She is on a rock, three hundred leagues from hence, bewailing her fate. Thou alone, Tall One, canst help her; if thou wilt stand up, thou wilt be there in a couple of steps."

"Yes," answered the Tall One, "but the one with the sharp eyes must go with me, that we may destroy the rock." Then the Tall One took the one with bandaged eyes on his back, and in the twinkling of an eye they were on the enchanted rock. The Tall One immediately took the bandage from the other's eyes, and he did but look round, and the rock shivered into a thousand pieces. Then the Tall One took the maiden in his arms, carried her back in a second, then fetched his companion with the same rapidity, and before it struck twelve they were all sitting as they had sat before, quite merrily and happily. When twelve struck, the aged sorceress came stealing in with a

malicious face, which seemed to say, "Now he is mine!" for she believed that her daughter was on the rock three hundred leagues off. But when she saw her in the prince's arms, she was alarmed, and said, "Here is one who knows more than I do!" She dared not make any opposition, and was forced to give him her daughter. But she whispered in her ear, "It is a disgrace to thee to have to obey common people, and that thou art not allowed to choose a husband to thine own liking."

On this the proud heart of the maiden was filled with anger, and she meditated revenge. Next morning she caused three hundred great bundles of wood to be got together, and said to the prince that though the three tasks were performed, she would still not be his wife until some one was ready to seat himself in the midst of the wood, and bear the fire. She thought that none of his servants would let themselves be burnt for him, and that out of love for her, he himself would place himself upon it, and then she would be free. But the servants said, "Every one of us has done something except the Frosty One, he must set to work," and they put him in the middle of the pile, and set fire to it. Then the fire began to burn, and burnt for three days until all the wood was consumed, and when the flames had burnt out, the Frosty One was standing amid the ashes, trembling like an aspen leaf, and saying, "I never felt such a frost during the whole course of my life; if it had lasted much longer, I should have been benumbed!"

As no other pretext was to be found, the beautiful maiden was now forced to take the unknown youth as a husband. But when they drove away to church, the old woman said, "I cannot endure the disgrace," and sent her warriors after them with orders to cut down all who opposed them, and bring back her daughter. But the Listener had sharpened his ears, and heard the secret discourse of the old woman. "What shall we do?" said he to the Stout One. But he knew what to do, and spat out once or twice behind the carriage some of the sea-water which he had drunk, and a great sea arose in which the warriors were caught and drowned. When the sorceress perceived that, she sent her mailed knights; but the

Listener heard the rattling of their armour, and undid the bandage from one eye of Sharp-eyes, who looked for a while rather fixedly at the enemy's troops, on which they all sprang to pieces like glass. Then the youth and the maiden went on their way undisturbed, and when the two had been blessed in church, the six servants took leave, and said to their master, "Your wishes are now satisfied, you need us no longer, we will go our way and seek our fortunes."

Half a league from the palace of the prince's father was a village near which a swineherd tended his herd, and when they came thither the prince said to his wife, "Do you know who I really am? I am no prince, but a herder of swine, and the man who is there with that herd, is my father. We two shall have to set to work also, and help him." Then he alighted with her at the inn, and secretly told the innkeepers to take away her royal apparel during the night. So when she awoke in the morning, she had nothing to put on, and the innkeeper's wife gave her an old gown and a pair of worsted stockings, and at the same time seemed to consider it a great present, and said, "If it were not for the sake of your husband I should have given you nothing at all!" Then the princess believed that he really was a swineherd, and tended the herd with him, and thought to herself, "I have deserved this for my haughtiness and pride." This lasted for a week, and then she could endure it no longer, for she had sores on her feet. And now came a couple of people who asked if she knew who her husband was. "Yes," she answered, "he is a swineherd, and has just gone out with cords and ropes to try to drive a little bargain." But they said, "Just come with us, and we will take you to him," and they took her up to the palace, and when she entered the hall, there stood her husband in kingly raiment. But she did not recognize him until he took her in his arms, kissed her, and said, "I suffered much for thee, and now thou, too, hast had to suffer for me." And then the wedding was celebrated, and he who has told you all this, wishes that he, too, had been present at it.

135.—THE WHITE BRIDE AND THE BLACK ONE.

A WOMAN was going about the unenclosed land with her daughter and her step-daughter cutting fodder, when the Lord came walking towards them in the form of a poor man, and asked, "Which is the way into the village?" "If you want to know," said the mother, "seek it for yourself," and the daughter added, "If you are afraid you will not find it, take a guide with you." But the step-daughter said, "Poor man, I will take you there, come with me." Then God was angry with the mother and daughter, and turned his back on them, and wished that they should become as black as night and as ugly as sin. To the poor step-daughter, however, God was gracious, and went with her, and when they were near the village, he said a blessing over her, and spake, "Choose three things for thyself, and I will grant them to thee." Then said the maiden, "I should like to be as beautiful and fair as the sun," and instantly she was white and fair as day. "Then I should like to have a purse of money which would never grow empty." That the Lord gave her also, but he said, "Do not forget what is best of all." Said she, "For my third wish, I desire, after my death, to inhabit the eternal kingdom of Heaven." That also was granted unto her, and then the Lord left her. When the step-mother came home with her daughter, and they saw that they were both as black as coal and ugly, but that the step-daughter was white and beautiful, wickedness increased still more in their hearts, and they thought of nothing else but how they could do her an injury. The step-daughter, however, had a brother called Reginer, whom she loved much, and she told him all that had happened. Once on a time Reginer said to her, "Dear sister, I will take thy likeness, that I may continually see thee before mine eyes, for my love for thee is so great that I should like always to look at thee." Then she answered, "But, I pray thee, let no one see the picture." So he painted his sister and hung up the picture in his room; he, however, dwelt in the King's palace, for he was his coachman. Every day he went and stood before the picture, and

thanked God for the happiness of having such a dear sister. Now it happened that the King whom he served, had just lost his wife, who had been so beautiful that no one could be found to compare with her, and on this account the King was in deep grief. The attendants about the court, however remarked that the coachman stood daily before this beautiful picture, and they were jealous of him, so they informed the King. Then the latter ordered the picture to be brought to him, and when he saw that it was like his lost wife in every respect, except that it was still more beautiful, he fell mortally in love with it. He caused the coachman to be brought before him, and asked whom that portrait represented? The coachman said it was his sister, so the King resolved to take no one but her as his wife, and gave him a carriage and horses and splendid garments of cloth of gold, and sent him forth to fetch his chosen bride. When Reginer came on this errand, his sister was glad, but the black maiden was jealous of her good fortune, and grew angry above all measure, and said to her mother, "Of what use are all your arts to us now when you cannot procure such a piece of luck for me?" "Be quiet," said the old woman, "I will soon divert it to you"—and by her arts of witchcraft, she so troubled the eyes of the coachman that he was half-blind, and she stopped the ears of the white maiden so that she was half-deaf. Then they got into the carriage, first the bride in her noble royal apparel, then the step-mother with her daughter, and Reginer sat on the box to drive. When they had been on the way for some time the coachman cried,

"Cover thee well, my sister dear,
That the rain may not wet thee,
That the wind may not load thee with dust,
That thou may'st be fair and beautiful
When thou appearest before the King."

The bride asked, "What is my dear brother saying?" "Ah," said the old woman, "he says that you ought to take off your golden dress and give it to your sister." Then she took it off, and put it on the black maiden, who gave her in exchange for it a shabby grey gown. They

drove onwards, and a short time afterwards, the brother again cried,

"Cover thee well, my sister dear,
That the rain may not wet thee,
That the wind may not load thee with dust,
That thou may'st be fair and beautiful
When thou appearest before the King."

The bride asked, "What is my dear brother saying?" "Ah," said the old woman, "he says that you ought to take off your golden hood and give it to your sister." So she took off the hood and put it on her sister, and sat with her own head uncovered. And they drove on farther. After a while, the brother once more cried,

"Cover thee well, my sister dear,
That the rain may not wet thee,
That the wind may not load thee with dust,
That thou may'st be fair and beautiful
When thou appearest before the King."

The bride asked, "What is my dear brother saying?" "Ah," said the old woman, "he says you must look out of the carriage." They were, however, just on a bridge, which crossed deep water. When the bride stood up and leant forward out of the carriage, they both pushed her out, and she fell into the middle of the water. At the same moment that she sank, a snow-white duck arose out of the mirror-smooth water, and swam down the river. The brother had observed nothing of it, and drove the carriage on until they reached the court. Then he took the black maiden to the King as his sister, and thought she really was so, because his eyes were dim, and he saw the golden garments glittering. When the King saw the boundless ugliness of his intended bride, he was very angry, and ordered the coachman to be thrown into a pit which was full of adders and nests of snakes. The old witch, however, knew so well how to flatter the King and deceive his eyes by her arts, that he kept her and her daughter until she appeared quite endurable to him, and he really married her.

One evening when the black bride was sitting on the King's knee, a white duck came swimming up the gutter

to the kitchen, and said to the kitchen-boy, "Boy, light a fire, that I may warm my feathers." The kitchen-boy did it, and lighted a fire on the hearth. Then came the duck and sat down by it, and shook herself and smoothed her feathers to rights with her bill. While she was thus sitting and enjoying herself, she asked, "What is my brother Reginer doing?" The scullery-boy replied, "He is imprisoned in the pit with adders and with snakes." Then she asked, "What is the black witch doing in the house?" The boy answered, "She is loved by the King and happy."

"May God have mercy on him," said the duck, and swam forth by the sink.

The next night she came again and put the same questions, and the third night also. Then the kitchen-boy could bear it no longer, and went to the King and discovered all to him. The King, however, wanted to see it for himself, and next evening went thither, and when the duck thrust her head in through the sink, he took his sword and cut through her neck, and suddenly she changed into a most beautiful maiden, exactly like the picture, which her brother had made of her. The King was full of joy, and as she stood there quite wet, he caused splendid apparel to be brought and had her clothed in it. Then she told how she had been betrayed by cunning and falsehood, and at last thrown down into the water, and her first request was that her brother should be brought forth from the pit of snakes, and when the King had fulfilled this request, he went into the chamber where the old witch was, and asked, What does she deserve who does this and that? and related what had happened. Then was she so blinded that she was aware of nothing and said, "She deserves to be stripped naked, and put into a barrel with nails, and that a horse should be harnessed to the barrel, and the horse sent all over the world." All of which was done to her, and to her black daughter. But the King married the white and beautiful bride, and rewarded her faithful brother, and made him a rich and distinguished man.

136.—IRON JOHN.

THERE was once on a time a King who had a great forest near his palace, full of all kinds of wild animals. One day he sent out a huntsman to shoot him a roe, but he did not come back. "Perhaps some accident has befallen him," said the King, and the next day he sent out two more huntsmen who were to search for him, but they too stayed away. Then on the third day, he sent for all his huntsmen, and said, "Scour the whole forest through, and do not give up until ye have found all three." But of these also, none came home again, and of the pack of hounds which they had taken with them, none were seen more. From that time forth, no one would any longer venture into the forest, and it lay there in deep stillness and solitude, and nothing was seen of it, but sometimes an eagle or a hawk flying over it. This lasted for many years, when a strange huntsman announced himself to the King as seeking a situation, and offered to go into the dangerous forest. The King, however, would not give his consent, and said, "It is not safe in there; I fear it would fare with thee no better than with the others, and thou wouldst never come out again." The huntsman replied, "Lord, I will venture it at my own risk, of fear I know nothing."

The huntsman therefore betook himself with his dog to the forest. It was not long before the dog fell in with some game on the way, and wanted to pursue it; but hardly had the dog run two steps when it stood before a deep pool, could go no farther, and a naked arm stretched itself out of the water, seized it, and drew it under, When the huntsman saw that, he went back and fetched three men to come with buckets and bale out the water. When they could see to the bottom there lay a wild man whose body was brown like rusty iron, and whose hair hung over his face down to his knees. They bound him with cords, and led him away to the castle. There was great astonishment over the wild man; the King, however, had him put in an iron cage in his court-yard, and forbade the door to be opened on pain of death, and the Queen herself was to take the key into her keeping. And from

this time forth every one could again go into the forest with safety.

The King had a son of eight years, who was once playing in the court-yard, and while he was playing, his golden ball fell into the cage. The boy ran thither and said, "Give me my ball out." "Not till thou hast opened the door for me," answered the man. "No," said the boy, "I will not do that; the King has forbidden it," and ran away. The next day he again went and asked for his ball; the wild man said, "Open my door," but the boy would not. On the third day the King had ridden out hunting, and the boy went once more and said, "I cannot open the door even if I wished, for I have not the key." Then the wild man said, "It lies under thy mother's pillow, thou canst get it there." The boy, who wanted to have his ball back, cast all thought to the winds, and brought the key. The door opened with difficulty, and the boy pinched his fingers. When it was open the wild man stepped out, gave him the golden ball, and hurried away. The boy had become afraid; he called and cried after him, "Oh, wild man, do not go away, or I shall be beaten!" The wild man turned back, took him up, set him on his shoulder, and went with hasty steps into the forest. When the King came home, he observed the empty cage, and asked the Queen how that had happened? She knew nothing about it, and sought the key, but it was gone. She called the boy, but no one answered. The King sent out people to seek for him in the fields, but they did not find him. Then he could easily guess what had happened, and much grief reigned in the royal court.

When the wild man had once more reached the dark forest, he took the boy down from his shoulder, and said to him, "Thou wilt never see thy father and mother again, but I will keep thee with me, for thou hast set me free, and I have compassion on thee. If thou dost all I bid thee, thou shalt fare well. Of treasure and gold have I enough, and more than any one in the world." He made a bed of moss for the boy on which he slept, and the next morning the man took him to a well, and said, "Behold, the gold well is as bright and clear as crystal, thou shalt sit

beside it, and take care that nothing falls into it, or it will be polluted. I will come every evening to see if thou hast obeyed my order." The boy placed himself by the margin of the well, and often saw a golden fish or a golden snake show itself therein, and took care that nothing fell in. As he was thus sitting, his finger hurt him so violently that he involuntarily put it in the water. He drew it quickly out again, but saw that it was quite gilded, and whatsoever pains he took to wash the gold off again, all was to no purpose. In the evening Iron John came back, looked at the boy, and said, "What has happened to the well?" "Nothing, nothing," he answered, and held his finger behind his back, that the man might not see it. But he said, "Thou hast dipped thy finger into the water, this time it may pass, but take care thou dost not again let anything go in." By daybreak the boy was already sitting by the well and watching it. His finger hurt him again and he passed it over his head, and then unhappily a hair fell down into the well. He took it quickly out, but it was already quite gilded. Iron John came, and already knew what had happened. "Thou hast let a hair fall into the well," said he. "I will allow thee to watch by it once more, but if this happens for the third time then the well is polluted, and thou canst no longer remain with me."

On the third day, the boy sat by the well, and did not stir his finger, however much it hurt him. But the time was long to him, and he looked at the reflection of his face on the surface of the water. And as he still bent down more and more while he was doing so, and trying to look straight into the eyes, his long hair fell down from his shoulders into the water. He raised himself up quickly, but the whole of the hair of his head was already golden and shone like the sun. You may imagine how terrified the poor boy was! He took his pocket-handkerchief and tied it round his head, in order that the man might not see it. When he came he already knew everything, and said, "Take the handkerchief off." Then the golden hair streamed forth, and let the boy excuse himself as he might, it was of no use. "Thou hast not stood the trial, and canst stay here no longer. Go forth into the

world, there thou wilt learn what poverty is. But as thou hast not a bad heart, and as I mean well by thee, there is one thing I will grant thee; if thou fallest into any difficulty, come to the forest and cry, "Iron John," and then I will come and help thee. My power is great, greater than thou thinkest, and I have gold and silver in abundance."

Then the King's son left the forest, and walked by beaten and unbeaten paths ever onwards until at length he reached a great city. There he looked for work, but could find none, and he had learnt nothing by which he could help himself. At length he went to the palace, and asked if they would take him in. The people about court did not at all know what use they could make of him, but they liked him, and told him to stay. At length the cook took him into his service, and said he might carry wood and water, and rake the cinders together. Once when it so happened that no one else was at hand, the cook ordered him to carry the food to the royal table, but as he did not like to let his golden hair be seen, he kept his little cap on. Such a thing as that had never yet come under the King's notice, and he said, "When thou comest to the royal table thou must take thy hat off." He answered, "Ah, Lord, I cannot; I have a bad sore place on my head." Then the King had the cook called before him and scolded him, and asked how he could take such a boy as that into his service; and that he was to turn him off at once. The cook, however, had pity on him, and exchanged him for the gardener's boy.

And now the boy had to plant and water the garden, hoe and dig, and bear the wind and bad weather. Once in summer when he was working alone in the garden, the day was so warm he took his little cap off that the air might cool him. As the sun shone on his hair it glittered and flashed so that the rays fell into the bed-room of the King's daughter, and up she sprang to see what that could be. Then she saw the boy, and cried to him, "Boy, bring me a wreath of flowers." He put his cap on with all haste, and gathered wild field-flowers and bound them together. When he was ascending the stairs with them, the gardener met him, and said, "How canst thou

take the King's daughter a garland of such common flowers? Go quickly, and get another, and seek out the prettiest and rarest." "Oh, no," replied the boy, "the wild ones have more scent, and will please her better." When he got into the room, the King's daughter said, "Take thy cap off, it is not seemly to keep it on in my presence." He again said, "I may not, I have a sore head." She, however, caught at his cap and pulled it off, and then his golden hair rolled down on his shoulders, and it was splendid to behold. He wanted to run out, but she held him by the arm, and gave him a handful of ducats. With these he departed, but he cared nothing for the gold pieces. He took them to the gardener, and said, "I present them to thy children, they can play with them." The following day the King's daughter again called to him that he was to bring her a wreath of field-flowers, and when he went in with it, she instantly snatched at his cap, and wanted to take it away from him, but he held it fast with both hands. She again gave him a handful of ducats, but he would not keep them, and gave them to the gardener for playthings for his children. On the third day things went just the same; she could not get his cap away from him, and he would not have her money.

Not long afterwards, the country was overrun by war. The King gathered together his people, and did not know whether or not he could offer any opposition to the enemy, who was superior in strength and had a mighty army. Then said the gardener's boy, "I am grown up, and will go to the wars also, only give me a horse." The others laughed, and said, "Seek one for thyself when we are gone, we will leave one behind us in the stable for thee." When they had gone forth, he went into the stable, and got the horse out; it was lame of one foot, and limped hobblety jig, hobblety jig; nevertheless he mounted it, and rode away to the dark forest. When he came to the outskirts, he called "Iron John" three times so loudly that it echoed through the trees. Thereupon the wild man appeared immediately, and said, "What dost thou desire?" "I want a strong steed, for I am going to the wars." "That thou shalt have, and still more than thou askest for."

Then the wild man went back into the forest, and it was not long before a stable-boy came out of it, who led a horse that snorted with its nostrils, and could hardly be restrained, and behind them followed a great troop of soldiers entirely equipped in iron, and their swords flashed in the sun. The youth made over his three-legged horse to the stable-boy, mounted the other, and rode at the head of the soldiers. When he got near the battle-field a great part of the King's men had already fallen, and little was wanting to make the rest give way. Then the youth galloped thither with his iron soldiers, broke like a hurricane over the enemy, and beat down all who opposed him. They began to fly, but the youth pursued, and never stopped, until there was not a single man left. Instead, however, of returning to the King, he conducted his troop by bye-ways back to the forest, and called forth Iron John. "What dost thou desire?" asked the wild man. "Take back thy horse and thy troops, and give me my three-legged horse again." All that he asked was done, and soon he was riding on his three-legged horse. When the King returned to his palace, his daughter went to meet him, and wished him joy of his victory. "I am not the one who carried away the victory," said he, "but a stranger knight who came to my assistance with his soldiers." The daughter wanted to hear who the strange knight was, but the King did not know, and said, "He followed the enemy, and I did not see him again." She inquired of the gardener where his boy was, but he smiled, and said, "He has just come home on his three-legged horse, and the others have been mocking him, and crying, "Here comes our hobblety jig back again!" They asked, too, "Under what hedge hast thou been lying sleeping all the time?" He, however, said, "I did the best of all, and it would have gone badly without me." And then he was still more ridiculed."

The King said to his daughter, "I will proclaim a great feast that shall last for three days, and thou shalt throw a golden apple. Perhaps the unknown will come to it." When the feast was announced, the youth went out to the forest, and called Iron John. "What dost thou desire?" asked he. "That I may catch the King's

daughter's golden apple." "It is as safe as if thou hadst it already," said Iron John. "Thou shalt likewise have a suit of red armour for the occasion, and ride on a spirited chestnut-horse." When the day came, the youth galloped to the spot, took his place amongst the knights, and was recognized by no one. The King's daughter came forward, and threw a golden apple to the knights, but none of them caught it but he, only as soon as he had it he galloped away.

On the second day Iron John equipped him as a white knight, and gave him a white horse. Again he was the only one who caught the apple, and he did not linger an instant, but galloped off with it. The King grew angry, and said, "That is not allowed; he must appear before me and tell his name." He gave the order that if the knight who caught the apple, should go away again they should pursue him, and if he would not come back willingly, they were to cut him down and stab him.

On the third day, he received from Iron John a suit of black armour and a black horse, and again he caught the apple. But when he was riding off with it, the King's attendants pursued him, and one of them got so near him that he wounded the youth's leg with the point of his sword. The youth nevertheless escaped from them, but his horse leapt so violently that the helmet fell from the youth's head, and they could see that he had golden hair. They rode back and announced this to the King.

The following day the King's daughter asked the gardener about his boy. "He is at work in the garden; the queer creature has been at the festival too, and only came home yesterday evening; he has likewise shown my children three golden apples which he has won."

The King had him summoned into his presence, and he came and again had his little cap on his head. But the King's daughter went up to him and took it off, and then his golden hair fell down over his shoulders, and he was so handsome that all were amazed. "Art thou the knight who came every day to the festival, always in different colours, and who caught the three golden apples?" asked the King. "Yes," answered he, "and here the apples are," and he took them out of his pocket, and

returned them to the King. "If you desire further proof, you may see the wound which your people gave me when they followed me. But I am likewise the knight who helped you to your victory over your enemies." "If thou canst perform such deeds as that, thou art no gardener's boy; tell me, who is thy father?" "My father is a mighty King, and gold have I in plenty as great as I require." "I well see," said the King, "that I owe thanks to thee; can I do anything to please thee?" "Yes," answered he, "that indeed you can. Give me your daughter to wife." The maiden laughed, and said, "He does not stand much on ceremony, but I have already seen by his golden hair that he was no gardener's boy," and then she went and kissed him. His father and mother came to the wedding, and were in great delight, for they had given up all hope of ever seeing their dear son again. And as they were sitting at the marriage-feast, the music suddenly stopped, the doors opened, and a stately King came in with a great retinue. He went up to the youth, embraced him and said, "I am Iron John, and was by enchantment a wild man, but thou hast set me free; all the treasures which I possess, shall be thy property."

137.—THE THREE BLACK PRINCESSES.

EAST INDIA * was besieged by an enemy who would not retire until he had received six hundred dollars. Then the townsfolk caused it to be proclaimed by beat of drum that whosoever was able to procure the money should be burgomaster. Now there was a poor fisherman who fished on the lake with his son, and the enemy came and took the son prisoner, and gave the father six hundred dollars for him. So the father went and gave

* Here is an instance of the amusing contempt of geography which sometimes occurs in these stories. This is a confused fragment, but the mention of East India brings the beginning of the story, at all events, down to modern times.—TR.

them to the great men of the town, and the enemy departed, and the fisherman became burgomaster. Then it was proclaimed that whosoever did not say, "Mr. Burgomaster," should be put to death on the gallows.

The son got away again from the enemy, and came to a great forest on a high mountain. The mountain opened, and he went into a great enchanted castle, wherein chairs, tables, and benches were all hung with black. Then came three young princesses who were entirely dressed in black, but had a little white on their faces; they told him he was not to be afraid, they would not hurt him, and that he could deliver them. He said he would gladly do that, if he did but know how. On this, they told him he must for a whole year not speak to them and also not look at them, and what he wanted to have he was just to ask for, and if they dared give him an answer they would do so. When he had been there for a long while he said he should like to go to his father, and they told him he might go. He was to take with him this purse with money, put on this coat, and in a week he must be back there again.

Then he was caught up, and was instantly in East India. He could no longer find his father in the fisherman's hut, and asked the people where the poor fisherman could be, and they told him he must not say that, or he would come to the gallows. Then he went to his father and said, "Fisherman, how hast thou got here?" Then the father said, "Thou must not say that, if the great men of the town knew of that, thou wouldst come to the gallows." He, however, would not stop, and was brought to the gallows. When he was there, he said, "O, my masters, just give me leave to go to the old fisherman's hut." Then he put on his old smock-frock, and came back to the great men, and said, "Do ye not now see? Am I not the son of the poor fisherman? Did I not earn bread for my father and mother in this dress?" Hereupon his father knew him again, and begged his pardon, and took him home with him, and then he related all that had happened to him, and how he had got into a forest on a high mountain, and the mountain had opened and he had gone into an enchanted castle, where all was black,

and three young princesses had come to him who were black except a little white on their faces. And they had told him not to fear, and that he could deliver them. Then his mother said that might very likely not be a good thing to do, and that he ought to take a holy-water vessel with him, and drop some boiling water on their faces.

He went back again, and he was in great fear, and he dropped the water on their faces as they were sleeping, and they all turned half-white. Then all the three princesses sprang up, and said, "Thou accursed dog, our blood shall cry for vengeance on thee! Now there is no man born in the world, nor will any ever be born who can set us free! We have still three brothers who are bound by seven chains—they shall tear thee to pieces." Then there was a loud shrieking all over the castle, and he sprang out of the window, and broke his leg, and the castle sank into the earth again, the mountain shut to again, and no one knew where the castle had stood.

138.—KNOIST AND HIS THREE SONS.

BETWEEN Werrel and Soist there lived a man whose name was Knoist, and he had three sons. One was blind, the other lame, and the third stark-naked. Once on a time they went into a field, and there they saw a hare. The blind one shot it, the lame one caught it, the naked one put it in his pocket. Then they came to a mighty big lake, on which there were three boats, one sailed, one sank, the third had no bottom to it. They all three got into the one with no bottom to it. Then they came to a mighty big forest in which there was a mighty big tree; in the tree was a mighty big chapel—in the chapel was a sexton made of beech-wood and a box-wood parson, who dealt out holy-water with cudgels.

"How truly happy is that one
Who can from holy water run!"

139.—THE MAID OF BRAKEL.

A GIRL from Brakel once went to St. Anne's Chapel at the foot of the Hinnenberg, and as she wanted to have a husband, and thought there was no one else in the chapel, she sang,

"Oh, holy Saint Anne!
Help me soon to a man.*
Thou know'st him right well,
By Suttmer gate does he dwell,
His hair it is golden,
Thou know'st him right well."

The clerk, however, was standing behind the altar and heard that, so he cried in a very gruff voice, "Thou shalt not have him! Thou shalt not have him!" The maiden thought that the child Mary who stood by her mother Anne had called out that to her, and was angry, and cried, "Fiddle de dee, conceited thing, hold your tongue, and let your mother speak!"

140.—DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

"WHITHER goest thou?" "To Walpe." "I to Walpe, thou to Walpe, so, so, together we'll go."

"Hast thou a man? What is his name?" "Cham." "My man Cham, thy man Cham; I to Walpe, thou to Walpe; so, so, together we'll go." "Hast thou a child; how is he styled?" "Wild." "My child Wild, thy child Wild; my man Cham, thy man Cham; I to Walpe, thou to Walpe, so, so, together we'll go." "Hast thou a cradle? How callest thou thy cradle?" "Hippodadle." "My cradle Hippodadle, my child Wild, thy child Wild, my man Cham, thy man Cham; I to Walpe, thou to Walpe, so, so, together we'll go."

"Hast thou also a drudge? what name has thy drudge?"

* Husband.

"From-thy-work-do-not-budge." "My drudge, From-thy-work-do-not-budge, thy drudge. From-thy-work-do-not-budge: my child Wild, thy child Wild; my man Cham, thy man Cham; I to Walpe, thou to Walpe; so, so, together we'll go."

141.—THE LAMBKIN AND THE LITTLE FISH.

THERE were once a little brother and a little sister, who loved each other with all their hearts. Their own mother was, however, dead, and they had a step-mother, who was not kind to them, and secretly did everything she could to hurt them. It so happened that the two were playing with other children in a meadow before the house, and there was a pond in the meadow which came up to one side of the house. The children ran about it, and caught each other, and played at counting out.

"Eneke Beneke, let me live,
And I to thee my bird will give.
The little bird, it straw shall seek,
The straw I'll give to the cow to eat.
The pretty cow shall give me milk,
The milk I'll to the baker take.
The baker he shall bake a cake,
The cake I'll give unto the cat.
The cat shall catch some mice for that,
The mice I'll hang up in the smoke,
And then you'll see the *snow*."

They stood in a circle while they played this, and the one to whom the word snow fell, had to run away and all the others ran after him and caught him. As they were running about so merrily the step-mother watched them from the window, and grew angry. And as she understood arts of witchcraft she bewitched them both, and changed the little brother into a fish, and the little sister into a lamb. Then the fish swam here and there about the pond and was very sad, and the lambkin walked up and down the meadow, and was miserable, and could not eat or touch one blade of grass. Thus passed a long time, and then

strangers came as visitors to the castle. The false step-mother thought, "This is a good opportunity," and called the cook and said to him, "Go and fetch the lamb from the meadow and kill it, we have nothing else for the visitors." Then the cook went away and got the lamb, and took it into the kitchen and tied its feet, and all this it bore patiently. When he had drawn out his knife and was whetting it on the door-step to kill the lamb, he noticed a little fish swimming backwards and forwards in the water, in front of the kitchen-sink and looking up at him. This, however, was the brother, for when the fish saw the cook take the lamb away, it followed them and swam along the pond to the house; then the lamb cried down to it,

"Ah, brother, in the pond so deep,
How sad is my poor heart!
Even now the cook he whets his knife
To take away my tender life."

The little fish answered,

"Ah, little sister, up on high
How sad is my poor heart
While in this pond I lie."

When the cook heard that the lambkin could speak and said such sad words to the fish down below, he was terrified and thought this could be no common lamb, but must be bewitched by the wicked woman in the house. Then said he, "Be easy, I will not kill thee," and took another sheep and made it ready for the guests, and conveyed the lambkin to a good peasant woman, to whom he related all that he had seen and heard.

The peasant was, however, the very woman who had been foster-mother to the little sister, and she suspected at once who the lamb was, and went with it to a wise woman. Then the wise woman pronounced a blessing over the lambkin and the little fish, by means of which they regained their human forms, and after this she took them both into a little hut in a great forest, where they lived alone, but were contented and happy.

142.—SIMELI MOUNTAIN.

THERE were once two brothers, the one rich, the other poor. The rich one, however, gave nothing to the poor one, and he gained a scanty living by trading in corn, and often did so badly that he had no bread for his wife and children. Once when he was wheeling a barrow through the forest he saw, on one side of him, a great, bare, naked-looking mountain, and as he had never seen it before, he stood still and stared at it with amazement.

While he was thus standing he saw twelve great, wild men coming towards him, and as he believed they were robbers he pushed his barrow into the thicket, climbed up a tree, and waited to see what would happen. The twelve men, however, went to the mountain and cried, "Semsi mountain, Semsi mountain, open," and immediately the barren mountain opened down the middle, and the twelve went into it, and as soon as they were within, it shut. After a short time, however, it opened again, and the men came forth carrying heavy sacks on their shoulders, and when they were all once more in the daylight they said, "Semsi mountain, Semsi mountain, shut thyself;" then the mountain closed together, and there was no longer any entrance to be seen to it, and the twelve went away.

When they were quite out of sight the poor man got down from the tree, and was curious to know what really was secretly hidden in the mountain. So he went up to it and said, "Semsi mountain, Semsi mountain, open," and the mountain opened to him also. Then he went inside, and the whole mountain was a cavern full of silver and gold, and behind lay great piles of pearls and sparkling jewels, heaped up like corn. The poor man hardly knew what to do, and whether he might take any of these treasures for himself or not; but at last he filled his pockets with gold, but he left the pearls and precious stones where they were. When he came out again he also said, "Semsi mountain, Semsi mountain, shut thyself;" and the mountain closed itself, and he went home with his barrow.

And now he had no more cause for anxiety, but could

buy bread for his wife and children with his gold, and wine into the bargain. He lived joyously and uprightly, gave help to the poor, and did good to every one. When, however, the money came to an end he went to his brother, borrowed a measure that held a bushel, and brought himself some more, but did not touch any of the most valuable things. When for the third time he wanted to fetch something, he again borrowed the measure of his brother. The rich man had, however, long been envious of his brother's possessions, and of the handsome way of living which he had set on foot, and could not understand from whence the riches came, and what his brother wanted with the measure. Then he thought of a cunning trick, and covered the bottom of the measure with pitch, and when he got the measure back a piece of money was sticking in it. He at once went to his brother and asked him, "What hast thou been measuring in the bushel measure?" "Corn and barley," said the other. Then he showed him the piece of money, and threatened that if he did not tell the truth he would accuse him before a court of justice. The poor man then told him everything, just as it had happened. The rich man, however, ordered his carriage to be made ready, and drove away, resolved to use the opportunity better than his brother had done, and to bring back with him quite different treasures.

When he came to the mountain he cried, "Semsi mountain, Semsi mountain, open." The mountain opened, and he went inside it. There lay the treasures all before him, and for a long time he did not know which to clutch at first. At length he loaded himself with as many precious stones as he could carry. He wished to carry his burden outside, but, as his heart and soul were entirely full of the treasures, he had forgotten the name of the mountain, and cried, "Simeli mountain, Simeli mountain, open." That, however, was not the right name, and the mountain never stirred, but remained shut. Then he was alarmed, but the longer he thought about it the more his thoughts confused themselves, and his treasures were no more of any use to him. In the evening the mountain opened, and the twelve robbers came in, and when they saw him they laughed, and cried out, "Bird, have we caught thee at last! Didst thou

think we had never noticed that thou hadst been in here twice? We could not catch thee then; this third time thou shalt not get out again!" Then he cried, "It was not I, it was my brother," but let him beg for his life and say what he would, they cut his head off.

143.—GOING A TRAVELLING.

THERE was once a poor woman who had a son, who much wished to travel, but his mother said, "How canst thou travel? We have no money at all for thee to take away with thee." Then said the son, "I will manage very well for myself; I will always say, Not much, not much, not much."

So he walked for a long time and always said, "Not much, not much, not much." Then he passed by a company of fishermen and said, "God speed you! not much, not much, not much." "What sayst thou churl, 'not much?'" And when the net was drawn out they had not caught much fish. So one of them fell on the youth with a stick and said, "Hast thou never seen me threshing?" "What ought I to say, then?" asked the youth. "Thou must say, 'Get it full, get it full.'" After this he again walked a long time, and said, "Get it full, get it full," until he came to the gallows, where they had got a poor sinner whom they were about to hang. Then said he, "Good morning; get it full, get it full." "What sayst thou, knave, get it full? Dost thou want to make out that there are still more wicked people in the world—is not this enough?" And he again got some blows on his back. "What am I to say, then?" said he. "Thou must say, may God have pity on the poor soul."

Again the youth walked on for a long while and said, "May God have pity on the poor soul!" Then he came to a pit by which stood a knacker who was cutting up a horse. The youth said, "Good morning; God have pity on the poor soul!" "What dost thou say, thou ill-

tempered knave?" and the knacker gave him such a box on the ear, that he could not see out of his eyes. "What am I to say, then?" "Thou must say, 'There lies the carrion in the pit!'"

So he walked on, and always said, "There lies the carrion in the pit, there lies the carrion in the pit." And he came to a cart full of people, so he said, "Good morning, there lies the carrion in the pit!" Then the cart pushed him into a hole, and the driver took his whip and cracked it upon the youth, till he was forced to crawl back to his mother, and as long as he lived he never went out a-travelling again.

144.—THE DONKEY.

ONCE on a time there lived a King and a Queen, who were rich, and had everything they wanted, but no children. The Queen lamented over this day and night, and said, "I am like a field on which nothing grows." At last God gave her her wish, but when the child came into the world, it did not look like a human child, but was a little donkey. When the mother saw that, her lamentations and outcries began in real earnest; she said she would far rather have had no child at all than have a donkey, and that they were to throw it into the water that the fishes might devour it. But the King said, "No, since God has sent him he shall be my son and heir, and after my death sit on the royal throne, and wear the kingly crown." The donkey, therefore, was brought up and grew bigger, and his ears grew up beautifully high and straight. He was, however, of a merry disposition, jumped about, played and had especial pleasure in music, so that he went to a celebrated musician and said, "Teach me thine art, that I may play the lute as well as thou dost." "Ah, dear little master," answered the musician, "that would come very hard to you, your fingers are certainly not suited to it, and are far too big. I am afraid the strings would not

last." No excuses were of any use. The donkey was determined to play the lute; he was persevering and industrious, and at last learnt to do it as well as the master himself. The young lordling once went out walking full of thought and came to a well, he looked into it and in the mirror-clear water saw his donkey's form. He was so distressed about it, that he went out into the wide world and only took with him one faithful companion. They travelled up and down, and at last they came into a kingdom where an old King reigned who had an only but wonderfully beautiful daughter. The donkey said, "Here we will stay," knocked at the gate, and cried, "A guest is without—open, that he may enter." As, however, the gate was not opened, he sat down, took his lute and played it in the most delightful manner with his two fore-feet. Then the door-keeper opened his eyes most wonderfully wide, and ran to the King and said, "Outside by the gate sits a young donkey which plays the lute as well as an experienced master!" "Then let the musician come to me," said the King. When, however, a donkey came in, every one began to laugh at the lute-player. And now the donkey was to sit down and eat with the servants. He, however, was unwilling, and said, "I am no common stable-ass, I am a noble one." Then they said, "If that is what thou art, seat thyself with the men of war." "No," said he, "I will sit by the King." The King smiled, and said good-humouredly, "Yes, it shall be as thou wilt, little ass, come here to me." Then he asked, "Little ass, how does my daughter please thee?" The donkey turned his head towards her, looked at her, nodded and said, "I like her above measure, I have never yet seen any one so beautiful as she is." "Well, then, thou shalt sit next her too," said the King. "That is exactly what I wish," said the donkey, and he placed himself by her side, ate and drank, and knew how to behave himself daintily and cleanly. When the noble beast had stayed a long time at the King's court, he thought, "What good does all this do me, I shall still have to go home again?" let his head hang sadly, and went to the King and asked for his dismissal. But the King had grown fond of him, and said, "Little ass, what ails thee? Thou lookest as sour

as a jug of vinegar, I will give thee what thou wantest. Dost thou want gold?" "No," said the donkey, and shook his head. "Dost thou want jewels and rich dress?" "No." "Dost thou wish for half my kingdom?" "Indeed, no." Then said the King, "If I did but know what would make thee content. Wilt thou have my pretty daughter to wife?" "Ah, yes," said the ass, "I should indeed like her," and all at once he became quite merry and full of happiness, for that was exactly what he was wishing for. So a great and splendid wedding was held. In the evening, when the bride and bridegroom were led into their bed-room, the King wanted to know if the ass would behave well, and ordered a servant to hide himself there. When they were both within, the bridegroom bolted the door, looked around, and as he believed that they were quite alone, he suddenly threw off his ass's skin, and stood there in the form of a handsome royal youth. "Now," said he, "thou seest who I am, and seest also that I am not unworthy of thee." Then the bride was glad, and kissed him, and loved him dearly. When morning came, he jumped up, put his animal's skin on again, and no one could have guessed what kind of a form was hidden beneath it. Soon came the old King, "Ah," cried he, "is the little ass merry? But surely thou art sad," said he to his daughter, "that thou hast not got a proper man for thy husband?" "Oh, no, dear father, I love him as well as if he were the handsomest in the world, and I will keep him as long as I live." The King was surprised, but the servant who had concealed himself came and revealed everything to him. The King said, "That cannot be true." "Then watch yourself the next night, and you will see it with your own eyes; and hark you, lord King, if you were to take his skin away and throw it in the fire, he would be forced to show himself in his true shape." "Thy advice is good," said the King, and at night when they were asleep, he stole in, and when he got to the bed he saw by the light of the moon a noble-looking youth lying there, and the skin lay stretched on the ground. So he took it away, and had a great fire lighted outside, and threw the skin into it, and remained

by it himself until it was all burnt to ashes. As, however, he was anxious to know how the robbed man would behave himself, he stayed awake the whole night and watched. When the youth had slept his sleep out, he got up by the first light of morning, and wanted to put on the ass's skin, but it was not to be found. On this he was alarmed, and, full of grief and anxiety, said, "Now I shall have to contrive to escape." But when he went out, there stood the King, who said, "My son, whither away in such haste? what hast thou in thy mind? Stay here, thou art such a handsome man, thou shalt not go away from me. I will now give thee half my kingdom, and after my death thou shalt have the whole of it." "Then I hope that what begins so well may end well, and I will stay with you," said the youth. And the old man gave him half the kingdom, and in a year's time, when he died, the youth had the whole, and after the death of his father he had another kingdom as well, and lived in all magnificence.

145.—THE UNGRATEFUL SON.

A MAN and his wife were once sitting by the door of their house, and they had a roasted chicken set before them, and were about to eat it together. Then the man saw that his aged father was coming, and hastily took the chicken and hid it, for he would not permit him to have any of it. The old man came, took a drink, and went away. Now the son wanted to put the roasted chicken on the table again, but when he took it up, it had become a great toad, which jumped into his face and sat there and never went away again, and if any one wanted to take it off, it looked venomously at him as if it would jump in his face, so that no one would venture to touch it. And the ungrateful son was forced to feed the toad every day, or else it fed itself on his face; and thus he went about the world without knowing rest.

146.—THE TURNIP.

THERE were once two brothers who both served as soldiers; one of them was rich, and the other poor. Then the poor one, to escape from his poverty, put off his soldier's coat, and turned farmer. He dug and hoed his bit of land, and sowed it with turnip-seed. The seed came up, and one turnip grew there which became large and vigorous, and visibly grew bigger and bigger, and seemed as if it would never stop growing, so that it might have been called the princess of turnips, for never was such an one seen before, and never will such an one be seen again.

At length it was so enormous that by itself it filled a whole cart, and two oxen were required to draw it, and the farmer had not the least idea what he was to do with the turnip, or whether it would be a fortune to him or a misfortune. At last he thought, "If thou sellest it, what wilt thou get for it that is of any importance, and if thou eatest it thyself, why the small turnips would do thee just as much good; it would be better to take it to the King, and make him a present of it."

So he placed it on a cart, harnessed two oxen, took it to the palace, and presented it to the King. "What strange thing is this?" said the King. "Many wonderful things have come before my eyes, but never such a monster as this! From what seed can this have sprung, or are you a luck-child and have met with it by chance?" "Ah, no!" said the farmer, "no luck-child am I. I am a poor soldier, who because he could no longer support himself hung his soldier's coat on a nail and took to farming land. I have a brother who is rich and well known to you, Lord King, but I, because I have nothing, am forgotten by every one."

Then the King felt compassion for him, and said, "Thou shalt be raised from thy poverty, and shalt have such gifts from me that thou shalt be equal to thy rich brother." Then he bestowed on him much gold, and lands, and meadows, and herds, and made him immensely rich, so that the wealth of the other brother could not be compared with his. When the rich brother heard what the poor one

had gained for himself with one single turnip, he envied him, and thought in every way how he also could get hold of a similar piece of luck. He would, however, set about it in a much wiser way, and took gold and horses and carried them to the King, and made certain the King would give him a much larger present in return. If his brother had got so much for one turnip, what would he not carry away with him in return for such beautiful things as these? The King accepted his present, and said he had nothing to give him in return that was more rare and excellent than the great turnip. So the rich man was obliged to put his brother's turnip in a cart and have it taken to his home. When there he did not know on whom to vent his rage and anger, until bad thoughts came to him, and he resolved to kill his brother. He hired murderers, who were to lie in ambush, and then he went to his brother and said, "Dear brother, I know of a hidden treasure, we will dig it up together, and divide it between us." The other agreed to this, and accompanied him without suspicion. While they were on their way, however, the murderers fell on him, bound him, and would have hanged him to a tree. But just as they were doing this, loud singing and the sound of a horse's feet were heard in the distance. On this their hearts were filled with terror, and they pushed their prisoner head first into the sack, hung it on a branch, and took to flight. He, however, worked up there until he had made a hole in the sack through which he could put his head. The man who was coming by was no other than a travelling student, a young fellow who rode on his way through the wood joyously singing his song. When he who was aloft saw that some one was passing below him, he cried, "Good day! You have come at a lucky time." The student looked round on every side, but did not know whence the voice came. At last he said, "Who calls me?" Then an answer came from the top of the tree, "Raise your eyes; here I sit aloft in the Sack of Wisdom. In a short time have I learnt great things; compared with this all schools are a jest; in a very short time I shall have learnt everything, and shall descend wiser than all other men. I understand the stars, and the signs of the zodiac, and the tracks of the

winds, the sand of the sea, the healing of illness, and the virtues of all herbs, birds, and stones. If you were once within it you would feel what noble things issue forth from the Sack of Knowledge."

The student, when he heard all this, was astonished, and said, "Blessed be the hour in which I have found thee! May not I also enter the sack for a while?" He who was above replied as if unwillingly, "For a short time I will let you get into it, if you reward me and give me good words; but you must wait an hour longer, for one thing remains which I must learn before I do it." When the student had waited a while he became impatient, and begged to be allowed to get in at once, his thirst for knowledge was so very great. So he who was above pretended at last to yield, and said, "In order that I may come forth from the house of knowledge you must let it down by the rope, and then you shall enter it." So the student let the sack down, untied it, and set him free, and then cried, "Now draw me up at once," and was about to get into the sack. "Halt!" said the other, "that won't do," and took him by the head and put him upside down into the sack, fastened it, and drew the disciple of wisdom up the tree by the rope. Then he swung him in the air and said, "How goes it with thee, my dear fellow? Behold, already thou feelest wisdom coming, and art gaining valuable experience. Keep perfectly quiet until thou becomest wiser." Thereupon he mounted the student's horse and rode away, but in an hour's time sent some one to let the student out again.

147.—THE OLD MAN MADE YOUNG AGAIN.

IN the time when our Lord still walked this earth, he and St. Peter stopped one evening at a smith's and received free quarters. Then it came to pass that a poor beggar, hardly pressed by age and infirmity, came to this house and begged alms of the smith. St. Peter had compassion on him and said, "Lord and master, if it please thee, cure

his torments that he may be able to win his own bread." The Lord said kindly, "Smith, lend me thy forge, and put on some coals for me, and then I will make this ailing old man young again." The smith was quite willing, and St. Peter blew the bellows, and when the coal fire sparkled up large and high our Lord took the little old man, pushed him in the forge in the midst of the red-hot fire, so that he glowed like a rose-bush, and praised God with a loud voice. After that the Lord went to the quenching tub, put the glowing little man into it so that the water closed over him, and after he had carefully cooled him, gave him his blessing, when behold the little man sprang nimbly out, looking fresh, straight, healthy, and as if he were but twenty. The smith, who had watched everything closely and attentively, invited them all to supper. He, however, had an old half-blind crooked mother-in-law who went to the youth, and with great earnestness asked if the fire had burnt him much. He answered that he had never felt more comfortable, and that he had sat in the red heat as if he had been in cool dew. The youth's words echoed in the ears of the old woman all night long, and early next morning, when the Lord had gone on his way again and had heartily thanked the smith, the latter thought he might make his old mother-in-law young again likewise, as he had watched everything so carefully, and it lay in the province of his trade. So he called to ask her if she, too, would like to go bounding about like a girl of eighteen. She said, "With all my heart, as the youth has come out of it so well." So the smith made a great fire, and thrust the old woman into it, and she writhed about this way and that, and uttered terrible cries of murder. "Sit still; why art thou screaming and jumping about so?" cried he, and as he spoke he blew the bellows again until all her rags were burnt. The old woman cried without ceasing, and the smith thought to himself, "I have not quite the right art," and took her out and threw her into the cooling-tub. Then she screamed so loudly that the smith's wife upstairs and her daughter-in-law heard, and they both ran downstairs, and saw the old woman lying in a heap in the quenching-tub, howling and screaming, with her face wrinkled and shrivelled and all out of shape. Thereupon

the two, who were both with child, were so terrified that that very night two boys were born who were not made like men but apes, and they ran into the woods, and from them sprang the race of apes.

148.—THE LORD'S ANIMALS AND THE DEVIL'S.

THE Lord God had created all animals, and had chosen out the wolf to be his dog, but he had forgotten the goat. Then the Devil made ready and began to create also, and created goats with fine long tails. Now when they went to pasture, they generally remained caught in the hedges by their tails, then the Devil had to go there and disentangle them, with a great deal of trouble. This enraged him at last, and he went and bit off the tail of every goat, as may be seen to this day by the stump. Then he let them go to pasture alone, but it came to pass that the Lord God perceived how at one time they gnawed away at a fruitful tree, at another injured the noble vines, or destroyed other tender plants. This distressed him, so that in his goodness and mercy he summoned his wolves, who soon tore in pieces the goats that went there. When the devil observed this, he went before the Lord and said, "Thy creatures have destroyed mine." The Lord answered, "Why didst thou create things to do harm?" The Devil said, "I was compelled to do it: inasmuch as my thoughts run on evil, what I create can have no other nature, and thou must pay me heavy damages." "I will pay thee as soon as the oak leaves fall; come then, thy money will then be ready counted out." When the oak-leaves had fallen, the Devil came and demanded what was due to him. But the Lord said, "In the church of Constantinople stands a tall oak-tree which still has all its leaves." With raging and curses, the Devil departed, and went to seek the oak, wandered in the wilderness for six months before he found it, and when he returned, all the oaks had in the meantime covered themselves again with green leaves. Then he had to forfeit his indemnity, and

in his rage he put out the eyes of all the remaining goats, and put his own in instead.

This is why all goats have devil's eyes, and their tails bitten off, and why he likes to assume their shape.

149.—THE BEAM.*

THERE was once an enchanter who was standing in the midst of a great crowd of people performing his wonders. He had a cock brought in, which lifted a heavy beam and carried it as if it were as light as a feather. But a girl was present who had just found a bit of four-leaved clover, and had thus become so wise that no deception could stand out against her, and she saw that the beam was nothing but a straw. So she cried, "You people, do you not see that it is a straw that the cock is carrying, and no beam?" Immediately the enchantment vanished, and the people saw what it was, and drove the magician away in shame and disgrace. He, however, full of inward anger, said, "I will soon revenge myself?"

After some time the girl's wedding-day came, and she was decked out, and went in a great procession over the fields to the place where the church was. All at once she came to a stream which was very much swollen, and there was no bridge and no plank to cross it. Then the bride nimbly took her clothes up, and wanted to wade through it. And just as she was thus standing in the water, a man, and it was the enchanter, cried mockingly close beside her, "Aha! Where are thine eyes that thou takest that for water?" Then her eyes were opened, and she saw that she was standing with her clothes lifted up in the middle of a field that was blue with the flowers of blue flax. Then all the people saw it likewise, and chased her away with ridicule and laughter.

* Hahnenbalken (collar beam). This is technically the upper tie-beam or collar of the rafters of a roof, but as in small houses the roof is open and fowls are allowed to roost on it, its name with cottagers is naturally the hen-beam.—TR.

150.—THE OLD BEGGAR-WOMAN.

THERE was once an old woman, but thou hast surely seen an old woman go a-begging before now? This woman begged likewise, and when she got anything she said, "May God reward you." The beggar-woman came to a door, and there by the fire a friendly rogue of a boy was standing warming himself. The boy said kindly to the poor old woman as she was standing shivering thus by the door, "Come, old mother, and warm yourself." She came in, but stood too near the fire, so that her old rags began to burn, and she was not aware of it. The boy stood and saw that, but he ought to have put the flames out. Is it not true that he ought to have put them out? And if he had not any water, then should he have wept all the water in his body out of his eyes, and that would have supplied two pretty streams with which to extinguish them.

151.—THE THREE SLUGGARDS.

A CERTAIN King had three sons who were all equally dear to him, and he did not know which of them to appoint as his successor after his own death. When the time came when he was about to die, he summoned them to his bedside and said, "Dear children, I have been thinking of something which I will declare unto you; whichsoever of you is the laziest shall have the kingdom." The eldest said, "Then, father, the kingdom is mine, for I am so idle that if I lie down to rest, and a drop falls in my eye, I will not open it that I may sleep." The second said, "Father, the kingdom belongs to me, for I am so idle that when I am sitting by the fire warming myself, I would rather let my heel be burnt off than draw back my leg." The third said, "Father, the kingdom is mine, for I am so idle that if I were going to be hanged, and had the rope already round my neck, and

any one put a sharp knife into my hand with which I might cut the rope, I would rather let myself be hanged than raise my hand to the rope." When the father heard that, he said, "Thou hast carried it the farthest, and shalt be King."

151*.—THE TWELVE IDLE SERVANTS.

TWELVE servants who had done nothing all the day would not exert themselves at night either, but laid themselves on the grass and boasted of their idleness. The first said, "What is your laziness to me, I have to concern myself about mine own? The care of my body is my principal work, I eat not a little and drink still more. When I have had four meals, I fast a short time until I feel hunger again, and that suits me best. To rise betimes is not for me; when it is getting near mid-day, I already seek out a resting-place for myself. If the master call, I do exactly as if I had not heard him, and if he call for the second time, I wait awhile before I get up, and go to him very slowly. In this way life is endurable."

The second said, "I have a horse to look after, but I leave the bit in his mouth, and if I do not want to do it, I give him no food, and I say he has had it already. I, however, lay myself in the oat-chest and sleep for four hours. After this I stretch out one foot and move it a couple of times over the horse's body, and then he is combed and cleaned. Who is going to make a great business of that? Nevertheless service is too toilsome for me."

The third said, "Why plague oneself with work? Nothing comes of it! I laid myself in the sun, and fell asleep. It began to rain a little, but why should I get up? I let it rain on in God's name. At last came a splashing shower, so heavy indeed, that it pulled the hair out of my head and washed it away, and I got a hole in the skull; I put a plaster on it, and then it was all right. I have already had several injuries of that kind."

The fourth said, "If I am to undertake a piece of work,

I first loiter about for an hour that I may save up my strength. After that I begin quite slowly, and ask if no one is there who could help me. Then I let him do the chief of the work, and in reality only look on; but that also is still too much for me."

The fifth said, "What does that matter? Just think, I am to take away the manure from the horse's stable, and load the cart with it. I let it go on slowly, and if I have taken anything on the fork, I only half-raise it up, and then I rest just a quarter of an hour until I quite throw it in. It is enough and to spare if I take out a cartful in the day. I have no fancy for killing myself with work."

The sixth said, "Shame on ye; I am afraid of no work, but I lie down for three weeks, and never once take my clothes off. What is the use of buckling your shoes on? For aught I care they may fall off my feet, it is no matter. If I am going up some steps, I drag one foot slowly after the other on to the first step, and then I count the rest of them that I may know where I must rest.

The seventh said, "That will not do with me; my master looks after my work, only he is not at home the whole day. But I neglect nothing, I run as fast as it is possible to do when one crawls. If I am to get on, four sturdy men must push me with all their might. I came where six men were lying sleeping on a bed beside each other. I lay down by them and slept too. There was no wakening me again, and when they wanted to have me home, they had to carry me." The eighth said, "I see plainly that I am the only active fellow; if a stone lie before me, I do not give myself the trouble to raise my legs and step over it. I lay myself down on the ground, and if I am wet and covered with mud and dirt, I stay lying until the sun has dried me again. At the very most, I only turn myself so that it can shine on me." The ninth said, "That is the right way! To-day the bread was before me, but I was too idle to take it, and nearly died of hunger! Moreover a jug stood by it, but it was so big and heavy that I did not like to lift it up, and preferred bearing thirst. Just to turn myself round was too much for me, I remained lying like a log the whole

day." The tenth said, "Laziness has brought misfortune on me, a broken leg and swollen calf. Three of us were lying in the road, and I had my legs stretched out. Some one came with a cart, and the wheels went over me. I might indeed have drawn my legs back, but I did not hear the cart coming, for the midges were humming about my ears, and creeping in at my nose and out again at my mouth; who can take the trouble to drive the vermin away?"

The eleventh said, "I gave up my place yesterday. I had no fancy for carrying the heavy books to my master any longer or fetching them away again. There was no end of it all day long. But to tell the truth, he gave me my dismissal, and would not keep me any longer, for his clothes, which I had left lying in the dust, were all moth-eaten, and I am very glad of it."

The twelfth said, "To-day I had to drive the cart into the country, and made myself a bed of straw on it, and had a good sleep. The reins slipped out of my hand, and when I awoke, the horse had nearly torn itself loose, the harness was gone, the strap which fastened the horse to the shafts was gone, and so were the collar, the bridle and bit. Some one had come by, who had carried all off. Besides this, the cart had got into a quagmire and stuck fast. I left it standing, and stretched myself on the straw again. At last the master came himself, and pushed the cart out, and if he had not come I should not be lying here but there, and sleeping in full tranquillity."

152.—THE SHEPHERD BOY.

THERE was once on a time a shepherd boy whose fame spread far and wide because of the wise answers which he gave to every question. The King of the country heard of it likewise, but did not believe it, and sent for the boy. Then he said to him, "If thou canst give me an answer to three questions which I will ask thee, I will

look on thee as my own child, and thou shalt dwell with me in my royal palace." The boy said, "What are the three questions?" The King said, "The first is, how many drops of water are there in the ocean?" The shepherd boy answered, "Lord King, if you will have all the rivers on earth dammed up so that not a single drop runs from them into the sea until I have counted it, I will tell you how many drops there are in the sea." The King said, "The next question is, how many stars are there in the sky?" The shepherd boy said, "Give me a great sheet of white paper," and then he made so many fine points on it with a pen that they could scarcely be seen, and it was all but impossible to count them; any one who looked at them would have lost his sight. Then he said, "There are as many stars in the sky as there are points on the paper; just count them." But no one was able to do it. The King said, "The third question is, how many seconds of time are there in eternity?" Then said the shepherd boy, "In Lower Pomerania is the Diamond Mountain, which is two miles and a half high, two miles and a half wide, and two miles and a half in depth; every hundred years a little bird comes and sharpens its beak on it, and when the whole mountain is worn away by this, then the first second of eternity will be over."

The King said, "Thou hast answered the three questions like a wise man, and shalt henceforth dwell with me in my royal palace, and I will regard thee as my own child."

153.—THE STAR-MONEY.

THERE was once on a time a little girl whose father and mother were dead, and she was so poor that she no longer had any little room to live in, or bed to sleep in, and at last she had nothing else but the clothes she was wearing and a little bit of bread in her hand which some charitable soul had given her. She was, however, good and pious. And as she was thus forsaken by all the world,

she went forth into the open country, trusting in the good God. Then a poor man met her, who said, "Ah, give me something to eat, I am so hungry!" She reached him the whole of her piece of bread, and said, "May God bless it to thy use," and went onwards. Then came a child who moaned and said, "My head is so cold, give me something to cover it with." So she took off her hood and gave it to him; and when she had walked a little farther, she met another child who had no jacket and was frozen with cold. Then she gave it her own; and a little farther on one begged for a frock, and she gave away that also. At length she got into a forest and it had already become dark, and there came yet another child, and asked for a little shirt, and the good little girl thought to herself, "It is a dark night and no one sees thee, thou canst very well give thy little shirt away," and took it off, and gave away that also. And as she so stood, and had not one single thing left, suddenly some stars from heaven fell down, and they were nothing else but hard smooth pieces of money, and although she had just given her little shirt away, she had a new one which was of the very finest linen. Then she gathered together the money into this, and was rich all the days of her life.

154.—THE STOLEN FARTHINGS.

A FATHER was one day sitting at dinner with his wife and his children, and a good friend who had come on a visit was with them. And as they thus sat, and it was striking twelve o'clock, the stranger saw the door open, and a very pale child dressed in snow-white clothes came in. It did not look around, and it did not speak; but went straight into the next room. Soon afterwards it came back, and went out at the door again in the same quiet manner. On the second and on the third day, it came also exactly in the same way. At last the stranger asked the father to whom the beautiful child that went

into the next room every day at noon belonged? "I have never seen it," said he, neither did he know to whom it could belong. The next day when it again came, the stranger pointed it out to the father, who however did not see it, and the mother and the children also all saw nothing. On this the stranger got up, went to the room door, opened it a little, and peeped in. Then he saw the child sitting on the ground, and digging and seeking about industriously amongst the crevices between the boards of the floor, but when it saw the stranger, it disappeared. He now told what he had seen and described the child exactly, and the mother recognized it, and said, "Ah, it is my dear child who died a month ago." They took up the boards and found two farthings which the child had once received from its mother that it might give them to a poor man; it, however, had thought, "Thou canst buy thyself a biscuit for that," and had kept the farthings, and hidden them in the openings between the boards; and therefore it had had no rest in its grave, and had come every day at noon to seek for these farthings. The parents gave the money at once to a poor man, and after that the child was never seen again.

155.—BRIDES ON THEIR TRIAL.

THERE was once a young shepherd who wished much to marry, and was acquainted with three sisters who were all equally pretty, so that it was difficult to him to make a choice, and he could not decide to give the preference to any one of them. Then he asked his mother for advice, and she said, "Invite all three, and set some cheese before them, and watch how they eat it." The youth did so; the first, however, swallowed the cheese with the rind on; the second hastily cut the rind off the cheese, but she cut it so quickly that she left much good cheese with it, and threw that away also; the third peeled the rind off carefully, and cut neither too much nor too little. The

shepherd told all this to his mother, who said, "Take the third for thy wife." This he did, and lived contentedly and happily with her.

156.—ODDS AND ENDS.

THERE was once on a time a maiden who was pretty, but idle and negligent. When she had to spin she was so out of temper that if there was a little knot in the flax, she at once pulled out a whole heap of it, and strewed it about on the ground beside her. Now she had a servant who was industrious, and gathered together the bits of flax which were thrown away, cleaned them, span them fine, and had a beautiful gown made out of them for herself. A young man had wooed the lazy girl, and the wedding was to take place. On the eve of the wedding, the industrious one was dancing merrily about in her pretty dress, and the bride said,—

"Ah, how that girl does jump about, dressed in my odds and ends."

The bridegroom heard that, and asked the bride what she meant by it? Then she told him that the girl was wearing a dress make of the flax which she had thrown away. When the bridegroom heard that, and saw how idle she was, and how industrious the poor girl was, he gave her up and went to the other, and chose her as his wife.

157.—THE SPARROW AND HIS FOUR CHILDREN.

A SPARROW had four young ones in a swallow's nest. When they were fledged, some naughty boys pulled out the nest, but fortunately all the birds got safely away in the high wind. Then the old bird was grieved that as his

sons had all gone out into the world, he had not first warned them of every kind of danger, and given them good instruction how to deal with each. In the autumn a great many sparrows assembled together in a wheat-field, and there the old bird met his four children again, and full of joy took them home with him. "Ah, my dear sons, what pain I have been in about you all through the summer, because you got away in the wind without my teaching; listen to my words, obey your father, and be well on your guard. Little birds have to encounter [illegible]eat dangers!" And then he asked the eldest where he [illegible] spent the summer, and how he had supported him-[illegible]? "I stayed in the gardens, and looked for cater-[illegible]rs and small worms, until the cherries got ripe." [illegible]my son," said the father, "tit-bits are not bad, but [illegible]is great risk about them; on that account take great care of thyself henceforth, and particularly when people are going about the gardens who carry long green poles which are hollow inside and have a little hole at the top." "Yes, father, but what if a little green leaf is stuck over the hole with wax?" said the son. "Where hast thou seen that?" "In a merchant's garden," said the youngster. "Oh, my son, merchant folks are quick folks," said the father. "If thou hast been among the children of the world, thou hast learned worldly shiftiness enough, only see that thou usest it well, and do not be too confident." After this he asked the next, "Where hast thou passed thy time?" "At court," said the son. "Sparrows and silly little birds are of no use in that place—there one finds much gold, velvet, silk, armour, harnesses, sparrow-hawks, screech-owls and hen-harriers; keep to the horses' stable where they winnow oats, or thresh, and then fortune may give thee thy daily grain of corn in peace." "Yes, father," said the son, "but when the stable-boys make traps and fix their gins and snares in the straw, many a one is caught fast." "Where hast thou seen that?" said the old bird. "At court, among the stable-boys." "Oh, my son, court boys are bad boys! If thou hast been to court and among the lords, and hast left no feathers there, thou hast learnt a fair amount, and wilt know very well how to go about the world, but

look around thee and above thee, for the wolves devour the wisest dogs." The father examined the third also: "Where didst thou seek thy safety?" "I have broken up tubs and ropes on the cart-roads and highways, and sometimes met with a grain of corn or barley." "That is indeed dainty fare," said the father, "but take care what thou art about and look carefully around, especially when thou seest any one stooping and about to pick up a stone, there is not much time to stay then." "That is true," said the son, "but what if any one should carry a bit of rock, or ore, ready beforehand in his breast or pocket?" "Where hast thou seen that?" "Among the mountaineers, dear father; when they go out, they generally take little bits of ore with them." "Mountain folks are working fools and clever folks. If thou hast been among mountain folk thou hast seen and learnt something, but when thou comest thither beware, for many a sparrow has been brought to a bad end by a mountain boy." At length the father came to the youngest son: "Thou, my dear chirping nestling, wert always the silliest and weakest; stay with me, the world has many rough, wicked birds which have crooked beaks and long claws, and lie in wait for poor little birds and swallow them. Keep with those of thine own kind, and pick up little spiders and caterpillars from the trees, or the house, and then thou wilt live long in peace." "My dear father, he who feeds himself without injury to other people fares well, and no sparrow-hawk, eagle, or kite will hurt him if he specially commits himself and his lawful food, evening and morning, faithfully to God, who is the Creator and Preserver of all forest and village birds, who likewise heareth the cry and prayer of the young ravens, for no sparrow or wren ever falls to the ground except by his will." "Where hast thou learnt this?" The son answered, "When the great blast of wind tore me away from thee I came to a church, and there during the summer I have picked up the flies and spiders from the windows, and heard this discourse preached. The Father of all sparrows fed me all the summer through, and kept me from all mischance and from ferocious birds."

"In sooth, my dear son, if thou takest refuge in the churches and helpest to clear away spiders and buzzing

flies, and criest unto God like the young ravens, and commendest thyself to the eternal Creator, all will be well with thee, and that even if the whole world were full of wild malicious birds."

"He who to God commits his ways,
In silence suffers, waits, and prays,
Preserves his faith and conscience pure,
He is of God's protection sure."

158.—THE STORY OF SCHLAURAFFEN LAND.

IN the time of Schlauraffen I went there, and saw Rome and the Lateran hanging by a small silken thread, and a man without feet who outran a swift horse, and a keen sharp sword that cut through a bridge. There I saw a young ass with a silver nose which pursued two fleet hares, and a lime-tree that was very large, on which hot cakes were growing. There I saw a lean old goat which carried about a hundred cart-loads of fat on his body, and sixty loads of salt. Have I not told enough lies? There I saw a plough ploughing without horse or cow, and a child of one year threw four millstones from Ratisbon to Treves, and from Treves to Strasburg, and a hawk swam over the Rhine, which he had a perfect right to do. There I heard some fishes begin to make such a disturbance with each other, that it resounded as far as heaven, and sweet honey flowed like water from a deep valley at the top of a high mountain, and these were strange things. There were two crows which were mowing a meadow, and I saw two gnats building a bridge, and two doves tore a wolf to pieces; two children brought forth two kids, and two frogs threshed corn together. There I saw two mice consecrating a bishop, and two cats scratching out a bear's tongue. Then a snail came running up and killed two furious lions. There stood a barber and shaved a woman's beard off; and two sucking-children bade their mother hold her tongue. There I saw two

greyhounds which brought a mill out of the water; and a sorry old horse was beside it, and said it was right. And four horses were standing in the yard threshing corn with all their might, and two goats were heating the stove, and a red cow shot the bread into the oven. Then a cock crowed, Cock-a-doodle-doo! The story is all told—Cock-a-doodle-doo!

159.—THE DITMARSCH TALE OF WONDERS.

I WILL tell you something. I saw two roasted fowls flying; they flew quickly and had their breasts turned to heaven and their backs to hell, and an anvil and a mill-stone swam across the Rhine prettily, slowly, and gently, and a frog sat on the ice at Whitsuntide and ate a ploughshare. Three fellows who wanted to catch a hare, went on crutches and stilts; one of them was deaf, the second blind, the third dumb, and the fourth could not stir a step. Do you want to know how it was done? First, the blind man saw the hare running across the field, the dumb one called to the lame one, and the lame one seized it by the neck.

There were certain men who wished to sail on dry land, and they set their sails in the wind, and sailed away over great fields. Then they sailed over a high mountain, and there they were miserably drowned. A crab was chasing a hare which was running away at full speed, and high up on the roof lay a cow which had climbed up there. In that country the flies are as big as the goats are here. Open the window, that the lies may fly out.

160.—A RIDDLING TALE.

THREE women were changed into flowers which grew in the field, but one of them was allowed to be in her own home at night. Then once when day was drawing near,

and she was forced to go back to her companions in the field and become a flower again, she said to her husband, "If thou wilt come this afternoon and gather me, I shall be set free and henceforth stay with thee." And he did so. Now the question is, how did her husband know her, for the flowers were exactly alike, and without any difference? Answer: as she was at her home during the night and not in the field, no dew fell on her as it did on the others, and by this her husband knew her.

161.—SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED.

THERE was once a poor widow who lived in a lonely cottage. In front of the cottage was a garden wherein stood two rose-trees, one of which bore white and the other red roses. She had two children who were like the two rose-trees, and one was called Snow-white, and the other Rose-red. They were as good and happy, as busy and cheerful as ever two children in the world were, only Snow-white was more quiet and gentle than Rose-red. Rose-red liked better to run about in the meadows and fields seeking flowers and catching butterflies; but Snow-white sat at home with her mother, and helped her with her house-work, or read to her when there was nothing to do.

The two children were so fond of each other that they always held each other by the hand when they went out together, and when Snow-white said, "We will not leave each other," Rose-red answered, "Never so long as we live," and their mother would add, "What one has she must share with the other."

They often ran about the forest alone and gathered red berries, and no beasts did them any harm, but came close to them trustfully. The little hare would eat a cabbage-leaf out of their hands, the roe grazed by their side, the stag leapt merrily by them, and the birds sat still upon the boughs, and sang whatever they knew.

No mishap overtook them; if they had stayed too late in the forest, and night came on, they laid themselves down near one another upon the moss, and slept until morning came, and their mother knew this and had no distress on their account.

Once when they had spent the night in the wood and the dawn had roused them, they saw a beautiful child in a shining white dress sitting near their bed. He got up and looked quite kindly at them, but said nothing and went away into the forest. And when they looked round they found that they had been sleeping quite close to a precipice, and would certainly have fallen into it in the darkness if they had gone only a few paces further. And their mother told them that it must have been the angel who watches over good children.

Snow-white and Rose-red kept their mother's little cottage so neat that it was a pleasure to look inside it. In the summer Rose-red took care of the house, and every morning laid a wreath of flowers by her mother's bed before she awoke, in which was a rose from each tree. In the winter Snow-white lit the fire and hung the kettle on the wrekin. The kettle was of copper and shone like gold, so brightly was it polished. In the evening, when the snowflakes fell, the mother said, "Go, Snow-white, and bolt the door," and then they sat round the hearth, and the mother took her spectacles and read aloud out of a large book, and the two girls listened as they sat and span. And close by them lay a lamb upon the floor, and behind thm upeon a perch sat a white dove with its head hidden beneath its wings.

One evening, as they were thus sitting comfortably together, some one knocked at the door as if he wished to be let in. The mother said, "Quick, Rose-red, open the door, it must be a traveller who is seeking shelter." Rose-red went and pushed back the bolt, thinking that it was a poor man, but it was not; it was a bear that stretched his broad, black head within the door.

Rose-red screamed and sprang back, the lamb bleated, the dove fluttered, and Snow-white hid herself behind her mother's bed. But the bear began to speak and said, "Do not be afraid, I will do you no harm! I am

half-frozen, and only want to warm myself a little beside you."

"Poor bear," said the mother, "lie down by the fire, only take care that you do not burn your coat." Then she cried, "Snow-white, Rose-red, come out, the bear will do you no harm, he means well." So they both came out, and by-and-by the lamb and dove came nearer, and were not afraid of him. The bear said, "Here, children, knock the snow out of my coat a little;" so they brought the broom and swept the bear's hide clean; and he stretched himself by the fire and growled contentedly and comfortably. It was not long before they grew quite at home, and played tricks with their clumsy guest. They tugged his hair with their hands, put their feet upon his back and rolled him about, or they took a hazel-switch and beat him, and when he growled they laughed. But the bear took it all in good part, only when they were too rough he called out, "Leave me alive, children,

"Snowy-white, Rosy-red,
Will you beat your lover dead?"

When it was bed-time, and the others went to bed, the mother said to the bear, "You can lie there by the hearth, and then you will be safe from the cold and the bad weather." As soon as day dawned the two children let him out, and he trotted across the snow into the forest.

Henceforth the bear came every evening at the same time, laid himself down by the hearth, and let the children amuse themselves with him as much as they liked; and they got so used to him that the doors were never fastened until their black friend had arrived.

When spring had come and all outside was green, the bear said one morning to Snow-white, "Now I must go away, and cannot come back for the whole summer." "Where are you going, then, dear bear?" asked Snow-white. "I must go into the forest and guard my treasures from the wicked dwarfs. In the winter, when the earth is frozen hard, they are obliged to stay below and cannot work their way through; but now, when the sun has thawed and warmed the earth, they break through it, and come out to pry and steal; and what once gets into their

hands, and in their caves, does not easily see daylight again."

Snow-white was quite sorry for his going away, and as she unbolted the door for him, and the bear was hurrying out, he caught against the bolt and a piece of his hairy coat was torn off, and it seemed to Snow-white as if she had seen gold shining through it, but she was not sure about it. The bear ran away quickly, and was soon out of sight behind the trees.

A short time afterwards the mother sent her children into the forest to get fire-wood. There they found a big tree which lay felled on the ground, and close by the trunk something was jumping backwards and forwards in the grass, but they could not make out what it was. When they came nearer they saw a dwarf with an old withered face and a snow-white beard a yard long. The end of the beard was caught in a crevice of the tree, and the little fellow was jumping backwards and forwards like a dog tied to a rope, and did not know what to do.

He glared at the girls with his fiery red eyes and cried, "Why do you stand there? Can you not come here and help me?" "What are you about there, little man?" asked Rose-red. "You stupid, prying goose!" answered the dwarf; "I was going to split the tree to get a little wood for cooking. The little bit of food that one of us wants gets burnt up directly with thick logs; we do not swallow so much as you coarse, greedy folk. I had just driven the wedge safely in, and everything was going as I wished; but the wretched wood was too smooth and suddenly sprang asunder, and the tree closed so quickly that I could not pull out my beautiful white beard; so now it is tight in and I cannot get away, and the silly, sleek, milk-faced things laugh! Ugh! how odious you are!"

The children tried very hard, but they could not pull the beard out, it was caught too fast. "I will run and fetch some one," said Rose-red. "You senseless goose!" snarled the dwarf; "why should you fetch some one? You are already two too many for me; can you not think of something better?" "Don't be impatient," said Snow-white, "I will help you," and she pulled her scissors out of her pocket, and cut off the end of the beard.

As soon as the dwarf felt himself free he laid hold of a bag which lay amongst the roots of the tree, and which was full of gold, and lifted it up, grumbling to himself, "Uncouth people, to cut off a piece of my fine beard. Bad luck to you!" and then he swung the bag upon his back, and went off without even once looking at the children.

Some time after that Snow-white and Rose-red went to catch a dish of fish. As they came near the brook they saw something like a large grasshopper jumping towards the water, as if it were going to leap in. They ran to it and found it was the dwarf. "Where are you going?" said Rose-red; "you surely don't want to go into the water?" "I am not such a fool!" cried the dwarf; "don't you see that the accursed fish wants to pull me in?" The little man had been sitting there fishing, and unluckily the wind had twisted his beard with the fishing-line; just then a big fish bit, and the feeble creature had not strength to pull it out; the fish kept the upper hand and pulled the dwarf towards him. He held on to all the reeds and rushes, but it was of little good, he was forced to follow the movements of the fish, and was in urgent danger of being dragged into the water.

The girls came just in time; they held him fast and tried to free his beard from the line, but all in vain, beard and line were entangled fast together. Nothing was left but to bring out the scissors and cut the beard, whereby a small part of it was lost. When the dwarf saw that he screamed out, "Is that civil, you toad-stool, to disfigure one's face? Was it not enough to clip off the end of my beard? Now you have cut off the best part of it. I cannot let myself be seen by my people. I wish you had been made to run the soles off your shoes!" Then he took out a sack of pearls which lay in the rushes, and without saying a word more he dragged it away and disappeared behind a stone.

It happened that soon afterwards the mother sent the two children to the town to buy needles and thread, and laces and ribbons. The road led them across a heath upon which huge pieces of rock lay strewn here and there. Now they noticed a large bird hovering in the air, flying slowly round and round above them; it sank lower and

lower, and at last settled near a rock not far off. Directly afterwards they heard a loud, piteous cry. They ran up and saw with horror that the eagle had seized their old acquaintance the dwarf, and was going to carry him off.

The children, full of pity, at once took tight hold of the little man, and pulled against the eagle so long that at last he let his booty go. As soon as the dwarf had recovered from his first fright he cried with his shrill voice, "Could you not have done it more carefully! You dragged at my brown coat so that it is all torn and full of holes, you helpless clumsy creatures!" Then he took up a sack full of precious stones, and slipped away again under the rock into his hole. The girls, who by this time were used to his thanklessness, went on their way and did their business in the town.

As they crossed the heath again on their way home they surprised the dwarf, who had emptied out his bag of precious stones in a clean spot, and had not thought that any one would come there so late. The evening sun shone upon the brilliant stones; they glittered and sparkled with all colours so beautifully that the children stood still and looked at them. "Why do you stand gaping there?" cried the dwarf, and his ashen-grey face became copper-red with rage. He was going on with his bad words when a loud growling was heard, and a black bear came trotting towards them out of the forest. The dwarf sprang up in a fright, but he could not get to his cave, for the bear was already close. Then in the dread of his heart he cried, "Dear Mr. Bear, spare me, I will give you all my treasures; look, the beautiful jewels lying there! Grant me my life; what do you want with such a slender little fellow as I? you would not feel me between your teeth. Come, take these two wicked girls, they are tender morsels for you, fat as young quails; for mercy's sake eat them!" The bear took no heed of his words, but gave the wicked creature a single blow with his paw, and he did not move again.

The girls had run away, but the bear called to them, "Snow-white and Rose-red, do not be afraid; wait, I will come with you." Then they knew his voice and waited, and when he came up to them suddenly his bearskin

fell off, and he stood there a handsome man, clothed all in gold. "I am a King's son," he said, "and I was bewitched by that wicked dwarf, who had stolen my treasures; I have had to run about the forest as a savage bear until I was freed by his death. Now he has got his well-deserved punishment."

Snow-white was married to him, and Rose-red to his brother, and they divided between them the great treasure which the dwarf had gathered together in his cave. The old mother lived peacefully and happily with her children for many years. She took the two rose-trees with her, and they stood before her window, and every year bore the most beautiful roses, white and red.

162.—THE WISE SERVANT.

How fortunate is the master, and how well all goes in his house, when he has a wise servant who listens to his orders and does not obey them, but prefers following his own wisdom. A clever John of this kind was once sent out by his master to seek a lost cow. He stayed away a long time, and the master thought, "Faithful John does not spare any pains over his work!" As, however, he did not come back at all, the master was afraid lest some misfortune had befallen him, and set out himself to look for him. He had to search a long time, but at last he perceived the boy who was running up and down a large field. "Now, dear John," said the master when he had got up to him, "hast thou found the cow which I sent thee to seek?" "No, master," he answered, "I have not found the cow, but then I have not looked for it." "Then what hast thou looked for, John?" "Something better, and that luckily I have found." "What is that, John?" "Three blackbirds," answered the boy. "And where are they?" asked the master. "I see one of them, I hear the other, and I am running after the third," answered the wise boy.

Take example by this, do not trouble yourselves about

your masters or their orders, but rather do what comes into your head and pleases you, and then you will act just as wisely as prudent John.

163.—THE GLASS COFFIN.

LET no one ever say that a poor tailor cannot do great things and win high honours; all that is needed is that he should go to the right smithy, and what is of most consequence, that he should have good luck. A civil, adroit tailor's apprentice once went out travelling, and came into a great forest, and, as he did not know the way, he lost himself. Night fell, and nothing was left for him to do, but to seek a bed in this painful solitude. He might certainly have found a good bed on the soft moss, but the fear of wild beasts let him have no rest there, and at last he was forced to make up his mind to spend the night in a tree. He sought out a high oak, climbed up to the top of it, and thanked God that he had his goose with him, for otherwise the wind which blew over the top of the tree would have carried him away.

After he had spent some hours in the darkness, not without fear and trembling, he saw at a very short distance the glimmer of a light, and as he thought that a human habitation might be there, where he would be better off than on the branches of a tree, he got carefully down and went towards the light. It guided him to a small hut that was woven together of reeds and rushes. He knocked boldly, the door opened, and by the light which came forth he saw a little hoary old man who wore a coat made of bits of coloured stuff sewn together. "Who are you, and what do you want?" asked the man in a grumbling voice. "I am a poor tailor," he answered, "whom night has surprised here in the wilderness, and I earnestly beg you to take me into your hut until morning." "Go your way," replied the old man in a surly voice, "I will have nothing to do with runagates; seek

for yourself a shelter elsewhere." After these words he was about to slip into his hut again, but the tailor held him so tightly by the corner of his coat, and pleaded so piteously, that the old man, who was not so ill-natured as he wished to appear, was at last softened, and took him into the hut with him where he gave him something to eat, and then pointed out to him a very good bed in a corner.

The weary tailor needed no rocking; but slept sweetly till morning, but even then would not have thought of getting up, if he had not been aroused by a great noise. A violent sound of screaming and roaring forced its way through the thin walls of the hut. The tailor, full of unwonted courage, jumped up, put his clothes on in haste, and hurried out. Then close by the hut, he saw a great black bull and a beautiful stag, which were just preparing for a violent struggle. They rushed at each other with such extreme rage that the ground shook with their trampling, and the air resounded with their cries. For a long time it was uncertain which of the two would gain the victory; at length the stag thrust his horns into his adversary's body, whereupon the bull fell to the earth with a terrific roar, and was thoroughly despatched by a few strokes from the stag.

The tailor, who had watched the fight with astonishment, was still standing there motionless, when the stag in full career bounded up to him, and before he could escape, caught him up on his great horns. He had not much time to collect his thoughts, for it went in a swift race over stock and stone, mountain and valley, wood and meadow. He held with both hands to the tops of the horns, and resigned himself to his fate. It seemed, however, to him just as if he were flying away. At length the stag stopped in front of a wall of rock, and gently let the tailor down. The tailor, more dead than alive, required a longer time than that to come to himself. When he had in some degree recovered, the stag, which had remained standing by him, pushed its horns with such force against a door which was in the rock, that it sprang open. Flames of fire shot forth, after which followed a great smoke, which hid the stag from his sight. The tailor did not

know what to do, or whither to turn, in order to get out of this desert and back to human beings again. Whilst he was standing thus undecided, a voice sounded out of the rock, which cried to him, "Enter without fear, no evil shall befall thee." He certainly hesitated, but driven by a mysterious force, he obeyed the voice and went through the iron-door into a large spacious hall, whose ceiling, walls and floor were made of shining polished square stones, on each of which were cut letters which were unknown to him. He looked at everything full of admiration, and was on the point of going out again, when he once more heard the voice which said to him, "Step on the stone which lies in the middle of the hall, and great good fortune awaits thee."

His courage had already grown so great that he obeyed the order. The stone began to give way under his feet, and sank slowly down into the depths. When it was once more firm, and the tailor looked round, he found himself in a hall which in size resembled the former. Here, however, there was more to look at and to admire. Hollow places were cut in the walls, in which stood vases of transparent glass which were filled with coloured spirit or with a bluish vapour. On the floor of the hall two great glass chests stood opposite to each other, which at once excited his curiosity. When he went to one of them he saw inside it a handsome structure like a castle surrounded by farm-buildings, stables and barns, and a quantity of other good things. Everything was small, but exceedingly carefully and delicately made, and seemed to be cut out by a dexterous hand with the greatest exactitude.

He might not have turned away his eyes from the consideration of this rarity for some time, if the voice had not once more made itself heard. It ordered him to turn round and look at the glass chest which was standing opposite. How his admiration increased when he saw therein a maiden of the greatest beauty! She lay as if asleep, and was wrapped in her long fair hair as in a precious mantle. Her eyes were closely shut, but the brightness of her complexion and a ribbon which her breathing moved to and fro, left no doubt that she was

alive. The tailor was looking at the beauty with beating heart, when she suddenly opened her eyes, and started up at the sight of him in joyful terror. "Just Heaven!" cried she, "my deliverance is at hand! Quick, quick, help me out of my prison; if thou pushest back the bolt of this glass coffin, then I shall be free." The tailor obeyed without delay, and she immediately raised up the glass lid, came out and hastened into the corner of the hall, where she covered herself with a large cloak. Then she seated herself on a stone, ordered the young man to come to her, and after she had imprinted a friendly kiss on his lips, she said, "My long-desired deliverer, kind Heaven has guided thee to me, and put an end to my sorrows. On the self-same day when they end, shall thy happiness begin. Thou art the husband chosen for me by Heaven, and shalt pass thy life in unbroken joy, loved by me, and rich to overflowing in every earthly possession. Seat thyself, and listen to the story of my life:

"I am the daughter of a rich count. My parents died when I was still in my tender youth, and recommended me in their last will to my elder brother, by whom I was brought up. We loved each other so tenderly, and were so alike in our way of thinking and our inclinations, that we both embraced the resolution never to marry, but to stay together to the end of our lives. In our house there was no lack of company; neighbours and friends visited us often, and we showed the greatest hospitality to every one. So it came to pass one evening that a stranger came riding to our castle, and, under pretext of not being able to get on to the next place, begged for shelter for the night. We granted his request with ready courtesy, and he entertained us in the most agreeable manner during supper by conversation intermingled with stories. My brother liked the stranger so much that he begged him to spend a couple of days with us, to which, after some hesitation, he consented. We did not rise from table until late in the night, the stranger was shown to a room, and I hastened, as I was tired, to lay my limbs in my soft bed. Hardly had I slept for a short time, when the sound of faint and delightful music awoke me. As I could not conceive from whence it came, I wanted to summon my

waiting-maid who slept in the next room, but to my astonishment I found that speech was taken away from me by an unknown force. I felt as if a mountain were weighing down my breast, and was unable to make the very slightest sound. In the meantime, by the light of my night-lamp, I saw the stranger enter my room through two doors which were fast bolted. He came to me and said, that by magic arts which were at his command, he had caused the lovely music to sound in order to awaken me, and that he now forced his way through all fastenings with the intention of offering me his hand and heart. My repugnance to his magic arts was, however, so great that I vouchsafed him no answer. He remained for a time standing without moving, apparently with the idea of waiting for a favourable decision, but as I continued to keep silence, he angrily declared he would revenge himself and find means to punish my pride, and left the room. I passed the night in the greatest disquietude, and only fell asleep towards morning. When I awoke, I hurried to my brother, but did not find him in his room, and the attendants told me that he had ridden forth with the stranger to the chase by daybreak.

"I at once suspected nothing good. I dressed myself quickly, ordered my palfrey to be saddled, and accompanied only by one servant, rode full gallop to the forest. The servant fell with his horse, and could not follow me, for the horse had broken its foot. I pursued my way without halting, and in a few minutes I saw the stranger coming towards me with a beautiful stag which he led by a cord. I asked him where he had left my brother, and how he had come by this stag, out of whose great eyes I saw tears flowing. Instead of answering me, he began to laugh loudly. I fell into a great rage at this, pulled out a pistol and discharged it at the monster; but the ball rebounded from his breast and went into my horse's head. I fell to the ground, and the stranger muttered some words which deprived me of consciousness.

"When I came to my senses again I found myself in this underground cave in a glass coffin. The magician appeared once again, and said he had changed my brother into a stag, my castle with all that belonged to it, dimi-

nished in size by his arts, he had shut up in the other glass chest, and my people, who were all turned into smoke, he had confined in glass bottles. He told me that if I would now comply with his wish, it was an easy thing for him to put everything back in its former state, as he had nothing to do but open the vessels, and everything would return once more to its natural form. I answered him as little as I had done the first time. He vanished and left me in my prison, in which a deep sleep came on me. Amongst the visions which passed before my eyes, that was the most comforting in which a young man came and set me free, and when I opened my eyes to-day I saw thee, and beheld my dream fulfilled. Help me to accomplish the other things which happened in those visions. The first is that we lift the glass chest in which my castle is enclosed, on to that broad stone."

As soon as the stone was laden, it began to rise up on high with the maiden and the young man, and mounted through the opening of the ceiling into the upper hall, from whence they then could easily reach the open air. Here the maiden opened the lid, and it was marvellous to behold how the castle, the houses, and the farm buildings which were enclosed, stretched themselves out and grew to their natural size with the greatest rapidity. After this, the maiden and the tailor returned to the cave beneath the earth, and had the vessels which were filled with smoke carried up by the stone. The maiden had scarcely opened the bottles when the blue smoke rushed out and changed itself into living men, in whom she recognized her servants and her people. Her joy was still more increased when her brother, who had killed the magician in the form of the bull, came out of the forest towards them in his human form, and on the self-same day the maiden, in accordance with her promise, gave her hand at the altar to the lucky tailor.

164.—LAZY HARRY.

HARRY was lazy, and although he had nothing else to do but drive his goat daily to pasture, he nevertheless groaned when he went home after his day's work was done. "It is indeed a heavy burden," said he, "and a wearisome employment to drive a goat into the field this way year after year, till late into the autumn! If one could but lie down and sleep, but no, one must have one's eyes open lest it hurts the young trees, or squeezes itself through the hedge into a garden, or runs away altogether. How can one have any rest, or peace of one's life?" He seated himself, collected his thoughts, and considered how he could set his shoulders free from this burden. For a long time all thinking was to no purpose, but suddenly it was as if scales fell from his eyes. "I know what I will do," he cried, "I will marry fat Trina who has also a goat, and can take mine out with hers, and then I shall have no more need to trouble myself."

So Harry got up, set his weary legs in motion, and went right across the street, for it was no farther, to where the parents of fat Trina lived, and asked for their industrious and virtuous daughter in marriage. The parents did not reflect long. "Birds of a feather, flock together," they thought, and consented.

So fat Trina became Harry's wife, and led out both the goats. Harry had a good time of it, and had no work that he required to rest from but his own idleness. He only went out with her now and then, and said, "I merely do it that I may afterwards enjoy rest more, otherwise one loses all feeling for it."

But fat Trina was no less idle. "Dear Harry," said she one day, "why should we make our lives so toilsome when there is no need for it, and thus ruin the best days of our youth? Would it not be better for us to give the two goats which disturb us every morning in our sweetest sleep with their bleating, to our neighbour, and he will give us a beehive for them. We will put the beehive in a sunny place behind the house, and trouble ourselves no more about it. Bees do not require to be taken care

of, or driven into the field; they fly out and find the way home again for themselves, and collect honey without giving the very least trouble." "Thou hast spoken like a sensible woman," replied Harry. "We will carry out thy proposal without delay, and besides all that, honey tastes better and nourishes one better than goat's milk, and it can be kept longer too."

The neighbour willingly gave a beehive for the two goats. The bees flew in and out from early morning till late evening without ever tiring, and filled the hive with the most beautiful honey, so that in autumn Harry was able to take a whole pitcherful out of it.

They placed the jug on a board which was fixed to the wall of their bed-room, and as they were afraid that it might be stolen from them, or that the mice might find it, Trina brought in a stout hazel-stick and put it beside her bed, so that without unnecessary getting up she might reach it with her hand, and drive away the uninvited guests.

Lazy Harry did not like to leave his bed before noon. "He who rises early," said he, "wastes his substance."

One morning when he was still lying amongst the feathers in broad daylight, resting after his long sleep, he said to his wife, "Women are fond of sweet things, and thou art always tasting the honey in private; it will be better for us to exchange it for a goose with a young gosling, before thou eatest up the whole of it." "But," answered Trina, "not before we have a child to take care of them! Am I to worry myself with the little geese, and spend all my strength on them to no purpose?" "Dost thou think," said Harry, "that the youngster will look after geese? Now-a-days children no longer obey, they do according to their own fancy, because they consider themselves cleverer than their parents, just like that lad who was sent to seek the cow and chased three blackbirds." "Oh," replied Trina, "this one shall fare badly if he does not do what I say! I will take a stick and belabour his skin for him with more blows than I can count. Look, Harry," cried she in her zeal, and seized the stick which she had to drive the mice away with, "Look, this is the way I will fall on him!" She reached her

arm out to strike, but unhappily hit the honey-pitcher above the bed. The pitcher struck against the wall and fell down in fragments, and the fine honey streamed down on the ground. "There lie the goose and the young gosling," said Harry, "and want no looking after. But it is lucky that the pitcher did not fall on my head. We have all reason to be satisfied with our lot." And then as he saw that there was still some honey in one of the fragments he stretched out his hand for it, and said quite gaily, "The remains, my wife, we will still eat with a relish, and we will rest a little after the fright we have had. What matters if we do get up a little later—the day is always long enough." "Yes," answered Trina, "we shall always get to the end of it at the proper time. Dost thou know that the snail was once asked to a wedding and set out to go, but arrived at the christening. In front of the house it fell over the fence, and said, 'Speed does no good.'"

165.—THE GRIFFIN

THERE was once upon a time a King, but where he reigned and what he was called, I do not know. He had no son, but an only daughter who had always been ill, and no doctor had been able to cure her. Then it was foretold to the King that his daughter should eat herself well with an apple. So he ordered it to be proclaimed throughout the whole of his kingdom, that whosoever brought his daughter an apple with which she could eat herself well, should have her to wife, and be King. This became known to a peasant who had three sons, and he said to the eldest, "Go out into the garden and take a basketful of those beautiful apples with the red cheeks and carry them to the court; perhaps the King's daughter will be able to eat herself well with them, and then thou wilt marry her and be King." The lad did so, and set out. When he had gone a short way he met a little iron man

who asked him what he had there in the basket, to which replied Uele, for so was he named, "Frogs' legs." On this the little man said, "Well, so shall it be, and remain," and went away. At length Uele arrived at the palace, and made it known that he had brought apples which would cure the King's daughter if she ate them. This delighted the King hugely, and he caused Uele to be brought before him; but, alas! when he opened the basket, instead of having apples in it he had frogs' legs which were still kicking about. On this the King grew angry, and had him driven out of the house. When he got home he told his father how it had fared with him. Then the father sent the next son, who was called Seame, but all went with him just as it had gone with Uele. He also met the little iron man, who asked what he had there in the basket. Seame said, "Hogs' bristles," and the iron man said, "Well, so shall it be, and remain." When Seame got to the King's palace and said he brought apples with which the King's daughter might eat herself well, they did not want to let him go in, and said that one fellow had already been there, and had treated them as if they were fools. Seame, however, maintained that he certainly had the apples, and that they ought to let him go in. At length they believed him, and led him to the King. But when he uncovered the basket, he had but hogs' bristles. This enraged the King most terribly, so he caused Seame to be whipped out of the house. When he got home he related all that had befallen him, then the youngest boy, whose name was Hans, but who was always called Stupid Hans, came and asked his father if he might go with some apples. "Oh!" said the father, "thou wouldst be just the right fellow for such a thing! If the clever ones can't manage it, what canst thou do?" The boy, however, did not believe him, and said, "Indeed, father, I wish to go." "Just get away, thou stupid fellow, thou must wait till thou art wiser," said the father to that, and turned his back. Hans, however, pulled at the back of his smock-frock and said, "Indeed, father, I wish to go." "Well, then, so far as I am concerned thou mayst go, but thou wilt soon come home again!" replied the old man in a spiteful voice. The boy, however,

was tremendously delighted and jumped for joy. "Well, act like a fool! thou growest more stupid every day!" said the father again. Hans, however, did not care about that, and did not let it spoil his pleasure, but as it was then night, he thought he might as well wait until the morrow, for he could not get to court that day. All night long he could not sleep in his bed, and if he did doze for a moment, he dreamt of beautiful maidens, of palaces, of gold, and of silver, and all kinds of things of that sort. Early in the morning, he went forth on his way, and directly afterwards the little shabby-looking man in his iron clothes, came to him and asked what he was carrying in the basket. Hans gave him the answer that he was carrying apples with which the King's daughter was to eat herself well. "Then," said the little man, "so shall they be, and remain." But at the court they would none of them let Hans go in, for they said two had already been there who had told them that they were bringing apples, and one of them had frogs' legs, and the other hogs' bristles. Hans, however, resolutely maintained that he most certainly had no frogs' legs, but some of the most beautiful apples in the whole kingdom. As he spoke so pleasantly, the door-keeper thought he could not be telling a lie, and asked him to go in, and he was right, for when Hans uncovered his basket in the King's presence, golden-yellow apples came tumbling out. The King was delighted, and caused some of them to be taken to his daughter, and then waited in anxious expectation until news should be brought to him of the effect they had. But before much time had passed by, news was brought to him: but who do you think it was who came? it was his daughter herself! As soon as she had eaten of those apples, she was cured, and sprang out of her bed. The joy the King felt cannot be described! but now he did not want to give his daughter in marriage to Hans, and said he must first make him a boat which would go quicker on dry land than on water. Hans agreed to the conditions, and went home, and related how it had fared with him. Then the father sent Uele into the forest to make a boat of that kind. He worked diligently, and whistled all the time. At mid-day, when the sun was at

the highest, came the little iron man and asked what he was making? Uele gave him for answer, "Wooden bowls for the kitchen." The iron man said, "So it shall be, and remain." By evening Uele thought he had now made the boat, but when he wanted to get into it, he had nothing but wooden bowls. The next day Seame went into the forest, but everything went with him just as it had done with Uele. On the third day Stupid Hans went. He worked away most industriously, so that the whole forest resounded with the heavy strokes, and all the while he sang and whistled right merrily. At mid-day, when it was the hottest, the little man came again, and asked what he was making? "A boat which will go quicker on dry land than on the water," replied Hans, "and when I have finished it, I am to have the King's daughter for my wife." "Well," said the little man, "such an one shall it be, and remain." In the evening, when the sun had turned into gold, Hans finished his boat, and all that was wanted for it. He got into it and rowed to the palace. The boat went as swiftly as the wind. The King saw it from afar, but would not give his daughter to Hans yet, and said he must first take a hundred hares out to pasture from early morning until late evening, and if one of them got away, he should not have his daughter. Hans was contented with this, and the next day went with his flock to the pasture, and took great care that none of them ran away.

Before many hours had passed came a servant from the palace, and told Hans that he must give her a hare instantly, for some visitors had come unexpectedly. Hans, however, was very well aware what that meant, and said he would not give her one; the King might set some hare soup before his guests next day. The maid, however, would not believe in his refusal, and at last she began to get angry with him. Then Hans said that if the King's daughter came herself, he would give her a hare. The maid told this in the palace, and the daughter did go herself. In the meantime, however, the little man came again to Hans, and asked him what he was doing there? He said he had to watch over a hundred hares and see that none of them ran away, and then he might marry the

King's daughter and be King. "Good," said the little man, "there is a whistle for thee, and if one of them runs away, just whistle with it, and then it will come back again." When the King's daughter came, Hans gave her a hare into her apron; but when she had gone about a hundred steps with it, he whistled, and the hare jumped out of the apron, and before she could turn round was back to the flock again. When the evening came the hare-herd whistled once more, and looked to see if all were there, and then drove them to the palace. The King wondered how Hans had been able to take a hundred hares to graze without losing any of them; he would, however, not give him his daughter yet, and said he must now bring him a feather from the Griffin's tail. Hans set out at once, and walked straight forwards. In the evening he came to a castle, and there he asked for a night's lodging, for at that time there were no inns. The lord of the castle promised him that with much pleasure, and asked where he was going? Hans answered, "To the Griffin." "Oh! to the Griffin! They tell me he knows everything, and I have lost the key of an iron money-chest; so you might be so good as to ask him where it is." "Yes, indeed," said Hans, "I will soon do that." Early the next morning he went onwards, and on his way arrived at another castle in which he again stayed the night. When the people who lived there learnt that he was going to the Griffin, they said they had in the house a daughter who was ill, and that they had already tried every means to cure her, but none of them had done her any good, and he might be so kind as to ask the Griffin what would make their daughter healthy again? Hans said he would willingly do that, and went onwards. Then he came to a lake, and instead of a ferry-boat, a tall, tall man was there who had to carry everybody across. The man asked Hans whither he was journeying? "To the Griffin," said Hans. "Then when you get to him," said the man, "just ask him why I am forced to carry everybody over the lake?" "Yes, indeed, most certainly I'll do that," said Hans. Then the man took him up on his shoulders, and carried him across. At length Hans arrived at the Griffin's house, but the wife only was at home, and not the Griffin

himself. Then the woman asked him what he wanted: Thereupon he told her everything;—that he had to get a feather out of the Griffin's tail, and that there was a castle where they had lost the key of their money-chest, and he was to ask the Griffin where it was?—that in another castle the daughter was ill, and he was to learn what would cure her?—and then not far from thence there was a lake and a man beside it, who was forced to carry people across it, and he was very anxious to learn why the man was obliged to do it. Then said the woman, "But look here, my good friend, no Christian can speak to the Griffin; he devours them all; but if you like, you can lie down under his bed, and in the night, when he is quite fast asleep, you can reach out and pull a feather out of his tail, and as for those things which you are to learn, I will ask about them myself." Hans was quite satisfied with this, and got under the bed. In the evening, the Griffin came home, and as soon as he entered the room, said, "Wife, I smell a Christian." "Yes," said the woman, "one was here to-day, but he went away again;" and on that the Griffin said no more.

In the middle of the night when the Griffin was snoring loudly, Hans reached out and plucked a feather from his tail. The Griffin woke up instantly, and said, "Wife, I smell a Christian, and it seems to me that somebody was pulling at my tail." His wife said, "Thou hast certainly been dreaming, and I told thee before that a Christian was here to-day, but that he went away again. He told me all kinds of things—that in one castle they had lost the key of their money-chest, and could find it nowhere." "Oh! the fools!" said the Griffin; "the key lies in the wood-house under a log of wood behind the door." "And then he said that in another castle the daughter was ill, and they knew no remedy that would cure her." "Oh! the fools!" said the Griffin; "under the cellar-steps a toad has made its nest of her hair, and if she got her hair back she would be well." "And then he also said that there was a place where there was a lake and a man beside it who was forced to carry everybody across." "Oh, the fool!" said the Griffin; "if he only put one man down in the middle, he would never have to carry another across."

Early the next morning the Griffin got up and went out. Then Hans came forth from under the bed, and he had a beautiful feather, and had heard what the Griffin had said about the key, and the daughter, and the ferry-man. The Griffin's wife repeated it all once more to him that he might not forget it, and then he went home again. First he came to the man by the lake, who asked him what the Griffin had said, but Hans replied that he must first carry him across, and then he would tell him. So the man carried him across, and when he was over Hans told him that all he had to do was to set one person down in the middle of the lake, and then he would never have to carry over any more. The man was hugely delighted, and told Hans that out of gratitude he would take him once more across, and back again. But Hans said no, he would save him the trouble, he was quite satisfied already, and pursued his way. Then he came to the castle where the daughter was ill; he took her on his shoulders, for she could not walk, and carried her down the cellar-steps and pulled out the toad's nest from beneath the lowest step and gave it into her hand, and she sprang off his shoulder and up the steps before him, and was quite cured. Then were the father and mother beyond measure rejoiced, and they gave Hans gifts of gold and of silver, and whatsoever else he wished for, that they gave him. And when he got to the other castle he went at once into the wood-house, and found the key under the log of wood behind the door, and took it to the lord of the castle. He also was not a little pleased, and gave Hans as a reward much of the gold that was in the chest, and all kinds of things besides, such as cows, and sheep, and goats. When Hans arrived before the King, with all these things—with the money, and the gold, and the silver and the cows, sheep and goats, the King asked him how he had come by them. Then Hans told him that the Griffin gave every one whatsoever he wanted. So the King thought he himself could make such things useful, and set out on his way to the Griffin; but when he got to the lake, it happened that he was the very first who arrived there after Hans, and the man put him down in the middle of it and went away, and the King was drowned. Hans, however, married the daughter, and became King.

166.—STRONG HANS.

THERE were once a man and a woman who had an only child, and lived quite alone in a solitary valley. It came to pass that the mother once went into the wood to gather branches of fir, and took with her little Hans, who was just two years old. As it was spring-time, and the child took pleasure in the many-coloured flowers, she went still further onwards with him into the forest. Suddenly two robbers sprang out of the thicket, seized the mother and child, and carried them far away into the black forest, where no one ever came from one year's end to another. The poor woman urgently begged the robbers to set her and her child free, but their hearts were made of stone, they would not listen to her prayers and entreaties, and drove her on farther by force. After they had worked their way through bushes and briars for about two miles, they came to a rock where there was a door, at which the robbers knocked and it opened at once. They had to go through a long dark passage, and at last came into a great cavern, which was lighted by a fire which burnt on the hearth. On the wall hung swords, sabres, and other deadly weapons which gleamed in the light, and in the midst stood a black table at which four other robbers were sitting gambling, and the captain sat at the head of it. As soon as he saw the woman he came and spoke to her, and told her to be at ease and have no fear, they would do nothing to hurt her, but she must look after the housekeeping, and if she kept everything in order, she should not fare ill with them. Thereupon they gave her something to eat, and showed her a bed where she might sleep with her child.

The woman stayed many years with the robbers, and Hans grew tall and strong. His mother told him stories, and taught him to read an old book of tales about knights which she found in the cave. When Hans was nine years old, he made himself a strong club out of a branch of fir, hid it behind the bed, and then went to his mother and said, "Dear mother, pray tell me who is my father; I must and will know." His mother was silent and would

not tell him, that he might not become home-sick; moreover she knew that the godless robbers would not let him go away, but it almost broke her heart that Hans should not go to his father. In the night, when the robbers came home from their robbing expedition, Hans brought out his club, stood before the captain, and said, "I now wish to know who is my father, and if thou dost not at once tell me I will strike thee down." Then the captain laughed, and gave Hans such a box on the ear that he rolled under the table. Hans got up again, held his tongue, and thought, "I will wait another year and then try again, perhaps I shall do better then." When the year was over, he brought out his club again, rubbed the dust off it, looked at it well, and said, "It is a stout strong club." At night the robbers came home, drank one jug of wine after another, and their heads began to be heavy. Then Hans brought out his club, placed himself before the captain, and asked him who was his father? But the captain again gave him such a vigorous box on the ear that Hans rolled under the table, but it was not long before he was up again, and beat the captain and the robbers so with his club, that they could no longer move either their arms or their legs. His mother stood in a corner full of admiration of his bravery and strength. When Hans had done his work, he went to his mother, and said, "Now I have shown myself to be in earnest, but now I must also know who is my father." "Dear Hans," answered the mother, "come, we will go and seek him until we find him." She took from the captain the key to the entrance-door, and Hans fetched a great meal-sack and packed into it gold and silver, and whatsoever else he could find that was beautiful, until it was full, and then he took it on his back. They left the cave, but how Hans did open his eyes when he came out of the darkness into daylight, and saw the green forest, and the flowers, and the birds, and the morning sun in the sky. He stood there and wondered at everything just as if he had not been very wise. His mother looked for the way home, and when they had walked for a couple of hours, they got safely into their lonely valley and to their little house. The father was sitting in the doorway. He wept

for joy when he recognized his wife and heard that Hans was his son, for he had long regarded them both as dead. But Hans, although he was not twelve years old, was a head taller than his father. They went into the little room together, but Hans had scarcely put his sack on the bench by the stove, than the whole house began to crack —the bench broke down and then the floor, and the heavy sack fell through into the cellar. "God save us!" cried the father, "what's that? Now thou hast broken our little house to pieces!" "Don't grow any grey hairs about that, dear father," answered Hans; "there, in that sack, is more than is wanting for a new house." The father and Hans at once began to build a new house; to buy cattle and land, and to keep a farm. Hans ploughed the fields, and when he followed the plough and pushed it into the ground, the bullocks had scarcely any need to draw. The next spring, Hans said, "Keep all the money and get a walking-stick that weighs a hundred-weight made for me that I may go a-travelling." When the wished-for stick was ready, he left his father's house, went forth, and came to a deep, dark forest. There he heard something crunching and cracking, looked round, and saw a fir-tree which was wound round like a rope from the bottom to the top, and when he looked upwards he saw a great fellow who had laid hold of the tree and was twisting it like a willow-wand. "Hollo!" cried Hans, "what art thou doing up there?" The fellow replied, "I got some faggots together yesterday and am twisting a rope for them." "That is what I like," thought Hans, "he has some strength," and he called to him, "Leave that alone, and come with me." The fellow came down, and he was taller by a whole head than Hans, and Hans was not little. "Thy name is now Fir-twister," said Hans to him. Thereupon they went further and heard something knocking and hammering with such force that the ground shook at every stroke. Shortly afterwards they came to a mighty rock, before which a giant was standing and striking great pieces of it away with his fist. When Hans asked what he was about, he answered, "At night, when I want to sleep, bears, wolves, and other vermin of that kind come, which sniff and snuffle about me and

won't let me rest; so I want to build myself a house and lay myself inside it, so that I may have some peace." "Oh, indeed," thought Hans, "I can make use of this one also;" and said to him, "Leave thy house-building alone, and go with me; thou shalt be called Rock-splitter." The man consented, and they all three roamed through the forest, and wherever they went the wild beasts were terrified, and ran away from them. In the evening they came to an old deserted castle, went up into it, and laid themselves down in the hall to sleep. The next morning Hans went into the garden. It had run quite wild, and was full of thorns and bushes. And as he was thus walking round about, a wild boar rushed at him; he, however, gave it such a blow with his club that it fell directly. He took it on his shoulders and carried it in, and they put it on a spit, roasted it, and enjoyed themselves. Then they arranged that each day, in turn, two should go out hunting, and one should stay at home, and cook nine pounds of meat for each of them. Fir-twister stayed at home the first, and Hans and Rock-splitter went out hunting. When Fir-twister was busy cooking, a little shrivelled-up old mannikin came to him in the castle, and asked for some meat. "Be off, sly hypocrite," he answered, "thou needest no meat." But how astonished Fir-twister was when the little insignificant dwarf sprang up at him, and belaboured him so with his fists that he could not defend himself, but fell on the ground and gasped for breath! The dwarf did not go away until he had thoroughly vented his anger on him. When the two others came home from hunting, Fir-twister said nothing to them of the old mannikin and of the blows which he himself had received, and thought, "When they stay at home, they may just try their chance with the little scrubbing-brush;" and the mere thought of that gave him pleasure already.

The next day Rock-splitter stayed at home, and he fared just as Fir-twister had done, he was very ill-treated by the dwarf because he was not willing to give him any meat. When the others came home in the evening, Fir-twister easily saw what he had suffered, but both kept silence, and thought, "Hans also must taste some of that soup."

Hans, who had to stay at home the next day, did his work in the kitchen as it had to be done, and as he was standing skimming the pan, the dwarf came and without more ado demanded a bit of meat. Then Hans thought, "He is a poor wretch, I will give him some of my share, that the others may not run short," and handed him a bit. When the dwarf had devoured it, he again asked for some meat, and good-natured Hans gave it to him, and told him it was a handsome piece, and that he was to be content with it. But the dwarf begged again for the third time. "Thou art shameless!" said Hans, and gave him none. Then the malicious dwarf wanted to spring on him and treat him as he had treated Fir-twister and Rock-splitter, but he had got to the wrong man. Hans, without exerting himself much, gave him a couple of blows which made him jump down the castle steps. Hans was about to run after him, but fell right over him, for he was so tall. When he rose up again, the dwarf had got the start of him. Hans hurried after him as far as the forest, and saw him slip into a hole in the rock. Hans now went home, but he had marked the spot. When the two others came back, they were surprised that Hans was so well. He told them what had happened, and then they no longer concealed how it had fared with them. Hans laughed and said, "It served you quite right; why were you so greedy with your meat? It is a disgrace that you who are so big should have let yourselves be beaten by the dwarf." Thereupon they took a basket and a rope, and all three went to the hole in the rock into which the dwarf had slipped, and let Hans and his club down in the basket. When Hans had reached the bottom, he found a door, and when he opened it a maiden was sitting there who was lovely as any picture, nay, so beautiful that no words can express it, and by her side sat the dwarf and grinned at Hans like a sea-cat! She, however, was bound with chains, and looked so mournfully at him that Hans felt great pity for her, and thought to himself, "Thou must deliver her out of the power of the wicked dwarf," and gave him such a blow with his club that he fell down dead. Immediately the chains fell from the maiden, and Hans was enraptured with her beauty.

She told him she was a King's daughter whom a savage count had stolen away from her home, and imprisoned there among the rocks, because she would have nothing to say to him. The count had, however, set the dwarf as a watchman, and he had made her bear misery and vexation enough. And now Hans placed the maiden in the basket and had her drawn up; the basket came down again, but Hans did not trust his two companions, and thought, "They have already shown themselves to be false, and told me nothing about the dwarf; who knows what design they may have against me?" So he put his club in the basket, and it was lucky he did; for when the basket was half-way up, they let it fall again, and if Hans had really been sitting in it he would have been killed. But now he did not know how he was to work his way out of the depths, and when he turned it over and over in his mind he found no counsel. "It is indeed sad," said he to himself, "that I have to waste away down here," and as he was thus walking backwards and forwards, he once more came to the little chamber where the maiden had been sitting, and saw that the dwarf had a ring on his finger which shone and sparkled. Then he drew it off and put it on, and when he turned it round on his finger, he suddenly heard something rustle over his head. He looked up and saw spirits of the air hovering above, who told him he was their master, and asked what his desire might be? Hans was at first struck dumb, but afterwards he said that they were to carry him above again. They obeyed instantly, and it was just as if he had flown up himself. When, however, he was above again, he found no one in sight. Fir-twister and Rock-splitter had hurried away, and had taken the beautiful maiden with them. But Hans turned the ring, and the spirits of the air came and told him that the two were on the sea. Hans ran and ran without stopping, until he came to the sea-shore, and there far, far out on the water, he perceived a little boat in which his faithless comrades were sitting; and in fierce anger he leapt, without thinking what he was doing, club in hand into the water, and began to swim, but the club, which weighed a hundredweight, dragged him deep down until he was all but drowned. Then

in the very nick of time he turned his ring, and immediately the spirits of the air came and bore him as swift as lightning into the boat. He swung his club and gave his wicked comrades the reward they merited and threw them into the water, and then he sailed with the beautiful maiden, who had been in the greatest alarm, and whom he delivered for the second time, home to her father and mother, and married her, and all rejoiced exceedingly.

167.—THE PEASANT IN HEAVEN.

ONCE on a time a poor pious peasant died, and arrived before the gate of heaven. At the same time a very rich, rich lord came there who also wanted to get into heaven. Then Saint Peter came with the key, and opened the door, and let the great man in, but apparently did not see the peasant, and shut the door again. And now the peasant outside, heard how the great man was received in heaven with all kinds of rejoicing, and how they were making music, and singing within. At length all became quiet again, and Saint Peter came and opened the gate of heaven, and let the peasant in. The peasant, however, expected that they would make music and sing when he went in also, but all remained quite quiet; he was received with great affection, it is true, and the angels came to meet him, but no one sang. Then the peasant asked Saint Peter how it was that they did not sing for him as they had done when the rich man went in, and said that it seemed to him that there in heaven things were done with just as much partiality as on earth. Then said Saint Peter, "By no means, thou art just as dear to us as any one else, and wilt enjoy every heavenly delight that the rich man enjoys, but poor fellows like thee come to heaven every day, but a rich man like this does not come more than once in a hundred years!"

168.—LEAN LISA.

LEAN Lisa was of a very different way of thinking from lazy Harry and fat Trina, who never let anything disturb their peace. She scoured everything with ashes, from morning till evening, and burdened her husband, Long Laurence, with so much work that he had heavier weights to carry than an ass with three sacks. It was, however, all to no purpose, they had nothing and came to nothing. One night as she lay in bed, and could hardly move one limb for weariness, she still did not allow her thoughts to go to sleep. She thrust her elbows into her husband's side, and said, "Listen Lenz, to what I have been thinking: if I were to find one florin and one was given to me, I would borrow another to put to them, and thou too shouldst give me another, and then as soon as I had got the four florins together, I would buy a young cow." This pleased the husband right well. "It is true," said he, "that I do not know where I am to get the florin which thou wantest as a gift from me; but, if thou canst get the money together, and canst buy a cow with it, thou wilt do well to carry out thy project. I shall be glad," he added, "if the cow has a calf, and then I shall often get a drink of milk to refresh me." "The milk is not for thee," said the woman, "we must let the calf suck that it may become big and fat, and we may be able to sell it well." "Certainly," replied the man, "but still we will take a little milk; that will do no harm." "Who has taught thee to manage cows?" said the woman; "Whether it does harm or not, I will not allow it, and even if thou wert to stand on thy head for it, thou shouldst not have a drop of the milk! Dost thou think, because there is no satisfying thee, Long Laurence, that thou art to eat up what I earn with so much difficulty?" "Wife," said the man, "be quiet, or I will give thee a blow on thy mouth!" "What!" cried she, "thou threatenest me, thou glutton, thou rascal, thou lazy Harry!" She was just laying hold of his hair, but long Laurence got up, seized both Lean Lisa's withered arms in one hand, and with the other he pressed down her head

into the pillow, let her scold, and held her until she fell asleep for very weariness. Whether she continued to wrangle when she awoke next morning, or whether she went out to look for the florin which she wanted to find, that I know not.

169.—THE HUT IN THE FOREST.

A POOR wood-cutter lived with his wife and three daughters in a little hut on the edge of a lonely forest. One morning as he was about to go to his work, he said to his wife, "Let my dinner be brought into the forest to me by my eldest daughter, or I shall never get my work done, and in order that she may not miss her way," he added, "I will take a bag of millet with me and strew the seeds on the path." When, therefore, the sun was just above the centre of the forest, the girl set out on her way with a bowl of soup, but the field-sparrows, and wood-sparrows, larks and finches, blackbirds and siskins had picked up the millet long before, and the girl could not find the track. Then trusting to chance, she went on and on, until the sun sank and night began to fall. The trees rustled in the darkness, the owls hooted, and she began to be afraid. Then in the distance she perceived a light which glimmered between the trees. "There ought to be some people living there, who can take me in for the night," thought she, and went up to the light. It was not long before she came to a house the windows of which were all lighted up. She knocked, and a rough voice from the inside, cried, "Come in." The girl stepped into the dark entrance, and knocked at the door of the room. "Just come in," cried the voice, and when she opened the door, an old grey-haired man was sitting at the table, supporting his face with both hands, and his white beard fell down over the table almost as far as the ground. By the stove lay three animals, a hen, a cock, and a brindled cow. The girl told her story to the

old man, and begged for shelter for the night. The man said,

"Pretty little hen,
Pretty little cock,
And pretty brindled cow,
What say ye to that?"

"Duks," answered the animals, and that must have meant, "We are willing," for the old man said, "Here you shall have shelter and food, go to the fire, and cook us our supper." The girl found in the kitchen abundance of everything, and cooked a good supper, but had no thought of the animals. She carried the full dishes to the table, seated herself by the grey-haired man, ate and satisfied her hunger. When she had had enough, she said, "But now I am tired, where is there a bed in which I can lie down, and sleep?" The animals replied,

"Thou hast eaten with him,
Thou hast drunk with him,
Thou hast had no thought for us,
So find out for thyself where thou canst pass the night."

Then said the old man, "Just go upstairs, and thou wilt find a room with two beds, shake them up, and put white linen on them, and then I, too, will come and lie down to sleep." The girl went up, and when she had shaken the beds and put clean sheets on, she lay down in one of them without waiting any longer for the old man. After some time, however, the grey-haired man came, took his candle, looked at the girl and shook his head. When he saw that she had fallen into a sound sleep, he opened a trap-door, and let her down into the cellar.

Late at night the wood-cutter came home, and reproached his wife for leaving him to hunger all day. "It is not my fault," she replied, "the girl went out with your dinner, and must have lost herself, but she is sure to come back to-morrow." The wood-cutter, however, arose before dawn to go into the forest, and requested that the second daughter should take him his dinner that day. "I will take a bag with lentils," said he; "the seeds are larger than millet, the girl will see them better, and can't lose her way." At dinner-time, therefore, the girl took out

the food, but the lentils had disappeared. The birds of the forest had picked them up as they had done the day before, and had left none. The girl wandered about in the forest until night, and then she too reached the house of the old man, was told to go in, and begged for food and a bed. The man with the white beard again asked the animals,

"Pretty little hen,
Pretty little cock,
And pretty brindled cow,
What say ye to that?"

The animals again replied "Duks," and everything happened just as it had happened the day before. The girl cooked a good meal, ate and drank with the old man, and did not concern herself about the animals, and when she inquired about her bed they answered,

"Thou hast eaten with him,
Thou hast drunk with him,
Thou hast had no thought for us,
So find out for thyself where thou canst pass the night."

When she was asleep the old man came, looked at her, shook his head, and let her down into the cellar.

On the third morning the wood-cutter said to his wife, "Send our youngest child out with my dinner to-day, she has always been good and obedient, and will stay in the right path, and not run about after every wild humble-bee, as her sisters did." The mother did not want to do it, and said, "Am I to lose my dearest child, as well?"

"Have no fear,' he replied, "the girl will not go astray; she is too prudent and sensible; besides I will take some peas with me, and strew them about. They are still larger than lentils, and will show her the way." But when the girl went out with her basket on her arm, the wood-pigeons had already got all the peas in their crops, and she did not know which way she was to turn. She was full of sorrow and never ceased to think how hungry her father would be, and how her good mother would grieve, if she did not go home. At length when it grew dark, she saw the light and came to the house in the forest. She begged quite prettily to be allowed to spend the night

there, and the man with the white beard once more asked his animals,

"Pretty little hen,
Pretty little cock,
And beautiful brindled cow,
What say ye to that?'

"Duks," said they. Then the girl went to the stove where the animals were lying, and petted the cock and hen, and stroked their smooth feathers with her hand, and caressed the brindled cow between her horns, and when, in obedience to the old man's orders, she had made ready some good soup, and the bowl was placed upon the table, she said, "Am I to eat as much as I want, and the good animals to have nothing? Outside is food in plenty, I will look after them first." So she went and brought some barley and strewed it for the cock and hen, and a whole armful of sweet-smelling hay for the cow. "I hope you will like it, dear animals," said she, "and you shall have a refreshing draught in case you are thirsty." Then she fetched in a bucketful of water, and the cock and hen jumped on to the edge of it and dipped their beaks in, and then held up their heads as the birds do when they drink, and the brindled cow also took a hearty draught. When the animals were fed, the girl seated herself at the table by the old man, and ate what he had left. It was not long before the cock and the hen began to thrust their heads beneath their wings, and the eyes of the cow likewise began to blink. Then said the girl, "Ought we not to go to bed?"

"Pretty little hen,
Pretty little cock,
And pretty brindled cow,
What say ye to that?"

The animals answered "Duks,"

"Thou hast eaten with us,
Thou hast drunk with us,
Thou hast had kind thought for all of us,
We wish thee good-night."

Then the maiden went upstairs, shook the feather-beds, and laid clean sheets on them, and when she had done it

the old man came and lay down on one of the beds, and his white beard reached down to his feet. The girl lay down on the other, said her prayers, and fell asleep.

She slept quietly till midnight, and then there was such a noise in the house that she awoke. There was a sound of cracking and splitting in every corner, and the doors sprang open, and beat against the walls. The beams groaned as if they were being torn out of their joints, it seemed as if the staircase were falling down, and at length there was a crash as if the entire roof had fallen in. As, however, all grew quiet once more, and the girl was not hurt, she stayed quietly lying where she was, and fell asleep again. But when she woke up in the morning with the brilliancy of the sunshine, what did her eyes behold? She was lying in a vast hall, and everything around her shone with royal splendour; on the walls, golden flowers grew up on a ground of green silk, the bed was of ivory, and the canopy of red velvet, and on a chair close by, was a pair of shoes embroidered with pearls. The girl believed that she was in a dream, but three richly clad attendants came in, and asked what orders she would like to give? "If you will go," she replied, "I will get up at once and make ready some soup for the old man, and then I will feed the pretty little hen, and the cock, and the beautiful brindled cow." She thought the old man was up already, and looked round at his bed; he, however, was not lying in it, but a stranger. And while she was looking at him, and becoming aware that he was young and handsome, he awoke, sat up in bed, and said, "I am a King's son, and was bewitched by a wicked witch, and made to live in this forest, as an old grey-haired man; no one was allowed to be with me but my three attendants in the form of a cock, a hen, and a brindled cow. The spell was not to be broken until a girl came to us whose heart was so good that she showed herself full of love, not only towards mankind, but towards animals—and that thou hast done, and by thee at midnight we were set free, and the old hut in the forest was changed back again into my royal palace." And when they had arisen, the King's son ordered the three attendants to set out and fetch the father and mother of the girl to the marriage

feast. "But where are my two sisters?" inquired the maiden. "I have locked them in the cellar, and to-morrow they shall be led into the forest, and shall live as servants to a charcoal-burner, until they have grown kinder, and do not leave poor animals to suffer hunger."

170.—SHARING JOY AND SORROW.

THERE was once a tailor, who was a quarrelsome fellow, and his wife, who was good, industrious, and pious, never could please him. Whatever she did, he was not satisfied, but grumbled and scolded, and knocked her about and beat her. As the authorities at last heard of it, they had him summoned, and put in prison in order to make him better. He was kept for a while on bread and water, and then set free again. He was forced, however, to promise not to beat his wife any more, but to live with her in peace, and share joy and sorrow with her, as married people ought to do. All went on well for a time, but then he fell into his old ways, and was surly and quarrelsome. And because he dared not beat her, he would seize her by the hair and tear it out. The woman escaped from him, and sprang out into the yard, but he ran after her with his yard-measure and scissors, and chased her about, and threw the yard-measure and scissors at her, and whatever else came in his way. When he hit her he laughed, and when he missed her, he stormed and swore. This went on so long that the neighbours came to the wife's assistance. The tailor was again summoned before the magistrates, and reminded of his promise. "Dear gentlemen," said he, "I have kept my word, I have not beaten her, but have shared joy and sorrow with her." "How can that be," said the judge, "when she continually brings such heavy complaints against you?" "I have not beaten her, but just because she looked so strange I wanted to comb her hair with my hand; she, however, got away from me, and left me quite spitefully. Then I hurried after her, and in order to bring

her back to her duty, I threw at her as a well-meant admonition whatever came readily to hand. I have shared joy and sorrow with her also, for whenever I hit her I was full of joy, and she of sorrow, and if I missed her, then she was joyful, and I sorry." The judges were not satisfied with this answer, but gave him the reward he deserved.

171.—THE WILLOW-WREN.

IN former days every sound had its meaning and application. When the smith's hammer resounded, it cried, "Strike away! strike away." When the carpenter's plane grated, it said, "Here goes! here goes." If the mill wheel began to clack, it said, "Help, Lord God! help, Lord God!" and if the miller was a cheat and happened to leave the mill, it spoke high German, and first asked slowly, "Who is there? who is there?" and then answered quickly, "The miller! the miller!" and at last quite in a hurry, "He steals bravely! he steals bravely! three pecks in a bushel."

At this time the birds also had their own language which every one understood; now it only sounds like chirping, screeching, and whistling, and to some, like music without words. It came into the bird's mind, however, that they would no longer be without a ruler, and would choose one of themselves to be their King. One alone amongst them, the green plover, was opposed to this. He had lived free and would die free, and anxiously flying hither and thither, he cried, "Where shall I go? where shall I go?" He retired into a solitary and unfrequented marsh, and showed himself no more among his fellows.

The birds now wished to discuss the matter, and on a fine May morning they all gathered together from the woods and fields: eagles and chaffinches, owls and crows, larks and sparrows, how can I name them all? Even the cuckoo came, and the hoopoe, his clerk, who is so called because he is always heard a few days before him, and a

very small bird which as yet had no name, mingled with the band. The hen, which by some accident had heard nothing of the whole matter, was astonished at the great assemblage. "What, what, what is going to be done?" she cackled; but the cock calmed his beloved hen, and said, "Only rich people," and told her what they had on hand. It was decided, however, that the one who could fly the highest should be King. A tree-frog which was sitting among the bushes, when he heard that, cried a warning, "No, no, no! no!" because he thought that many tears would be shed because of this; but the crow said, "Caw, caw," and that all would pass off peaceably. It was now determined that on this fine morning they should at once begin to ascend, so that hereafter no one should be able to say, "I could easily have flown much higher, but the evening came on, and I could do no more." On a given signal, therefore, the whole troop rose up in the air. The dust ascended from the land, and there was tremendous fluttering and whirring and beating of wings, and it looked as if a black cloud was rising up. The little birds were, however, soon left behind. They could go no farther, and fell back to the ground. The larger birds held out longer, but none could equal the eagle, who mounted so high that he could have picked the eyes out of the sun. And when he saw that the others could not get up to him, he thought, "Why shouldst thou fly still higher, thou art the King?" and began to let himself down again. The birds beneath him at once cried to him. "Thou must be our King, no one has flown so high as thou." "Except me," screamed the little fellow without a name, who had crept into the breast-feathers of the eagle. And as he was not at all tired, he rose up and mounted so high that he reached heaven itself. When, however, he had gone as far as this, he folded his wings together, and called down with clear and penetrating voice, "I am King! I am King."

"Thou, our King?" cried the birds angrily. "Thou hast compassed it by trick and cunning!" So they made another condition. He should be King who could go down lowest in the ground. How the goose did flap about with its broad breast when it was once more on the land! How

quickly the cock scratched a hole! The duck came off the worst of all, for she leapt into a ditch, but sprained her legs, and waddled away to a neighbouring pond, crying, "Cheating, cheating!" The little bird without a name, however, sought out a mouse-hole, slipped down into it, and cried out of it with his small voice, "I am King! I am King!"

"Thou our King!" cried the birds still more angrily. "Dost thou think thy cunning shall prevail?" They determined to keep him a prisoner in the hole and starve him out. The owl was placed as sentinel in front of it, and was not to let the rascal out if she had any value for her life. When evening was come all the birds were feeling very tired after exerting their wings so much, so they went to bed with their wives and children. The owl alone remained standing by the mouse-hole, gazing steadfastly into it with her great eyes. In the meantime she, too, had grown tired and thought to herself, "You might certainly shut one eye, you will still watch with the other, and the little miscreant shall not come out of his hole." So she shut one eye, and with the other looked straight at the mouse-hole. The little fellow put his head out and peeped, and wanted to slip away, but the owl came forward immediately, and he drew his head back again. Then the owl opened the one eye again, and shut the other, intending to shut them in turn all through the night.

But when she next shut the one eye, she forgot to open the other, and as soon as both her eyes were shut she fell asleep. The little fellow soon observed that, and slipped away.

From that day forth, the owl has never dared to show herself by daylight, for if she does the other birds chase her and pluck her feathers out. She only flies out by night, but hates and pursues mice because they make such ugly holes. The little bird, too, is very unwilling to let himself be seen, because he is afraid it will cost him his life if he is caught. He steals about in the hedges, and when he is quite safe, he sometimes cries, "I am King," and for this reason, the other birds call him in mockery, 'King of the hedges' (Zaunkönig). No one, however, was so happy as

the lark at not having to obey the little King. As soon as the sun appears, she ascends high in the air and cries, "Ah, how beautiful that is! beautiful that is! beautiful, beautiful! ah, how beautiful that is!"

172.—THE SOLE.

THE fishes had for a long time been discontented because no order prevailed in their kingdom. None of them turned aside for the others, but all swam to the right or the left as they fancied, or darted between those who wanted to stay together, or got into their way; and a strong one gave a weak one a blow with its tail, which drove it away, or else swallowed it up without more ado. "How delightful it would be," said they, "if we had a king who enforced law and justice among us!" and they met together to choose for their ruler, the one who could cleave through the water most quickly, and give help to the weak ones.

They placed themselves in rank and file by the shore, and the pike gave the signal with his tail, on which they all started. Like an arrow, the pike darted away, and with him the herring, the gudgeon, the perch, the carp, and all the rest of them. Even the sole swam with them, and hoped to reach the winning-place. All at once, the cry was heard, "The herring is first! the herring is first!" "Who is first?" screamed angrily the flat envious sole, who had been left far behind, "who is first?" "The herring! The herring," was the answer. "The naked herring?" cried the jealous creature, "the naked herring?" Since that time the sole's mouth has been at one side for a punishment.

173.—THE BITTERN AND THE HOOPOE.

"WHERE do you like best to feed your flocks?" said a man to an old cow-herd. "Here, sir, where the grass is neither too rich nor too poor, or else it is no use." "Why

not?" asked the man. "Do you hear that melancholy cry from the meadow there?" answered the shepherd, "that is the bittern; he was once a shepherd, and so was the hoopoe also,—I will tell you the story. The bittern pastured his flocks on rich green meadows where flowers grew in abundance,* so his cows became wild and unmanageable. The hoopoe drove his cattle on to high barren hills, where the wind plays with the sand, and his cows became thin, and got no strength. When it was evening, and the shepherds wanted to drive their cows homewards, the bittern could not get his together again; they were too high-spirited, and ran away from him. He called, "Come, cows, come,"† but it was of no use; they took no notice of his calling. The hoopoe, however, could not even get his cows up on their legs, so faint and weak had they become. "Up, up, up," screamed he, but it was in vain, they remained lying on the sand. That is the way when one has no moderation. And to this day, though they have no flocks now to watch, the bittern cries, "Come, cows, come," and the hoopoe, "Up, up, up."

174.—THE OWL.

Two or three hundred years ago, when people were far from being so crafty and cunning as they are now-a-days, an extraordinary event took place in a little town. By some mischance one of the great owls, called horned owls,

* Bull of the bog, one of the various names given to the bittern.—Liddesdale. "Hitherto nothing had broken the silence, but the deep cry of the bog blitter, or *bull of the bog*, a large species of bittern, and the sighs of the wind as it passed along the dreary morass."—*Guy Mannering*, i. 8. The Highlanders call the bittern the sky goat, from some fancied resemblance between the cries of the bird and the animal.—Saxon and Gael, i. 169. It is also called the mire bumper. In Germany it is denominated moos kuhe.—Jamieson's Etym. Dict. of the Scottish language.

† In the German the bittern cries "Bunt herum," which is meant to imitate the cry of that bird, as "Up, up, up," resembles the cry of the hoopoe.

had come from the neighbouring woods into the barn of one of the townsfolk in the night-time, and when day broke did not dare to venture forth again from her retreat, for fear of the other birds, which raised a terrible outcry whenever she appeared. In the morning when the man-servant went into the barn to fetch some straw, he was so mightily alarmed at the sight of the owl sitting there in a corner, that he ran away and announced to his master that a monster, the like of which he had never set eyes on in his life, and which could devour a man without the slightest difficulty, was sitting in the barn, rolling its eyes about in its head. "I know you already," said the master, "you have courage enough to chase a blackbird about the fields, but when you see a dead hen lying, you have to get a stick before you go near it. I must go and see for myself what kind of a monster it is," added the master, and went quite boldly into the granary and looked round him. When, however, he saw the strange grim creature with his own eyes, he was no less terrified than the servant had been. With two bounds he sprang out, ran to his neighbours, and begged them imploringly to lend him assistance against an unknown and dangerous beast, or else the whole town might be in danger if it were to break loose out of the barn, where it was shut up. A great noise and clamour arose in all the streets, the townsmen came armed with spears, hay-forks, scythes, and axes, as if they were going out against an enemy; finally, the senators appeared with the burgomaster at their head. When they had drawn up in the market-place, they marched to the barn, and surrounded it on all sides. Thereupon one of the most courageous of them stepped forth and entered with his spear lowered, but came running out immediately afterwards with a shriek and as pale as death, and could not utter a single word. Yet two others ventured in, but they fared no better. At last one stepped forth; a great strong man who was famous for his warlike deeds, and said, "You will not drive away the monster by merely looking at him; we must be in earnest here, but I see that you have all turned into women, and not one of you dares to encounter the animal." He ordered them to give him some armour, had

a sword and spear brought, and armed himself. All praised his courage, though many feared for his life. The two barn-doors were opened, and they saw the owl, which in the meantime had perched herself on the middle of a great cross-beam. He had a ladder brought, and when he raised it, and made ready to climb up, they all cried out to him that he was to bear himself bravely, and commended him to St. George, who slew the dragon. When he had just got to the top, and the owl perceived that he had designs on her, and was also bewildered by the crowd and the shouting, and knew not how to escape, she rolled her eyes, ruffled her feathers, flapped her wings, snapped her beak, and cried, "Tuwhit, tuwhoo," in a harsh voice. "Strike home! strike home!" screamed the crowd outside to the valiant hero. "Any one who was standing where I am standing," answered he, "would not cry, strike home!" He certainly did plant his foot one rung higher on the ladder, but then he began to tremble, and half-fainting, went back again.

And now there was no one left who dared to put himself in such danger. "The monster," said they, "has poisoned and mortally wounded the very strongest man among us, by snapping at him and just breathing on him! Are we, too, to risk our lives?" They took counsel as to what they ought to do to prevent the whole town being destroyed. For a long time everything seemed to be of no use, but at length the burgomaster found an expedient. "My opinion," said he, "is that we ought, out of the common purse, to pay for this barn, and whatsoever corn, straw, or hay it contains, and thus indemnify the owner, and then burn down the whole building, and the terrible beast with it. Thus no one will have to endanger his life. This is no time for thinking of expense, and niggardliness would be ill applied." All agreed with him. So they set fire to the barn at all four corners, and with it the owl was miserably burnt. Let any one who will not believe it, go thither and inquire for himself.

175.—THE MOON.

IN days gone by there was a land where the nights were always dark, and the sky spread over it like a black cloth, for there the moon never rose, and no star shone in the obscurity. At the creation of the world, the light at night had been sufficient. Three young fellows once went out of this country on a travelling expedition, and arrived in another kingdom, where, in the evening when the sun had disappeared behind the mountains, a shining globe was placed on an oak-tree, which shed a soft light far and wide. By means of this, everything could very well be seen and distinguished, even though it was not so brilliant as the sun. The travellers stopped and asked a countryman who was driving past with his cart, what kind of a light that was. "That is the moon," answered he; "our mayor bought it for three thalers, and fastened it to the oak-tree. He has to pour oil into it daily, and to keep it clean, so that it may always burn clearly. He receives a thaler a week from us for doing it."

When the countryman had driven away, one of them said, "We could make some use of this lamp, we have an oak-tree at home, which is just as big as this, and we could hang it on that. What a pleasure it would be not to have to feel about at night in the darkness!" "I'll tell you what we'll do," said the second; "we will fetch a cart and horses and carry away the moon. The people here may buy themselves another." "I'm a good climber," said the third, "I will bring it down." The fourth brought a cart and horses, and the third climbed the tree, bored a hole in the moon, passed a rope through it, and let it down. When the shining ball lay in the cart, they covered it over with a cloth, that no one might observe the theft. They conveyed it safely into their own country, and placed it on a high oak. Old and young rejoiced, when the new lamp let its light shine over the whole land, and bed-rooms and sitting-rooms were filled with it. The dwarfs came forth from their caves in the rocks, and the tiny elves in their little red coats danced in rings on the meadows.

The four took care that the moon was provided with oil, cleaned the wick, and received their weekly thaler, but they became old men, and when one of them grew ill, and saw that he was about to die, he appointed that one quarter of the moon, should, as his property, be laid in the grave with him. When he died, the mayor climbed up the tree, and cut off a quarter with the hedge-shears, and this was placed in his coffin. The light of the moon decreased, but still not visibly. When the second died, the second quarter was buried with him, and the light diminished. It grew weaker still after the death of the third, who likewise took his part of it away with him; and when the fourth was borne to his grave, the old state of darkness recommenced, and whenever the people went out at night without their lanterns they knocked their heads together.

When, however, the pieces of the moon had united themselves together again in the world below, where darkness had always prevailed, it came to pass that the dead became restless and awoke from their sleep. They were astonished when they were able to see again; the moonlight was quite sufficient for them, for their eyes had become so weak that they could not have borne the brilliance of the sun. They rose up and were merry, and fell into their former ways of living. Some of them went to the play and to dance, others hastened to the public-houses, where they asked for wine, got drunk, brawled, quarrelled, and at last took up cudgels, and belaboured each other. The noise became greater and greater, and at last reached even to heaven.

Saint Peter who guards the gate of heaven thought the lower world had broken out in revolt and gathered together the heavenly troops, which are to drive back the Evil One when he and his associates storm the abode of the blessed. As these, however, did not come, he got on his horse and rode through the gate of heaven, down into the world below. There he reduced the dead to subjection, bade them lie down in their graves again, took the moon away with him, and hung it up in heaven.

176.—THE DURATION OF LIFE.

WHEN God had created the world and was about to fix the length of each creature's life, the ass came and asked, "Lord, how long shall I live?" "Thirty years," replied God; "does that content thee?" "Ah, Lord," answered the ass, "that is a long time. Think of my painful existence! To carry heavy burdens from morning to night, to drag sacks of corn to the mill, that others may eat bread, to be cheered and refreshed with nothing but blows and kicks. Relieve me of a portion of this long time." Then God had pity on him and relieved him of eighteen years. The ass went away comforted, and the dog appeared. "How long wouldst thou like to live?" said God to him. "Thirty years are too many for the ass, but thou wilt be satisfied with that." "Lord," answered the dog, "is that thy will? Consider how I shall have to run, my feet will never hold out so long, and when I have once lost my voice for barking, and my teeth for biting, what will be left for me to do but run from one corner to another and growl?" God saw that he was right, and released him from twelve years of life. Then came the monkey, "Thou wilt certainly live thirty years willingly?" said the Lord to him. "Thou hast no need to work as the ass and the dog have to do, and wilt always enjoy thyself." "Ah! Lord," he answered, "it may seem as if that were the case, but it is quite different. When it rains porridge I have no spoon. I am always to play merry pranks, and make faces which force people to laugh, and if they give me an apple, and I bite into it, why it is sour! How often sadness hides itself behind mirth! I shall never be able to hold out for thirty years." God was gracious and took off ten.

At last man appeared, joyous, healthy and vigorous, and begged God to appoint his time for him. "Thirty years shalt thou live," said the Lord. "Is that enough for thee?" "What a short time," cried man, "when I have built my house and my fire burns on my own hearth; when I have planted trees which blossom and bear fruit, and am just intending to enjoy my life, I am to die! O

Lord, lengthen my time." "I will add to it the ass's eighteen years," said God. "That is not enough," replied the man. "Thou shalt also have the dog's twelve years." "Still too little!" "Well, then," said God, "I will give thee the monkey's ten years also, but more thou shalt not have." The man went away, but was not satisfied.

So man lives seventy years. The first thirty are his human years, which are soon gone; then is he healthy, merry, works with pleasure, and is glad of his life. Then follow the ass's eighteen years, when one burden after another is laid on him, he has to carry the corn which feeds others, and blows and kicks are the reward of his faithful services. Then come the dog's twelve years, when he lies in the corner, and growls and has no longer any teeth to bite with, and when this time is over the monkey's ten years form the end. Then man is weak-headed and foolish, does silly things, and becomes the jest of the children.

177.—DEATH'S MESSENGERS.

IN ancient times a giant was once travelling on a great highway, when suddenly an unknown man sprang up before him, and said, "Halt, not one step farther!" "What!" cried the giant, "a creature whom I can crush between my fingers, wants to block my way? Who art thou that thou darest to speak so boldly?" "I am Death," answered the other. "No one resists me, and thou also must obey my commands." But the giant refused, and began to struggle with Death. It was a long, violent battle, at last the giant got the upper hand, and struck Death down with his fist, so that he dropped by a stone. The giant went his way, and Death lay there conquered, and so weak that he could not get up again. "What will be done now," said he, "if I stay lying here in a corner? No one will die now in the world, and it will get so full of people that they won't have room to stand beside each other." In the meantime a young man came along the road, who was

strong and healthy, singing a song, and glancing around on every side. When he saw the half-fainting one, he went compassionately to him, raised him up, poured a strengthening draught out of his flask for him, and waited till he came round. "Dost thou know," said the stranger, whilst he was getting up, "who I am, and who it is whom thou hast helped on his legs again?" "No," answered the youth, "I do not know thee." "I am Death," said he. "I spare no one, and can make no exception with thee,—but that thou mayst see that I am grateful, I promise thee that I will not fall on thee unexpectedly, but will send my messengers to thee before I come and take thee away." "Well," said the youth, "it is something gained that I shall know when thou comest, and at any rate be safe from thee for so long." Then he went on his way, and was light-hearted, and enjoyed himself, and lived without thought. But youth and health did not last long, soon came sicknesses and sorrows, which tormented him by day, and took away his rest by night. "Die, I shall not," said he to himself, "for Death will send his messengers before that, but I do wish these wretched days of sickness were over." As soon as he felt himself well again he began once more to live merrily. Then one day some one tapped him on the shoulder. He looked round, and Death stood behind him, and said, "Follow me, the hour of thy departure from this world has come," "What," replied the man, "wilt thou break thy word? Didst thou not promise me that thou wouldst send thy messengers to me before coming thyself? I have seen none!" "Silence!" answered Death. "Have I not sent one messenger to thee after another? Did not fever come and smite thee, and shake thee, and cast thee down? Has dizziness not bewildered thy head? Has not gout twitched thee in all thy limbs? Did not thine ears sing? Did not tooth-ache bite into thy cheeks? Was it not dark before thine eyes? And besides all that, has not my own brother Sleep reminded thee every night of me? Didst thou not lie by night as if thou wert already dead?" The man could make no answer; he yielded to his fate, and went away with Death.

178.—MASTER PFRIEM.*

MASTER PFRIEM was a short, thin, but lively man, who never rested a moment. His face, of which his turned-up nose was the only prominent feature, was marked with small-pox and pale as death, his hair was grey and shaggy, his eyes small, but they glanced perpetually about on all sides. He saw everything, criticised everything, knew everything best, and was always in the right. When he went into the streets, he moved his arms about as if he were rowing; and once he struck the pail of a girl, who was carrying water, so high in the air that he himself was wetted all over by it. "Stupid thing," cried he to her, while he was shaking himself, "couldst thou not see that I was coming behind thee?" By trade he was a shoemaker, and when he worked he pulled his thread out with such force that he drove his fist into every one who did not keep far enough off. No apprentice stayed more than a month with him, for he had always some fault to find with the very best work. At one time it was that the stitches were not even, at another that one shoe was too long, or one heel higher than the other, or the leather not cut large enough. "Wait," said he to his apprentice, "I will soon show thee how we make skins soft," and he brought a strap and gave him a couple of strokes across the back. He called them all sluggards. He himself did not turn much work out of his hands, for he never sat still for a quarter of an hour. If his wife got up very early in the morning and lighted the fire, he jumped out of bed, and ran bare-footed into the kitchen, crying, "Wilt thou burn my house down for me? That is a fire one could roast an ox by! Does wood cost nothing?" If the servants were standing by their wash-tubs and laughing, and telling each other all they knew, he scolded them, and said, "There stand the geese cackling, and forgetting their work, to gossip! And why fresh soap? Disgraceful extravagance and shameful idleness into the bargain! They want to save their hands, and not rub the

* Pfriem, a cobbler's awl.

things properly!" And out he would run and knock a pail full of soap and water over, so that the whole kitchen was flooded. Some one was building a new house, so he hurried to the window to look on. "There, they are using that red sand-stone again that never dries!" cried he. "No one will ever be healthy in that house! and just look how badly the fellows are laying the stones! Besides, the mortar is good for nothing! It ought to have gravel in it, not sand. I shall live to see that house tumble down on the people who are in it." He sat down, put a couple of stitches in, and then jumped up again, unfastened his leather-apron, and cried, "I will just go out, and appeal to those men's consciences." He stumbled on the carpenters. "What's this?" cried he, "you are not working by the line! Do you expect the beams to be straight?—one wrong will put all wrong." He snatched an axe out of a carpenter's hand and wanted to show him how he ought to cut; but as a cart loaded with clay came by, he threw the axe away, and hastened to the peasant who was walking by the side of it: "You are not in your right mind," said he, "who yokes young horses to a heavily-laden cart? The poor beasts will die on the spot." The peasant did not give him an answer, and Pfriem in a rage ran back into his workshop. When he was setting himself to work again, the apprentice reached him a shoe. "Well, what's that again?" screamed he, "Haven't I told you you ought not to cut shoes so broad? Who would buy a shoe like this, which is hardly anything else but a sole? I insist on my orders being followed exactly." "Master," answered the apprentice, "you may easily be quite right about the shoe being a bad one, but it is the one which you yourself cut out, and yourself set to work at. When you jumped up a while since, you knocked it off the table, and I have only just picked it up. An angel from heaven, however, would never make you believe that."

One night Master Pfriem dreamed he was dead, and on his way to heaven. When he got there, he knocked loudly at the door. "I wonder," said he to himself, "that they have no knocker on the door,—one knocks one's knuckles sore." The apostle Peter opened the door, and wanted to see who demanded admission so noisily. "Ah,

it's you, Master Pfriem;" said he, "well, I'll let you in, but I warn you that you must give up that habit of yours, and find fault with nothing you see in heaven, or you may fare ill." "You might have spared your warning," answered Pfriem. "I know already what is seemly, and here, God be thanked, everything is perfect, and there is nothing to blame as there is on earth." So he went in, and walked up and down the wide expanses of heaven. He looked around him, to the left and to the right, but sometimes shook his head, or muttered something to himself. Then he saw two angels who were carrying away a beam. It was the beam which some one had had in his own eye whilst he was looking for the splinter in the eye of another. They did not, however, carry the beam lengthways, but obliquely. "Did any one ever see such a piece of stupidity?" thought Master Pfriem; but he said nothing, and seemed satisfied with it. "It comes to the same thing after all, whichever way they carry the beam, straight or crooked, if they only get along with it, and truly I do not see them knock against anything." Soon after this he saw two angels who were drawing water out of a well into a bucket, but at the same time he observed that the bucket was full of holes, and that the water was running out of it on every side. They were watering the earth with rain. "Hang it," he exclaimed; but happily recollected himself, and thought, "Perhaps it is only a pastime. If it is an amusement, then it seems they can do useless things of this kind even here in heaven, where people, as I have already noticed, do nothing but idle about." He went farther and saw a cart which had stuck fast in a deep hole. "It's no wonder," said he to the man who stood by it; "who would load so unreasonably? what have you there?" "Good wishes," replied the man. "I could not go along the right way with it, but still I have pushed it safely up here, and they won't leave me sticking here." In fact an angel did come and harnessed two horses to it. "That's quite right," thought Pfriem, "but two horses won't get that cart out, it must at least have four to it." Another angel came and brought two more horses; she did not, however, harness them in front of it, but behind. That was too much for Master Pfriem, "Clumsy creature,"

he burst out with, "what are you doing there? Has any one ever since the world began seen a cart drawn in that way? But you, in your conceited arrogance, think that you know everything best." He was going to say more, but one of the inhabitants of heaven seized him by the throat and pushed him forth with irresistible strength. Beneath the gateway Master Pfriem turned his head round to take one more look at the cart, and saw that it was being raised into the air by four winged horses.

At this moment Master Pfriem awoke. "Things are certainly arranged in heaven otherwise than they are on earth," said he to himself, "and that excuses much; but who can see horses harnessed both behind and before with patience; to be sure they had wings, but who could know that? It is, besides, great folly to fix a pair of wings to a horse that has four legs to run with already! But I must get up, or else they will make nothing but mistakes for me in my house. It is a lucky thing for me though, that I am not really dead."

179.—THE GOOSE-GIRL AT THE WELL.

THERE was once upon a time a very old woman, who lived with her flock of geese in a waste place among the mountains, and there had a little house. The waste was surrounded by a large forest, and every morning the old woman took her crutch and hobbled into it. There, however, the dame was quite active, more so than any one would have thought, considering her age, and collected grass for her geese, picked all the wild fruit she could reach, and carried everything home on her back. Any one would have thought that the heavy load would have weighed her to the ground, but she always brought it safely home. If any one met her, she greeted him quite courteously. "Good day, dear countryman, it is a fine day. Ah! you wonder that I should drag grass about, but every one must take his burthen on his back."

Nevertheless, people did not like to meet her if they could help it, and took by preference a round-about way, and when a father with his boys passed her, he whispered to them, "Beware of the old woman. She has claws beneath her gloves; she is a witch." One morning, a handsome young man was going through the forest. The sun shone bright, the birds sang, a cool breeze crept through the leaves, and he was full of joy and gladness. He had as yet met no one, when he suddenly perceived the old witch kneeling on the ground cutting grass with a sickle. She had already thrust a whole load into her cloth, and near it stood two baskets, which were filled with wild apples and pears. "But, good little mother," said he, "how canst thou carry all that away?" "I must carry it, dear sir," answered she, "rich folk's children have no need to do such things, but with the peasant folk the saying goes, don't look behind you, you will only see how crooked your back is!"

"Will you help me?" she said, as he remained standing by her. "You have still a straight back and young legs, it would be a trifle to you. Besides, my house is not so very far from here, it stands there on the heath behind the hill. How soon you would bound up thither." The young man took compassion on the old woman. "My father is certainly no peasant," replied he, "but a rich count; nevertheless, that you may see that it is not only peasants who can carry things, I will take your bundle." "If you will try it," said she, "I shall be very glad. You will certainly have to walk for an hour, but what will that signify to you; only you must carry the apples and pears as well?" It now seemed to the young man just a little serious, when he heard of an hour's walk, but the old woman would not let him off, packed the bundle on his back, and hung the two baskets on his arm. "See, it is quite light," said she. "No, it is not light," answered the count, and pulled a rueful face. "Verily, the bundle weighs as heavily as if it were full of cobble stones, and the apples and pears are as heavy as lead! I can scarcely breathe." He had a mind to put everything down again, but the old woman would not allow it. "Just look," said she mockingly, "the young gentleman will not carry

what I, an old woman, have so often dragged along. You are ready with fine words, but when it comes to be earnest, you want to take to your heels." Why are you standing loitering there?" she continued. "Step out. No one will take the bundle off again." As long as he walked on level ground, it was still bearable, but when they came to the hill and had to climb, and the stones rolled down under his feet as if they were alive, it was beyond his strength. The drops of perspiration stood on his forehead, and ran, hot and cold, down his back. "Dame," said he, "I can go no farther. I want to rest a little." "Not here," answered the old woman, "when we have arrived at our journey's end, you can rest; but now you must go forward. Who knows what good it may do you?" "Old woman, thou art becoming shameless!" said the count, and tried to throw off the bundle, but he laboured in vain; it stuck as fast to his back as if it grew there. He turned and twisted, but he could not get rid of it. The old woman laughed at this, and sprang about quite delighted on her crutch. "Don't get angry, dear sir," said she, "you are growing as red in the face as a turkey-cock! Carry your bundle patiently. I will give you a good present when we get home."

What could he do? He was obliged to submit to his fate, and crawl along patiently behind the old woman. She seemed to grow more and more nimble, and his burden still heavier. All at once she made a spring, jumped on to the bundle and seated herself on the top of it; and however withered she might be, she was yet heavier than the stoutest country lass. The youth's knees trembled, but when he did not go on, the old woman hit him about the legs with a switch and with stinging-nettles. Groaning continually, he climbed the mountain, and at length reached the old woman's house, when he was just about to drop. When the geese perceived the old woman, they flapped their wings, stretched out their necks, ran to meet her, cackling all the while. Behind the flock walked, stick in hand, an old wench, strong and big, but ugly as night. "Good mother," said she to the old woman, "has anything happened to you, you have stayed away so long?" "By no means, my dear daughter,"

answered she, "I have met with nothing bad, but, on the contrary, with this kind gentleman, who has carried my burthen for me; only think, he even took me on his back when I was tired. The way, too, has not seemed long to us; we have been merry, and have been cracking jokes with each other all the time." At last the old woman slid down, took the bundle off the young man's back, and the baskets from his arm, looked at him quite kindly, and said, "Now seat yourself on the bench before the door, and rest. You have fairly earned your wages, and they shall not be wanting." Then she said to the goose-girl, "Go into the house, my dear daughter, it is not becoming for thee to be alone with a young gentleman; one must not pour oil on to the fire, he might fall in love with thee." The count knew not whether to laugh or to cry. "Such a sweetheart as that," thought he, "could not touch my heart, even if she were thirty years younger." In the meantime the old woman stroked and fondled her geese as if they were children, and then went into the house with her daughter. The youth lay down on the bench, under a wild apple-tree. The air was warm and mild; on all sides stretched a green meadow, which was set with cowslips, wild thyme, and a thousand other flowers; through the midst of it rippled a clear brook on which the sun sparkled, and the white geese went walking backwards and forwards, or paddled in the water. "It is quite delightful here," said he, "but I am so tired that I cannot keep my eyes open; I will sleep a little. If only a gust of wind does not come and blow my legs off my body, for they are as rotten as tinder."

When he had slept a little while, the old woman came and shook him till he awoke. "Sit up," said she, "thou canst not stay here; I have certainly treated thee hardly, still it has not cost thee thy life. Of money and land thou hast no need, here is something else for thee." Thereupon she thrust a little book into his hand, which was cut out of a single emerald. "Take great care of it," said she, "it will bring thee good fortune." The count sprang up, and as he felt that he was quite fresh, and had recovered his vigour, he thanked the old woman for her present, and set off without even once looking back at the

beautiful daughter. When he was already some way off, he still heard in the distance the noisy cry of the geese.

For three days the count had to wander in the wilderness before he could find his way out. He then reached a large town, and as no one knew him, he was led into the royal palace, where the King and Queen were sitting on their throne. The count fell on one knee, drew the emerald book out of his pocket, and laid it at the Queen's feet. She bade him rise and hand her the little book. Hardly, however, had she opened it, and looked therein, than she fell as if dead to the ground. The count was seized by the King's servants, and was being led to prison, when the Queen opened her eyes, and ordered them to release him, and every one was to go out, as she wished to speak with him in private.

When the Queen was alone, she began to weep bitterly, and said, "Of what use to me are the splendours and honours with which I am surrounded; every morning I awake in pain and sorrow. I had three daughters, the youngest of whom was so beautiful that the whole world looked on her as a wonder. She was as white as snow, as rosy as apple-blossom, and her hair as radiant as sunbeams. When she cried, not tears fell from her eyes, but pearls and jewels only. When she was fifteen years old, the King summoned all three sisters to come before his throne. You should have seen how all the people gazed when the youngest entered, it was just as if the sun were rising! Then the King spoke, "My daughters, I know not when my last day may arrive; I will to-day decide what each shall receive at my death. You all love me, but the one of you who loves me best, shall fare the best." Each of them said she loved him best. "Can you not express to me," said the King, "how much you do love me, and thus I shall see what you mean?" The eldest spoke. "I love my father as dearly as the sweetest sugar." The second, "I love my father as dearly as my prettiest dress." But the youngest was silent. Then the father said, "And thou, my dearest child, how much dost thou love me?" "I do not know, and can compare my love with nothing." But her father insisted that she should name something. So she said at last, "The best food

does not please me without salt, therefore I love my father like salt." When the King heard that, he fell into a passion, and said, "If thou lovest me like salt, thy love shall also be repaid thee with salt." Then he divided the kingdom between the two elder, but caused a sack of salt to be bound on the back of the youngest, and two servants had to lead her forth into the wild forest. We all begged and prayed for her," said the Queen, "but the King's anger was not to be appeased. How she cried when she had to leave us! the whole road was strewn with the pearls which flowed from her eyes. The King soon afterwards repented of his great severity, and had the whole forest searched for the poor child, but no one could find her. When I think that the wild beasts have devoured her, I know not how to contain myself for sorrow; many a time I console myself with the hope that she is still alive, and may have hidden herself in a cave, or has found shelter with compassionate people. But picture to yourself, when I opened your little emerald book, a pearl lay therein, of exactly the same kind as those which used to fall from my daughter's eyes; and then you can also imagine how the sight of it stirred my heart. You must tell me how you came by that pearl." The count told her that he had received it from the old woman in the forest, who had appeared very strange to him, and must be a witch, but he had neither seen nor heard anything of the Queen's child. The King and the Queen resolved to seek out the old woman. They thought that there where the pearl had been, they would obtain news of their daughter.

The old woman was sitting in that lonely place at her spinning-wheel, spinning. It was already dusk, and a log which was burning on the hearth gave a scanty light. All at once there was a noise outside, the geese were coming home from the pasture, and uttering their hoarse cries. Soon afterwards the daughter also entered. But the old woman scarcely thanked her, and only shook her head a little. The daughter sat down beside her, took her spinning-wheel, and twisted the threads as nimbly as a young girl. Thus they both sat for two hours, and exchanged never a word. At last something rustled at the window, and two fiery eyes peered in. It was an old night-owl,

which cried, "Uhu!" three times. The old woman looked up just a little, then she said, "Now, my little daughter, it is time for thee to go out and do thy work." She rose and went out, and where did she go? Over the meadows ever onward into the valley. At last she came to a well, with three old oak-trees standing beside it; meanwhile the moon had risen large and round over the mountain, and it was so light that one could have found a needle. She removed a skin which covered her face, then bent down to the well, and began to wash herself. When she had finished, she dipped the skin also in the water, and then laid it on the meadow, so that it should bleach in the moonlight, and dry again. But how the maiden was changed! Such a change as that was never seen before! When the grey mask fell off, her golden hair broke forth like sunbeams, and spread about like a mantle over her whole form. Her eyes shone out as brightly as the stars in heaven, and her cheeks bloomed a soft red like apple-blossom.

But the fair maiden was sad. She sat down and wept bitterly. One tear after another forced itself out of her eyes, and rolled through her long hair to the ground. There she sat, and would have remained sitting a long time, if there had not been a rustling and cracking in the boughs of the neighbouring tree. She sprang up like a roe which has been overtaken by the shot of the hunter. Just then the moon was obscured by a dark cloud, and in an instant the maiden had slipped on the old skin and vanished, like a light blown out by the wind.

She ran back home, trembling like an aspen-leaf. The old woman was standing on the threshold, and the girl was about to relate what had befallen her, but the old woman laughed kindly, and said, "I already know all." She led her into the room and lighted a new log. She did not, however, sit down to her spinning again, but fetched a broom and began to sweep and scour, "All must be clean and sweet," she said to the girl. "But, mother," said the maiden, "why do you begin work at so late an hour? What do you expect?" "Dost thou know then what time it is?" asked the old woman. "Not yet midnight," answered the maiden, "but already past eleven o'clock."

"Dost thou not remember," continued the old woman, "that it is three years to-day since thou camest to me? Thy time is up, we can no longer remain together." The girl was terrified, and said, "Alas! dear mother, will you cast me off? Where shall I go? I have no friends, and no home to which I can go. I have always done as you bade me, and you have always been satisfied with me; do not send me away." The old woman would not tell the maiden what lay before her. "My stay here is over," she said to her, "but when I depart, house and parlour must be clean: therefore do not hinder me in my work. Have no care for thyself, thou shalt find a roof to shelter thee, and the wages which I will give thee shall also content thee." "But tell me what is about to happen," the maiden continued to entreat. "I tell thee again, do not hinder me in my work. Do not say a word more, go to thy chamber, take the skin off thy face, and put on the silken gown which thou hadst on when thou camest to me, and then wait in thy chamber until I call thee."

But I must once more tell of the King and Queen, who had journeyed forth with the count in order to seek out the old woman in the wilderness. The count had strayed away from them in the wood by night, and had to walk onwards alone. Next day it seemed to him that he was on the right track. He still went forward, until darkness came on, then he climbed a tree, intending to pass the night there, for he feared that he might lose his way. When the moon illumined the surrounding country he perceived a figure coming down the mountain. She had no stick in her hand, but yet he could see that it was the goose-girl, whom he had seen before in the house of the old woman. "Oho," cried he, "there she comes, and if I once get hold of one of the witches, the other shall not escape me!" But how astonished he was, when she went to the well, took off the skin and washed herself, when her golden hair fell down all about her, and she was more beautiful than any one whom he had ever seen in the whole world. He hardly dared to breathe, but stretched his head as far forward through the leaves as he dared, and stared at her. Either he bent over too far, or whatever the cause might be, the bough suddenly cracked, and

that very moment the maiden slipped into the skin, sprang away like a roe, and as the moon was suddenly covered, disappeared from his eyes. Hardly had she disappeared, before the count descended from the tree, and hastened after her with nimble steps. He had not been gone long before he saw, in the twilight, two figures coming over the meadow. It was the King and Queen, who had perceived from a distance the light shining in the old woman's little house, and were going to it. The count told them what wonderful things he had seen by the well, and they did not doubt that it had been their lost daughter. They walked onwards full of joy, and soon came to the little house. The geese were sitting all round it, and had thrust their heads under their wings and were sleeping, and not one of them moved. The King and Queen looked in at the window, the old woman was sitting there quite quietly spinning, nodding her head and never looking round. The room was perfectly clean, as if the little mist men, who carry no dust on their feet, lived there. Their daughter, however, they did not see. They gazed at all this for a long time, at last they took heart, and knocked softly at the window. The old woman appeared to have been expecting them; she rose, and called out quite kindly, "Come in,—I know you already." When they had entered the room, the old woman said, "You might have spared yourself the long walk, if you had not three years ago unjustly driven away your child, who is so good and loveable. No harm has come to her; for three years she has had to tend the geese; with them she has learnt no evil, but has preserved her purity of heart. You, however, have been sufficiently punished by the misery in which you have lived." Then she went to the chamber and called, "Come out, my little daughter." Thereupon the door opened, and the princess stepped out in her silken garments, with her golden hair and her shining eyes, and it was as if an angel from heaven had entered.

She went up to her father and mother, fell on their necks and kissed them; there was no help for it, they all had to weep for joy. The young count stood near them, and when she perceived him she became as red in the

face as a moss-rose, she herself did not know why. The King said, "My dear child, I have given away my kingdom, what shall I give thee?" "She needs nothing," said the old woman. "I give her the tears that she has wept on your account; they are precious pearls, finer than those that are found in the sea, and worth more than your whole kingdom, and I give her my little house as payment for her services." When the old woman had said that, she disappeared from their sight. The walls rattled a little, and when the King and Queen looked round, the little house had changed into a splendid palace, a royal table had been spread, and the servants were running hither and thither.

The story goes still further, but my grandmother, who related it to me, had partly lost her memory, and had forgotten the rest. I shall always believe that the beautiful princess married the count, and that they remained together in the palace, and lived there in all happiness so long as God willed it. Whether the snow-white geese, which were kept near the little hut, were verily young maidens (no one need take offence,) whom the old woman had taken under her protection, and whether they now received their human form again, and stayed as handmaids to the young Queen, I do not exactly know, but I suspect it. This much is certain, that the old woman was no witch, as people thought, but a wise woman, who meant well. Very likely it was she who, at the princess's birth, gave her the gift of weeping pearls instead of tears. That does not happen now-a-days, or else the poor would soon become rich.

180.—EVE'S VARIOUS CHILDREN.

WHEN Adam and Eve were driven out of Paradise, they were compelled to build a house for themselves on unfruitful ground, and eat their bread in the sweat of their brow. Adam dug up the land, and Eve span.

Every year Eve brought a child into the world; but the children were unlike each other, some pretty, and some ugly. After a considerable time had gone by, God sent an angel to them, to announce that he was coming to inspect their household. Eve, delighted that the Lord should be so gracious, cleaned her house diligently, decked it with flowers, and strewed reeds on the floor. Then she brought in her children, but only the beautiful ones. She washed and bathed them, combed their hair, put clean raiment on them, and cautioned them to conduct themselves decorously and modestly in the presence of the Lord. They were to bow down before him civilly, hold out their hands, and to answer his questions modestly and sensibly. The ugly children were, however, not to let themselves be seen. One hid himself beneath the hay, another under the roof, a third in the straw, the fourth in the stove, the fifth in the cellar, the sixth under a tub, the seventh beneath the wine-cask, the eighth under an old fur cloak, the ninth and tenth beneath the cloth out of which she always made their clothes, and the eleventh and twelfth under the leather out of which she cut their shoes. She had scarcely got ready, before there was a knock at the house-door. Adam looked through a chink, and saw that it was the Lord. Adam opened the door respectfully, and the Heavenly Father entered. There, in a row, stood the pretty children, and bowed before him, held out their hands, and knelt down. The Lord, however, began to bless them, laid his hands on the first, and said, "Thou shalt be a powerful king;" and to the second, "Thou a prince," to the third, "Thou a count," to the fourth, "Thou a knight," to the fifth, "Thou a nobleman," to the sixth, "Thou a burgher," to the seventh, "Thou a merchant," to the eighth, "Thou a learned man." He bestowed upon them also all his richest blessings. When Eve saw that the Lord was so mild and gracious, she thought, "I will bring hither my ill-favoured children also, it may be that he will bestow his blessing on them likewise." So she ran and brought them out of the hay, the straw, the stove, and wherever else she had concealed them. Then came the whole coarse, dirty, shabby, sooty band. The Lord smiled, looked at them all, and said, "I

will bless these also." He laid his hands on the first, and said to him, "Thou shalt be a peasant," to the second, "Thou a fisherman," to the third, "Thou a smith," to the fourth, "Thou a tanner," to the fifth, "Thou a weaver," to the sixth, "Thou a shoemaker," to the seventh, "Thou a tailor," to the eighth, "Thou a potter," to the ninth, "Thou a waggoner," to the tenth, "Thou a sailor," to the eleventh, "Thou an errand-boy," to the twelfth, "Thou a scullion all the days of thy life."

When Eve had heard all this she said, "Lord, how unequally thou dividest thy gifts! After all they are all of them my children, whom I have brought into the world, thy favours should be given to all alike." But God answered, "Eve, thou dost not understand. It is right and necessary that the entire world should be supplied from thy children; if they were all princes and lords, who would grow corn, thresh it, grind and bake it? Who would be blacksmiths, weavers, carpenters, masons, labourers, tailors and seamstresses? Each shall have his own place, so that one shall support the other, and all shall be fed like the limbs of one body." Then Eve answered, "Ah, Lord, forgive me, I was too quick in speaking to thee. Have thy divine will with my children."

181.—THE NIX OF THE MILL-POND.

THERE was once upon a time a miller who lived with his wife in great contentment. They had money and land, and their prosperity increased year by year more and more. But ill-luck comes like a thief in the night, as their wealth had increased so did it again decrease, year by year, and at last the miller could hardly call the mill in which he lived, his own. He was in great distress, and when he lay down after his day's work, found no rest, but tossed about in his bed, full of care. One morning he rose before daybreak and went out into the open air, thinking that perhaps there his heart might become

lighter. As he was stepping over the mill-dam the first sunbeam was just breaking forth, and he heard a rippling sound in the pond. He turned round and perceived a beautiful woman, rising slowly out of the water. Her long hair, which she was holding off her shoulders with her soft hands, fell down on both sides, and covered her white body. He soon saw that she was the Nix of the Mill-pond, and in his fright did not know whether he should run away or stay where he was. But the nix made her sweet voice heard, called him by his name, and asked him why he was so sad? The miller was at first struck dumb, but when he heard her speak so kindly, he took heart, and told her how he had formerly lived in wealth and happiness, but that now he was so poor that he did not know what to do. "Be easy," answered the nix, "I will make thee richer and happier than thou hast even been before, only thou must promise to give me the young thing which has just been born in thy house." "What else can that be," thought the miller, "but a young puppy or kitten?" and he promised her what she desired. The nix descended into the water again, and he hurried back to his mill, consoled and in good spirits. He had not yet reached it, when the maid-servant came out of the house, and cried to him to rejoice, for his wife had given birth to a little boy. The miller stood as if struck by lightning; he saw very well that the cunning nix had been aware of it, and had cheated him. Hanging his head, he went up to his wife's bedside and when she said, "Why dost thou not rejoice over the fine boy?" he told her what had befallen him, and what kind of a promise he had given to the nix. "Of what use to me are riches and prosperity?" he added, "if I am to lose my child; but what can I do?" Even the relations, who had come thither to wish them joy, did not know what to say. In the meantime prosperity again returned to the miller's house. All that he undertook succeeded, it was as if presses and coffers filled themselves of their own accord, and as if money multiplied nightly in the cupboards. It was not long before his wealth was greater than it had ever been before. But he could not rejoice over it untroubled, the bargain which he had made with the nix

tormented his soul. Whenever he passed the mill-pond, he feared she might ascend and remind him of his debt. He never let the boy himself go near the water. "Beware," he said to him, "if thou dost but touch the water, a hand will rise, seize thee, and draw thee down." But as year after year went by and the nix did not show herself again, the miller began to feel at ease. The boy grew up to be a youth and was apprenticed to a huntsman. When he had learnt everything, and had become an excellent huntsman, the lord of the village took him into his service. In the village lived a beautiful and true-hearted maiden, who pleased the huntsman, and when his master perceived that, he gave him a little house, the two were married, lived peacefully and happily, and loved each other with all their hearts.

One day the huntsman was chasing a roe; and when the animal turned aside from the forest into the open country, he pursued it and at last shot it. He did not notice that he was now in the neighbourhood of the dangerous mill-pond, and went, after he had disembowelled the stag, to the water, in order to wash his blood-stained hands. Scarcely, however, had he dipped them in than the nix ascended, smilingly wound her dripping arms around him, and drew him quickly down under the waves, which closed over him. When it was evening, and the huntsman did not return home, his wife became alarmed. She went out to seek him, and as he had often told her that he had to be on his guard against the snares of the nix, and dared not venture into the neighbourhood of the mill-pond, she already suspected what had happened. She hastened to the water, and when she found his hunting-pouch lying on the shore, she could no longer have any doubt of the misfortune. Lamenting her sorrow, and wringing her hands, she called on her beloved by name, but in vain. She hurried across to the other side of the pond, and called him anew; she reviled the nix with harsh words, but no answer followed. The surface of the water remained calm, only the crescent moon stared steadily back at her. The poor woman did not leave the pond. With hasty steps, she paced round and round it, without resting a moment, sometimes in silence, sometimes uttering

a loud cry, sometimes softly sobbing. At last her strength came to an end, she sank down to the ground and fell into a heavy sleep. Presently a dream took possession of her. She was anxiously climbing upwards between great masses of rock; thorns and briars caught her feet, the rain beat in her face, and the wind tossed her long hair about. When she had reached the summit, quite a different sight presented itself to her; the sky was blue, the air soft, the ground sloped gently downwards, and on a green meadow, gay with flowers of every colour, stood a pretty cottage. She went up to it and opened the door; there sat an old woman with white hair, who beckoned to her kindly. At that very moment, the poor woman awoke, day had already dawned, and she at once resolved to act in accordance with her dream. She laboriously climbed the mountain; everything was exactly as she had seen it in the night. The old woman received her kindly, and pointed out a chair on which she might sit. "Thou must have met with a misfortune," she said, "since thou hast sought out my lonely cottage." With tears, the woman related what had befallen her. "Be comforted," said the old woman, "I will help thee. Here is a golden comb for thee. Tarry till the full moon has risen, then go to the mill-pond, seat thyself on the shore, and comb thy long black hair with this comb. When thou hast done, lay it down on the bank, and thou wilt see what will happen." The woman returned home, but the time till the full moon came, passed slowly. At last the shining disc appeared in the heavens, then she went out to the mill-pond, sat down and combed her long black hair with the golden comb, and when she had finished, she laid it down at the water's edge. It was not long before there was a movement in the depths, a wave rose, rolled to the shore, and bore the comb away with it. In not more than the time necessary for the comb to sink to the bottom, the surface of the water parted, and the head of the huntsman arose. He did not speak, but looked at his wife with sorrowful glances. At the same instant, a second wave came rushing up, and covered the man's head. All had vanished, the mill-pond lay peaceful as before, and nothing but the face of the full moon shone on it.

Full of sorrow, the woman went back, but again the dream showed her the cottage of the old woman. Next morning she again set out and complained of her woes to the wise woman. The old woman gave her a golden flute, and said, "Tarry till the full moon comes again, then take this flute; play a beautiful air on it, and when thou hast finished, lay it on the sand; then thou wilt see what will happen." The wife did as the old woman told her. No sooner was the flute lying on the sand than there was a stirring in the depths, and a wave rushed up and bore the flute away with it. Immediately afterwards the water parted, and not only the head of the man, but half of his body also arose. He stretched out his arms longingly towards her, but a second wave came up, covered him, and drew him down again. "Alas, what does it profit me?" said the unhappy woman, "that I should see my beloved, only to lose him again!" Despair filled her heart anew, but the dream led her a third time to the house of the old woman. She set out, and the wise woman gave her a golden spinning-wheel, consoled her and said, "All is not yet fulfilled, tarry until the time of the full moon, then take the spinning-wheel, seat thyself on the shore, and spin the spool full, and when thou hast done that, place the spinning-wheel near the water, and thou wilt see what will happen." The woman obeyed all she said exactly; as soon as the full moon showed itself, she carried the golden spinning-wheel to the shore, and span industriously until the flax came to an end, and the spool was quite filled with the threads. No sooner was the wheel standing on the shore than there was a more violent movement than before in the depths of the pond, and a mighty wave rushed up, and bore the wheel away with it. Immediately the head and the whole body of the man rose into the air, in a water-spout. He quickly sprang to the shore, caught his wife by the hand and fled. But they had scarcely gone a very little distance, when the whole pond rose with a frightful roar, and streamed out over the open country. The fugitives already saw death before their eyes, when the woman in her terror implored the help of the old woman, and in an instant they were transformed, she into a toad, he into a frog. The flood

which had overtaken them could not destroy them, but it tore them apart and carried them far away. When the water had dispersed and they both touched dry land again, they regained their human form, but neither knew where the other was; they found themselves among strange people, who did not know their native land. High mountains and deep valleys lay between them. In order to keep themselves alive, they were both obliged to tend sheep. For many long years they drove their flocks through field and forest and were full of sorrow and longing. When spring had once more broken forth on the earth, they both went out one day with their flocks, and as chance would have it, they drew near each other. They met in a valley, but did not recognize each other; yet they rejoiced that they were no longer so lonely. Henceforth they each day drove their flocks to the same place; they did not speak much, but they felt comforted. One evening when the full moon was shining in the sky, and the sheep were already at rest, the shepherd pulled the flute out of his pocket, and played on it a beautiful but sorrowful air. When he had finished he saw that the shepherdess was weeping bitterly. "Why art thou weeping?" he asked. "Alas," answered she, "thus shone the full moon when I played this air on the flute for the last time, and the head of my beloved rose out of the water." He looked at her, and it seemed as if a veil fell from his eyes, and he recognized his dear wife, and when she looked at him, and the moon shone in his face she knew him also. They embraced and kissed each other, and no one need ask if they were happy.

182.—THE LITTLE FOLKS' PRESENTS.

A TAILOR and a goldsmith were travelling together, and one evening when the sun had sunk behind the mountains, they heard the sound of distant music, which became more and more distinct. It sounded strange, but so pleasant that they forgot all their weariness and stepped quickly

onwards. The moon had already arisen when they reached a hill on which they saw a crowd of little men and women, who had taken each other's hands, and were whirling round in the dance with the greatest pleasure and delight.

They sang to it most charmingly, and that was the music which the travellers had heard. In the midst of them sat an old man who was rather taller than the rest. He wore a parti-coloured coat, and his iron-grey beard hung down over his breast. The two remained standing full of astonishment, and watched the dance. The old man made a sign that they should enter, and the little folks willingly opened their circle. The goldsmith, who had a hump, and like all hunchbacks was brave enough, stepped in; the tailor felt a little afraid at first, and held back, but when he saw how merrily all was going, he plucked up his courage, and followed. The circle closed again directly, and the little folks went on singing and dancing with the wildest leaps. The old man, however, took a large knife which hung to his girdle, whetted it, and when it was sufficiently sharpened, he looked round at the strangers. They were terrified, but they had not much time for reflection, for the old man seized the goldsmith and with the greatest speed, shaved the hair of his head clean off, and then the same thing happened to the tailor. But their fear left them when, after he had finished his work, the old man clapped them both on the shoulder in a friendly manner, as much as to say, they had behaved well to let all that be done to them willingly, and without any struggle. He pointed with his finger to a heap of coals which lay at one side, and signified to the travellers by his gestures that they were to fill their pockets with them. Both of them obeyed, although they did not know of what use the coals would be to them, and then they went on their way to seek a shelter for the night. When they had got into the valley, the clock of the neighbouring monastery struck twelve, and the song ceased. In a moment all had vanished, and the hill lay in solitude in the moonlight.

The two travellers found an inn, and covered themselves

up on their straw-beds with their coats, but in their weariness forgot to take the coals out of them before doing so. A heavy weight on their limbs awakened them earlier than usual. They felt in the pockets, and could not believe their eyes when they saw that they were not filled with coals, but with pure gold; happily, too, the hair of their heads and beards was there again as thick as ever.

They had now become rich folks, but the goldsmith, who, in accordance with his greedy disposition, had filled his pockets better, was as rich again as the tailor. A greedy man, even if he has much, still wishes to have more, so the goldsmith proposed to the tailor that they should wait another day, and go out again in the evening in order to bring back still greater treasures from the old man on the hill. The tailor refused, and said, "I have enough and am content; now I shall be a master, and marry my dear object (for so he called his sweetheart), and I am a happy man." But he stayed another day to please him. In the evening the goldsmith hung a couple of bags over his shoulders that he might be able to stow away a great deal, and took the road to the hill. He found, as on the night before, the little folks at their singing and dancing, and the old man again shaved him clean, and signed to him to take some coal away with him. He was not slow about sticking as much into his bags as would go, went back quite delighted, and covered himself over with his coat. "Even if the gold does weigh heavily," said he, "I will gladly bear that," and at last he fell asleep with the sweet anticipation of waking in the morning an enormously rich man.

When he opened his eyes, he got up in haste to examine his pockets, but how amazed he was when he drew nothing out of them but black coals, and that howsoever often he put his hands in them. "The gold I got the night before is still there for me," thought he, and went and brought it out, but how shocked he was when he saw that it likewise had again turned into coal. He smote his forehead with his dusty black hand, and then he felt that his whole head was bald and smooth, as was also the place where his beard should have been. But his misfortunes

were not yet over; he now remarked for the first time that in addition to the hump on his back, a second, just as large, had grown in front on his breast. Then he recognized the punishment of his greediness, and began to weep aloud. The good tailor, who was wakened by this, comforted the unhappy fellow as well as he could, and said, "Thou hast been my comrade in my travelling time; thou shalt stay with me and share in my wealth." He kept his word, but the poor goldsmith was obliged to carry the two humps as long as he lived, and to cover his bald head with a cap.

183.—THE GIANT AND THE TAILOR.

A CERTAIN tailor who was great at boasting but ill at doing, took it into his head to go abroad for a while, and look about the world. As soon as he could manage it, he left his workshop, and wandered on his way, over hill and dale, sometimes hither, sometimes thither, but ever on and on. Once when he was out he perceived in the blue distance a steep hill, and behind it a tower reaching to the clouds, which rose up out of a wild dark forest. "Thunder and lightning," cried the tailor, "what is that?" and as he was strongly goaded by curiosity, he went boldly towards it. But what made the tailor open his eyes and mouth when he came near it, was to see that the tower had legs, and leapt in one bound over the steep hill, and was now standing as an all powerful giant before him. "What dost thou want here, thou tiny fly's leg?" cried the giant, with a voice as if it were thundering on every side. The tailor whimpered, "I want just to look about and see if I can earn a bit of bread for myself, in this forest." "If that is what thou art after," said the giant, "thou mayst have a place with me." "If it must be, why not? What wages shall I receive?" "Thou shalt hear what wages thou shalt have. Every year three hundred and sixty-five days, and when it is leap-year, one more into the bargain. Does that suit thee?"

"All right," replied the tailor, and thought, in his own mind, "a man must cut his coat according to his cloth; I will try to get away as fast as I can." On this the giant said to him, "Go, little ragamuffin, and fetch me a jug of water." "Had I not better bring the well itself at once, and the spring too?" asked the boaster, and went with the pitcher to the water. "What! the well and the spring too," growled the giant in his beard, for he was rather clownish and stupid, and began to be afraid. "That knave is not a fool, he has a wizard in his body. Be on thy guard, old Hans, this is no serving-man for thee." When the tailor had brought the water, the giant bade him go into the forest, and cut a couple of blocks of wood and bring them back. "Why not the whole forest, at once, with one stroke. The whole forest, young and old, with all that is there, both rough and smooth?" asked the little tailor, and went to cut the wood. "What! the whole forest, young and old, with all that is there, both rough and smooth, and the well and its spring too," growled the credulous giant in his beard, and was still more terrified. "The knave can do much more than bake apples, and has a wizard in his body. Be on thy guard, old Hans, this is *no* serving-man for thee!" When the tailor had brought the wood, the giant commanded him to shoot two or three wild boars for supper. "Why not rather a thousand at one shot, and bring them all here?" inquired the ostentatious tailor. "What!" cried the timid giant in great terror; "Let well alone to-night, and lie down to rest."

The giant was so terribly alarmed that he could not close an eye all night long for thinking what would be the best way to get rid of this accursed sorcerer of a servant. Time brings counsel. Next morning the giant and the tailor went to a marsh, round which stood a number of willow-trees. Then said the giant, "Hark thee, tailor, seat thyself on one of the willow-branches, I long of all things to see if thou art big enough to bend it down." All at once the tailor was sitting on it, holding his breath, and making himself so heavy that the bough bent down. When, however, he was compelled to draw breath, it hurried him (for unfortunately he had not put

his goose in his pocket) so high into the air that he never was seen again, and this to the great delight of the giant. If the tailor has not fallen down again, he must be hovering about in the air.

184.—THE NAIL.

A MERCHANT had done good business at the fair; he had sold his wares, and lined his money-bags with gold and silver. Then he wanted to travel homewards, and be in his own house before nightfall. So he packed his trunk with the money on his horse, and rode away.

At noon he rested in a town, and when he wanted to go farther the stable-boy brought out his horse and said, "A nail is wanting, sir, in the shoe of its left hind foot." "Let it be wanting," answered the merchant; "the shoe will certainly stay on for the six miles I have still to go. I am in a hurry."

In the afternoon, when he once more alighted and had his horse fed, the stable-boy went into the room to him and said, "Sir, a shoe is missing from your horse's left hind foot. Shall I take him to the blacksmith?" "Let it still be wanting," answered the man; "the horse can very well hold out for the couple of miles which remain. I am in haste."

He rode forth, but before long the horse began to limp. It had not limped long before it began to stumble, and it had not stumbled long before it fell down and broke its leg. The merchant was forced to leave the horse where it was, and unbuckle the trunk, take it on his back, and go home on foot. And there he did not arrive until quite late at night. "And that unlucky nail," said he to himself, "has caused all this disaster."

Hasten slowly.

185.—THE POOR BOY IN THE GRAVE.

THERE was once a poor shepherd-boy whose father and mother were dead, and he was placed by the authorities in the house of a rich man, who was to feed him and bring him up. The man and his wife had, however, bad hearts, and were greedy and anxious about their riches, and vexed whenever any one put a morsel of their bread in his mouth. The poor young fellow might do what he liked, he got little to eat, but only so many blows the more.

One day he had to watch a hen and her chickens, but she ran through a quick-set hedge with them, and a hawk darted down instantly, and carried her off through the air. The boy called, "Thief! thief! rascal!" with all the strength of his body. But what good did that do? The hawk did not bring its prey back again. The man heard the noise, and ran to the spot, and as soon as he saw that his hen was gone, he fell in a rage, and gave the boy such a beating that he could not stir for two days. Then he had to take care of the chickens without the hen, but now his difficulty was greater, for one ran here and the other there. He thought he was doing a very wise thing when he tied them all together with a string, because then the hawk would not be able to steal any of them away from him. But he was very much mistaken. After two days, worn out with running about and hunger, he fell asleep; the bird of prey came, and seized one of the chickens, and as the others were tied fast to it, it carried them all off together, perched itself on a tree, and devoured them. The farmer was just coming home, and when he saw the misfortune, he got angry and beat the boy so unmercifully that he was forced to lie in bed for several days.

When he was on his legs again, the farmer said to him, "Thou art too stupid for me, I cannot make a herdsman of thee, thou must go as errand-boy." Then he sent him to the judge, to whom he was to carry a basketful of grapes, and he gave him a letter as well. On the way hunger and thirst tormented the unhappy boy so violently that he ate two of the bunches of grapes. He took the basket to the judge, but when the judge had read the letter, and

counted the bunches he said, "Two clusters are wanting." The boy confessed quite honestly that, driven by hunger and thirst, he had devoured the two which were wanting. The judge wrote a letter to the farmer, and asked for the same number of grapes again. These also the boy had to take to him with a letter. As he again was so extremely hungry and thirsty, he could not help it, and again ate two bunches. But first he took the letter out of the basket, put it under a stone and seated himself thereon in order that the letter might not see and betray him. The judge, however, again made him give an explanation about the missing bunches. "Ah," said the boy, "how have you learnt that? The letter could not know about it, for I put it under a stone before I did it." The judge could not help laughing at the boy's simplicity, and sent the man a letter wherein he cautioned him to keep the poor boy better, and not let him want for meat and drink, and also that he was to teach him what was right and what was wrong.

"I will soon show thee the difference," said the hard man, "if thou wilt eat, thou must work, and if thou dost anything wrong, thou shalt be quite sufficiently taught by blows."

The next day he set him a hard task. He was to chop two bundles of straw for food for the horses, and then the man threatened: "In five hours," said he, "I shall be back again, and if the straw is not cut to chaff by that time, I will beat thee until thou canst not move a limb." The farmer went with his wife, the man-servant and the girl, to the yearly fair, and left nothing behind for the boy but a small bit of bread. The boy seated himself on the bench, and began to work with all his might. As he got warm over it he put his little coat off and threw it on the straw. In his terror lest he should not get done in time he kept constantly cutting, and in his haste, without noticing it, he chopped his little coat as well as the straw. He became aware of the misfortune too late; there was no repairing it. "Ah," cried he, "now all is over with me! The wicked man did not threaten me for nothing; if he comes back and sees what I have done, he will kill me. Rather than that I will take my own life."

The boy had once heard the farmer's wife say, "I have a pot with poison in it under my bed." She, however, had only said that to keep away greedy people, for there was honey in it. The boy crept under the bed, brought out the pot, and ate all that was in it. "I do not know," said he, "folks say death is bitter, but it tastes very sweet to me. It is no wonder that the farmer's wife has so often longed for death." He seated himself in a little chair, and was prepared to die. But instead of becoming weaker he felt himself strengthened by the nourishing food. "It cannot have been poison," thought he, "but the farmer once said there was a small bottle of poison for flies in the box in which he keeps his clothes; that, no doubt, will be the true poison, and bring death to me." It was, however, no poison for flies, but Hungarian wine. The boy got out the bottle, and emptied it. "This death tastes sweet too," said he, but shortly after when the wine began to mount into his brain and stupefy him, he thought his end was drawing near. "I feel that I must die," said he, "I will go away to the churchyard, and seek a grave." He staggered out, reached the churchyard, and laid himself in a newly-dug grave. He lost his senses more and more. In the neighbourhood was an inn where a wedding was being kept; when he heard the music, he fancied he was already in Paradise, until at length he lost all consciousness. The poor boy never awoke again; the heat of the strong wine and the cold night-dew deprived him of life, and he remained in the grave in which he had laid himself.

When the farmer heard the news of the boy's death he was terrified, and afraid of being brought to justice—indeed, his distress took such a powerful hold of him that he fell fainting to the ground. His wife, who was standing on the hearth with a pan of hot fat, ran to him to help him. But the flames darted against the pan, the whole house caught fire, in a few hours it lay in ashes, and the rest of the years they had to live they passed in poverty and misery, tormented by the pangs of conscience.

186.—THE TRUE SWEETHEART.

THERE was once on a time a girl who was young and beautiful, but she had lost her mother when she was quite a child, and her step-mother did all she could to make the girl's life wretched. Whenever this woman gave her anything to do, she worked at it indefatigably, and did everything that lay in her power. Still she could not touch the heart of the wicked woman by that; she was never satisfied; it was never enough. The harder the girl worked, the more work was put upon her, and all that the woman thought of was how to weigh her down with still heavier burdens, and make her life still more miserable.

One day she said to her, "Here are twelve pounds of feathers which thou must pick, and if they are not done this evening, thou mayst expect a good beating. Dost thou imagine thou art to idle away the whole day?" The poor girl sat down to the work, but tears ran down her cheeks as she did so, for she saw plainly enough that it was quite impossible to finish the work in one day. Whenever she had a little heap of feathers lying before her, and she sighed or smote her hands together in her anguish, they flew away, and she had to pick them out again, and begin her work anew. Then she put her elbows on the table, laid her face in her two hands, and cried, "Is there no one, then, on God's earth to have pity on me?" Then she heard a low voice which said, "Be comforted, my child, I have come to help thee." The maiden looked up, and an old woman was by her side. She took the girl kindly by the hand, and said, "Only tell me what is troubling thee." As she spoke so kindly, the girl told her of her miserable life, and how one burden after another was laid upon her, and she never could get to the end of the work which was given to her. "If I have not done these feathers by this evening, my step-mother will beat me; she has threatened she will, and I know she keeps her word." Her tears began to flow again, but the good old woman said, "Do not be afraid, my child; rest a while, and in the meantime I will look to thy work." The girl

lay down on her bed, and soon fell asleep. The old woman seated herself at the table with the feathers, and how they did fly off the quills, which she scarcely touched with her withered hands! The twelve pounds were soon finished, and when the girl awoke, great snow-white heaps were lying, piled up, and everything in the room was neatly cleared away, but the old woman had vanished. The maiden thanked God, and sat still till evening came, when the step-mother came in and marvelled to see the work completed. "Just look, you awkward creature," said she, "what can be done when people are industrious; and why couldst thou not set about something else? There thou sittest with thy hands crossed." When she went out she said, "The creature is worth more than her salt. I must give her some work that is still harder."

Next morning she called the girl, and said, "There is a spoon for thee; with that thou must empty out for me the great pond which is beside the garden, and if it is not done by night, thou knowest what will happen." The girl took the spoon, and saw that it was full of holes; but even if it had not been, she never could have emptied the pond with it. She set to work at once, knelt down by the water, into which her tears were falling, and began to empty it. But the good old woman appeared again, and when she learnt the cause of her grief, she said, "Be of good cheer, my child. Go into the thicket and lie down and sleep; I will soon do thy work." As soon as the old woman was alone, she barely touched the pond, and a vapour rose up on high from the water, and mingled itself with the clouds. Gradually the pond was emptied, and when the maiden awoke before sunset and came thither, she saw nothing but the fishes which were struggling in the mud. She went to her step-mother, and showed her that the work was done. "It ought to have been done long before this," said she, and grew white with anger, but she meditated something new.

On the third morning she said to the girl, "Thou must build me a castle on the plain there, and it must be ready by the evening." The maiden was dismayed, and said, "How can I complete such a great work?" "I will

endure no opposition," screamed the step-mother. "If thou canst empty a pond with a spoon that is full of holes, thou canst build a castle too. I will take possession of it this very day, and if anything is wanting, even if it be the most trifling thing in the kitchen or cellar, thou knowest what lies before thee!" She drove the girl out, and when she entered the valley, the rocks were there, piled up one above the other, and all her strength would not have enabled her even to move the very smallest of them. She sat down and wept, and still she hoped the old woman would help her. The old woman was not long in coming; she comforted her and said, "Lie down there in the shade and sleep, and I will soon build the castle for thee. If it would be a pleasure to thee, thou canst live in it thyself." When the maiden had gone away, the old woman touched the grey rocks. They began to rise, and immediately moved together as if giants had built the walls; and on these the building arose, and it seemed as if countless hands were working invisibly, and placing one stone upon another. There was a dull heavy noise from the ground; pillars arose of their own accord on high, and placed themselves in order near each other. The tiles laid themselves in order on the roof, and when noon-day came, the great weather-cock was already turning itself on the summit of the tower, like a golden figure of the Virgin with fluttering garments. The inside of the castle was being finished while evening was drawing near. How the old woman managed it, I know not; but the walls of the room were hung with silk and velvet; embroidered chairs were there, and richly ornamented arm-chairs by marble tables; crystal chandeliers hung down from the ceilings, and mirrored themselves in the smooth pavement; green parrots were there in gilt cages, and so were strange birds which sang most beautifully, and there was on all sides as much magnificence as if a king were going to live there. The sun was just setting when the girl awoke, and the brightness of a thousand lights flashed in her face. She hurried to the castle, and entered by the open door. The steps were spread with red cloth, and the golden balustrade beset with flowering trees. When she saw the splendour of

the apartment, she stood as if turned to stone. Who knows how long she might have stood there if she had not remembered the step-mother? "Alas!" she said to herself, "if she could but be satisfied at last, and would give up making my life a misery to me." The girl went and told her that the castle was ready. "I will move into it at once," said she, and rose from her seat. When they entered the castle, she was forced to hold her hand before her eyes, the brilliancy of everything was so dazzling. "Thou seest," said she to the girl, "how easy it has been for thee to do this; I ought to have given thee something harder." She went through all the rooms, and examined every corner to see if anything was wanting or defective; but she could discover nothing. "Now we will go down below," said she, looking at the girl with malicious eyes. "The kitchen and the cellar still have to be examined, and if thou hast forgotten anything thou shalt not escape thy punishment." But the fire was burning on the hearth, and the meat was cooking in the pans, the tongs and shovel were leaning against the wall, and the shining brazen utensils all arranged in sight. Nothing was wanting, not even a coal-box and water-pail. "Which is the way to the cellar?" she cried. "If that is not abundantly filled, it shall go ill with thee." She herself raised up the trap-door and descended; but she had hardly made two steps before the heavy trap-door which was only laid back, fell down. The girl heard a scream, lifted up the door very quickly to go to her aid, but she had fallen down, and the girl found her lying lifeless at the bottom.

And now the magnificent castle belonged to the girl alone. She at first did not know how to reconcile herself to her good fortune. Beautiful dresses were hanging in the wardrobes, the chests were filled with gold or silver, or with pearls and jewels, and she never felt a desire that she was not able to gratify. And soon the fame of the beauty and riches of the maiden went over all the world. Wooers presented themselves daily, but none pleased her. At length the son of the King came and he knew how to touch her heart, and she betrothed herself to him. In the garden of the castle was a lime-tree, under

which they were one day sitting together, when he said to her, "I will go home and obtain my father's consent to our marriage. I entreat thee to wait for me here under this lime-tree, I shall be back with thee in a few hours." The maiden kissed him on his left cheek, and said, "Keep true to me, and never let any one else kiss thee on this cheek. I will wait here under the lime-tree until thou returnest."

The maid stayed beneath the lime-tree until sunset, but he did not return. She sat there three days from morning till evening, waiting for him, but in vain. As he still was not there by the fourth day, she said, "Some accident has assuredly befallen him. I will go out and seek him, and will not come back until I have found him." She packed up three of her most beautiful dresses, one embroidered with bright stars, the second with silver moons, the third with golden suns, tied up a handful of jewels in her handkerchief, and set out. She inquired everywhere for her betrothed, but no one had seen him; no one knew anything about him. Far and wide did she wander through the world, but she found him not. At last she hired herself to a farmer as a cow-herd, and buried her dresses and jewels beneath a stone.

And now she lived as a herdswoman, guarded her herd, and was very sad and full of longing for her beloved one; she had a little calf which she taught to know her, and fed it out of her own hand, and when she said,

"Little calf, little calf, kneel by my side,
And do not forget thy shepherd-maid,
As the prince forgot his betrothed bride,
Who waited for him 'neath the lime-tree's shade."

the little calf knelt down, and she stroked it.

And when she had lived for a couple of years alone and full of grief, a report was spread over all the land that the King's daughter was about to celebrate her marriage. The road to the town passed through the village where the maiden was living, and it came to pass that once when the maiden was driving out her herd, her bridegroom travelled by. He was sitting proudly on his horse, and never looked round, but when she saw him

she recognized her beloved, and it was just as if a sharp knife had pierced her heart. "Alas!" said she, "I believed him true to me, but he has forgotten me."

Next day he again came along the road. When he was near her she said to the little calf,

"Little calf, little calf, kneel by my side,
And do not forget thy shepherd-maid
As the prince forgot his betrothed bride,
Who waited for him 'neath the lime-tree's shade."

When he was aware of the voice, he looked down and reined in his horse. He looked into the herd's face, and then put his hands before his eyes as if he were trying to remember something, but he soon rode onwards and was out of sight. "Alas!" said she, "he no longer knows me," and her grief was ever greater.

Soon after this a great festival three days long was to be held at the King's court, and the whole country was invited to it.

"Now will I try my last chance," thought the maiden, and when evening came she went to the stone under which she had buried her treasures. She took out the dress with the golden suns, put it on, and adorned herself with the jewels. She let down her hair, which she had concealed under a handkerchief, and it fell down in long curls about her, and thus she went into the town, and in the darkness was observed by no one. When she entered the brightly-lighted hall, every one started back in amazement, but no one know who she was. The King's son went to meet her, but he did not recognize her. He led her out to dance, and was so enchanted with her beauty, that he thought no more of the other bride. When the feast was over, she vanished in the crowd, and hastened before daybreak to the village, where she once more put on her herd's dress.

Next evening she took out the dress with the silver moons, and put a half-moon made of precious stones in her hair. When she appeared at the festival, all eyes were turned upon her, but the King's son hastened to meet her, and filled with love for her, danced with her alone, and no longer so much as glanced at any one else. Before she

went away she was forced to promise him to come again to the festival on the last evening.

When she appeared for the third time, she wore the star-dress which sparkled at every step she took, and her hair-ribbon and girdle were starred with jewels. The prince had already been waiting for her for a long time, and forced his way up to her. "Do but tell who thou art," said he, "I feel just as if I had already known thee a long time." "Dost thou not know what I did when thou leftest me?" Then she stepped up to him, and kissed him on his left cheek, and in a moment it was as if scales fell from his eyes, and he recognized the true bride. "Come," said he to her, "here I stay no longer," gave her his hand, and led her down to the carriage. The horses hurried away to the magic castle as if the wind had been harnessed to the carriage. The illuminated windows already shone in the distance. When they drove past the lime-tree, countless glow-worms were swarming about it. It shook its branches, and sent forth their fragrance. On the steps flowers were blooming, and the rooms echoed with the song of strange birds, but in the hall the entire court was assembled, and the priest was waiting to marry the bridegroom to the true bride.

187.—THE HARE AND THE HEDGEHOG.

THIS story, my dear young folks, seems to be false, but it really is true, for my grandfather, from whom I have it, used always, when relating it, to say complacently, "It must be true, my son, or else no one could tell it to you." The story is as follows. One Sunday morning about harvest time, just as the buckwheat was in bloom, the sun was shining brightly in heaven, the east wind was blowing warmly over the stubble-fields, the larks were singing in the air, the bees buzzing among the buckwheat, the people were all going in their Sunday clothes to church, and all creatures were happy, and the hedgehog was happy too.

The hedgehog, however, was standing by his door with his arms akimbo, enjoying the morning breezes, and slowly trilling a little song to himself, which was neither better nor worse than the songs which hedgehogs are in the habit of singing on a blessed Sunday morning. Whilst he was thus singing half aloud to himself, it suddenly occurred to him that, while his wife was washing and drying the children, he might very well take a walk into the field, and see how his turnips were going on. The turnips were, in fact, close beside his house, and he and his family were accustomed to eat them, for which reason he looked upon them as his own. No sooner said than done. The hedgehog shut the house-door behind him, and took the path to the field. He had not gone very far from home, and was just turning round the sloe-bush which stands there outside the field, to go up into the turnip-field, when he observed the hare who had gone out on business of the same kind, namely, to visit his cabbages. When the hedgehog caught sight of the hare, he bade him a friendly good morning. But the hare, who was in his own way a distinguished gentleman, and frightfully haughty, did not return the hedgehog's greeting, but said to him, assuming at the same time a very contemptuous manner, "How do you happen to be running about here in the field so early in the morning?" "I am taking a walk," said the hedgehog. "A walk!" said the hare, with a smile. "It seems to me that you might use your legs for a better purpose." This answer made the hedgehog furiously angry, for he can bear anything but an attack on his legs, just because they are crooked by nature. So now the hedgehog said to the hare, "You seem to imagine that you can do more with your legs than I with mine." "That is just what I do think," said the hare. "That can be put to the test," said the hedgehog. "I wager that if we run a race, I will outstrip you." "That is ridiculous! You with your short legs!" said the hare, "but for my part I am willing, if you have such a monstrous fancy for it. What shall we wager?" "A golden louis-d'or and a bottle of brandy," said the hedgehog. "Done," said the hare. "Shake hands on it, and then it may as well come off at once." "Nay," said

the hedgehog, "there is no such great hurry! I am still fasting, I will go home first, and have a little breakfast. In half-an-hour I will be back again at this place."

Hereupon the hedgehog departed, for the hare was quite satisfied with this. On his way the hedgehog thought to himself, "The hare relies on his long legs, but I will contrive to get the better of him. He may be a great man, but he is a very silly fellow, and he shall pay for what he has said." So when the hedgehog reached home, he said to his wife, "Wife, dress thyself quickly, thou must go out to the field with me." "What is going on, then?" said his wife. "I have made a wager with the hare, for a gold louis-d'or and a bottle of brandy. I am to run a race with him, and thou must be present." "Good heavens, husband," the wife now cried, "art thou not right in thy mind, hast thou completely lost thy wits? What can make thee want to run a race with the hare?" "Hold thy tongue, woman," said the hedgehog, "that is my affair. Don't begin to discuss things which are matters for men. Be off, dress thyself, and come with me." What could the hedgehog's wife do? She was forced to obey him, whether she liked it or not.

So when they had set out on their way together, the hedgehog said to his wife, "Now pay attention to what I am going to say. Look you, I will make the long field our race-course. The hare shall run in one furrow, and I in another, and we will begin to run from the top. Now all that thou hast to do is to place thyself here below in the furrow, and when the hare arrives at the end of the furrow on the other side of thee, thou must cry out to him, 'I am here already!'"

Then they reached the field, and the hedgehog showed his wife her place, and then walked up the field. When he reached the top, the hare was already there. "Shall we start?" said the hare. "Certainly," said the hedgehog. "Then both at once." So saying, each placed himself in his own furrow. The hare counted, "Once, twice, thrice, and away!" and went off like a whirlwind down the field. The hedgehog, however, only ran about three paces, and then he stooped down in the furrow, and stayed quietly where he was.

When the hare therefore arrived in full career at the lower end of the field, the hedgehog's wife met him with the cry, "I am here already!" The hare was shocked and wondered not a little, he thought no other than that it was the hedgehog himself who was calling to him, for the hedgehog's wife looked just like her husband. The hare, however, thought to himself, "That has not been done fairly," and cried, "It must be run again, let us have it again." And once more he went off like the wind in a storm, so that he seemed to fly. But the hedgehog's wife stayed quietly in her place. So when the hare reached the top of the field, the hedgehog himself cried out to him, "I am here already." The hare, however, quite beside himself with anger, cried, "It must be run again, we must have it again." "All right," answered the hedgehog, "for my part we'll run as often as you choose." So the hare ran seventy-three times more, and the hedgehog always held out against him, and every time the hare reached either the top or the bottom, either the hedgehog or his wife said, "I am here already."

At the seventy-fourth time, however, the hare could no longer reach the end. In the middle of the field he fell to the ground, the blood streamed out of his mouth, and he lay dead on the spot. But the hedgehog took the louis-d'or which he had won and the bottle of brandy, called his wife out of the furrow, and both went home together in great delight, and if they are not dead, they are living there still.

This is how it happened that the hedgehog made the hare run races with him on the Buxtehuder * heath till he died, and since that time no hare has ever had any fancy for running races with a Buxtehuder hedgehog.

The moral of this story, however, is, firstly, that no one, however great he may be, should permit himself to jest at any one beneath him, even if he be only a hedgehog. And, secondly, it teaches, that when a man marries, he should take a wife in his own position, who looks just as he himself looks. So whosoever is a hedgehog let him see to it that his wife is a hedgehog also, and so forth.

Buxtehuder is a village near Hamburg.

188.—THE SPINDLE, THE SHUTTLE, AND THE NEEDLE.

THERE was once a girl whose father and mother died while she was still a little child. All alone, in a small house at the end of the village, dwelt her godmother, who supported herself by spinning, weaving, and sewing. The old woman took the forlorn child to live with her, kept her to her work, and educated her in all that is good. When the girl was fifteen years old, the old woman became ill, called the child to her bedside, and said, "Dear daughter, I feel my end drawing near. I leave thee the little house, which will protect thee from wind and weather, and my spindle, shuttle, and needle, with which thou canst earn thy bread." Then she laid her hands on the girl's head, blessed her, and said, "Only preserve the love of God in thy heart, and all will go well with thee." Thereupon she closed her eyes, and when she was laid in the earth, the maiden followed the coffin, weeping bitterly, and paid her the last mark of respect. And now the maiden lived quite alone in the little house, and was industrious, and span, wove, and sewed, and the blessing of the good old woman was on all that she did. It seemed as if the flax in the room increased of its own accord, and whenever she wove a piece of cloth or carpet, or had made a shirt, she at once found a buyer who paid her amply for it, so that she was in want of nothing, and even had something to share with others.

About this time, the son of the King was travelling about the country looking for a bride. He was not to choose a poor one, and did not want to have a rich one. So he said, "She shall be my wife who is the poorest, and at the same time the richest." When he came to the village where the maiden dwelt, he inquired, as he did wherever he went, who was the richest and also the poorest girl in the place? They first named the richest; the poorest, they said, was the girl who lived in the small house quite at the end of the village. The rich girl was sitting in all her splendour before the door of her house, and when the prince approached her, she got up, went to

meet him, and made him a low curtsey. He looked at her, said nothing, and rode on. When he came to the house of the poor girl, she was not standing at the door, but sitting in her little room. He stopped his horse, and saw through the window, on which the bright sun was shining, the girl sitting at her spinning-wheel, busily spinning. She looked up, and when she saw that the prince was looking in, she blushed all over her face, let her eyes fall, and went on spinning. I do not know whether, just at that moment, the thread was quite even; but she went on spinning until the King's son had ridden away again. Then she went to the window, opened it, and said, "It is so warm in this room!" but she still looked after him as long as she could distinguish the white feathers in his hat. Then she sat down to work again in her own room and went on with her spinning, and a saying which the old woman had often repeated when she was sitting at her work, came into her mind, and she sang these words to herself,—

"Spindle, my spindle, haste, haste thee away,
And here to my house bring the wooer, I pray."

And what do you think happened? The spindle sprang out of her hand in an instant, and out of the door, and when, in her astonishment, she got up and looked after it, she saw that it was dancing out merrily into the open country, and drawing a shining golden thread after it. Before long, it had entirely vanished from her sight. As she had now no spindle, the girl took the weaver's shuttle in her hand, sat down to her loom, and began to weave.

The spindle, however, danced continually onwards, and just as the thread came to an end, reached the prince. "What do I see?" he cried; "the spindle certainly wants to show me the way!" turned his horse about, and rode back with the golden thread. The girl was, however, sitting at her work singing,

"Shuttle, my shuttle, weave well this day,
And guide the wooer to me, I pray."

Immediately the shuttle sprang out of her hand and out by the door. Before the threshold, however, it began to

weave a carpet which was more beautiful than the eyes of man had ever yet beheld. Lilies and roses blossomed on both sides of it, and on a golden ground in the centre green branches ascended, under which bounded hares and rabbits, stags and deer stretched their heads in between them, brightly-coloured birds were sitting in the branches above; they lacked nothing but the gift of song. The shuttle leapt hither and thither, and everything seemed to grow of its own accord.

As the shuttle had run away, the girl sat down to sew. She held the needle in her hand and sang,

"Needle, my needle, sharp-pointed and fine,
Prepare for a wooer this house of mine."

Then the needle leapt out of her fingers, and flew everywhere about the room as quick as lightning. It was just as if invisible spirits were working; they covered tables and benches with green cloth in an instant, and the chairs with velvet, and hung the windows with silken curtains. Hardly had the needle put in the last stitch than the maiden saw through the window the white feathers of the prince, whom the spindle had brought thither by the golden thread. He alighted, stepped over the carpet into the house, and when he entered the room, there stood the maiden in her poor garments, but she shone out from within them like a rose surrounded by leaves. "Thou art the poorest and also the richest," said he to her. "Come with me, thou shalt be my bride." She did not speak, but she gave him her hand. Then he gave her a kiss, led her forth, lifted her on to his horse, and took her to the royal castle, where the wedding was solemnized with great rejoicings. The spindle, shuttle, and needle were preserved in the treasure-chamber, and held in great honour.

189.—THE PEASANT AND THE DEVIL.

THERE was once on a time a far-sighted, crafty peasant whose tricks were much talked about. The best story is, however, how he once got hold of the Devil, and made a

fool of him. The peasant had one day been working in his field, and as twilight had set in, was making ready for the journey home, when he saw a heap of burning coals in the middle of his field, and when, full of astonishment, he went up to it, a little black devil was sitting on the live coals. "Thou dost indeed sit upon a treasure!" said the peasant. "Yes, in truth," replied the Devil, "on a treasure which contains more gold and silver than thou hast ever seen in thy life!" "The treasure lies in my field and belongs to me," said the peasant. "It is thine," answered the Devil, "if thou wilt for two years give me the half of everything thy field produces. Money I have enough of, but I have a desire for the fruits of the earth." The peasant agreed to the bargain. "In order, however, that no dispute may arise about the division," said he, "everything that is above ground shall belong to thee, and what is under the earth to me." The Devil was quite satisfied with that, but the cunning peasant had sown turnips.

Now when the time for harvest came, the Devil appeared and wanted to take away his crop; but he found nothing but the yellow withered leaves, while the peasant, full of delight, was digging up his turnips. "Thou hast had the best of it for once," said the Devil, "but the next time that won't do. What grows above ground shall be thine, and what is under it, mine." "I am willing," replied the peasant; but when the time came to sow, he did not again sow turnips, but wheat. The grain became ripe, and the peasant went into the field and cut the full stalks down to the ground. When the Devil came, he found nothing but the stubble, and went away in a fury down into a cleft in the rocks. "That is the way to cheat the Devil," said the peasant, and went and fetched away the treasure.

190.—THE CRUMBS ON THE TABLE.

A COUNTRYMAN one day said to his little puppies, "Come into the parlour and enjoy yourselves, and pick up the bread-crumbs on the table; your mistress has gone out to

pay some visits." Then the little dogs said, "No, no, we will not go. If the mistress gets to know it, she will beat us." The countryman said, "She will know nothing about it. Do come; after all, she never gives you anything good." Then the little dogs again said, "Nay, nay, we must let it alone; we must not go." But the countryman let them have no peace until at last they went, and got on the table, and ate up the bread-crumbs with all their might. But at that very moment the mistress came, and seized the stick in great haste, and beat them and treated them very hardly. And when they were outside the house, the little dogs said to the countryman, "Dost, dost, dost, dost, dost thou see?" Then the countryman laughed and said, "Didn't, didn't, didn't you expect it?" So they just had to run away.

.—THE SEA-HARE.

THERE was once upon a time a princess, who, high under the battlements in her castle, had an apartment with twelve windows, which looked out in every possible direction, and when she climbed up to it and looked around her, she could inspect her whole kingdom. When she looked out of the first, her sight was more keen than that of any other human being; from the second she could see still better, from the third more distinctly still, and so it went on, until the twelfth, from which she saw everything above the earth and under the earth, and nothing at all could be kept secret from her. Moreover, as she was haughty, and would be subject to no one, but wished to keep the dominion for herself alone, she caused it to be proclaimed that no one should ever be her husband who could not conceal himself from her so effectually, that it should be quite impossible for her to find him. He who tried this, however, and was discovered by her, was to have his head struck off, and stuck on a post. Ninety-seven posts with the heads of dead men were already

standing before the castle, and no one had come forward for a long time. The princess was delighted, and thought to herself, "Now I shall be free as long as I live." Then three brothers appeared before her, and announced to her that they were desirous of trying their luck. The eldest believed he would be quite safe if he crept into a lime-pit, but she saw him from the first window, made him come out, and had his head cut off. The second crept into the cellar of the palace, but she perceived him also from the first window, and his fate was sealed. His head was placed on the nine and ninetieth post. Then the youngest came to her and entreated her to give him a day for consideration, and also to be so gracious as to overlook it if she should happen to discover him twice, but if he failed the third time, he would look on his life as over. As he was so handsome, and begged so earnestly, she said, "Yes, I will grant thee that, but thou wilt not succeed."

Next day he meditated for a long time how he should hide himself, but all in vain. Then he seized his gun and went out hunting. He saw a raven, took a good aim at him, and was just going to fire, when the bird cried, "Don't shoot; I will make it worth thy while not." He put his gun down, went on, and came to a lake where he surprised a large fish which had come up from the depths below to the surface of the water. When he had aimed at it, the fish cried, "Don't shoot, and I will make it worth thy while." He allowed it to dive down again, went onwards, and met a fox which was lame. He fired and missed it, and the fox cried, "You had much better come here and draw the thorn out of my foot for me." He did this; but then he wanted to kill the fox and skin it, the fox said, "Stop, and I will make it worth thy while." The youth let him go, and then as it was evening, returned home.

Next day he was to hide himself; but howsoever much he puzzled his brains over it, he did not know where. He went into the forest to the raven and said, "I let thee live on, so now tell me where I am to hide myself, so that the King's daughter shall not see me." The raven hung his head and thought it over for a long time. At length he croaked, "I have it." He fetched an egg out of his

nest, cut it into two parts, and shut the youth inside it; then made it whole again, and seated himself on it. When the King's daughter went to the first window she could not discover him, nor could she from the others, and she began to be uneasy, but from the eleventh she saw him. She ordered the raven to be shot, and the egg to be brought and broken, and the youth was forced to come out. She said, "For once thou art excused, but if thou dost not do better than this, thou art lost!"

Next day he went to the lake, called the fish to him and said, "I suffered thee to live, now tell me where to hide myself so that the King's daughter may not see me." The fish thought for a while, and at last cried, "I have it! I will shut thee up in my stomach." He swallowed him, and went down to the bottom of the lake. The King's daughter looked through her windows, and even from the eleventh did not see him, and was alarmed; but at length from the twelfth she saw him. She ordered the fish to be caught and killed, and then the youth appeared. Every one can imagine what a state of mind he was in. She said, "Twice thou art forgiven, but be sure that thy head will be set on the hundredth post."

On the last day, he went with a heavy heart into the country, and met the fox. "Thou knowest how to find all kinds of hiding-places," said he; "I let thee live, now advise me where I shall hide myself so that the King's daughter shall not discover me." "That's a hard task," answered the fox, looking very thoughtful. At length he cried, "I have it!" and went with him to a spring, dipped himself in it, and came out as a stall-keeper in the market, and dealer in animals. The youth had to dip himself in the water also, and was changed into a small sea-hare. The merchant went into the town, and showed the pretty little animal, and many persons gathered together to see it. At length the King's daughter came likewise, and as she liked it very much, she bought it, and gave the merchant a good deal of money for it. Before he gave it over to her, he said to it, "When the King's daughter goes to the window, creep quickly under the braids of her hair." And now the time arrived when she was to search for him. She went to one window after another in turn.

from the first to the eleventh, and did not see him. When she did not see him from the twelfth either, she was full of anxiety and anger, and shut it down with such violence that the glass in every window shivered into a thousand pieces, and the whole castle shook.

She went back and felt the sea-hare beneath the braids of her hair. Then she seized it, and threw it on the ground exclaiming, "Away with thee, get out of my sight!" It ran to the merchant, and both of them hurried to the spring, wherein they plunged, and received back their true forms. The youth thanked the fox, and said, "The raven and the fish are idiots compared with thee; thou knowest the right tune to play, there is no denying that!"

The youth went straight to the palace. The princess was already expecting him, and accommodated herself to her destiny. The wedding was solemnized, and now he was king, and lord of all the kingdom. He never told her where he had concealed himself for the third time, and who had helped him, so she believed that he had done everything by his own skill, and she had a great respect for him, for she thought to herself, "He is able to do more than I."

192.—THE MASTER-THIEF.

ONE day an old man and his wife were sitting in front of a miserable house resting a while from their work. Suddenly a splendid carriage with four black horses came driving up, and a richly-dressed man descended from it. The peasant stood up, went to the great man, and asked what he wanted, and in what way he could be useful to him? The stranger stretched out his hand to the old man, and said, "I want nothing but to enjoy for once a country dish; cook me some potatoes, in the way you always have them, and then I will sit down at your table and eat them with pleasure." The peasant smiled and said, "You are a count or a prince, or perhaps even a duke;

noble gentlemen often have such fancies, but you shall have your wish." The wife went into the kitchen, and began to wash and rub the potatoes, and to make them into balls, as they are eaten by the country-folks. Whilst she was busy with this work, the peasant said to the stranger, "Come into my garden with me for a while, I have still something to do there." He had dug some holes in the garden, and now wanted to plant some trees in them. "Have you no children," asked the stranger, "who could help you with your work?" "No," answered the peasant, "I had a son, it is true, but it is long since he went out into the world. He was a ne'er-do-well; sharp, and knowing, but he would learn nothing and was full of bad tricks, at last he ran away from me, and since then I have heard nothing of him."

The old man took a young tree, put it in a hole, drove in a post beside it, and when he had shovelled in some earth and had trampled it firmly down, he tied the stem of the tree above, below, and in the middle, fast to the post by a rope of straw. "But tell me," said the stranger, "why you don't tie that crooked knotted tree, which is lying in the corner there, bent down almost to the ground, to a post also that it may grow straight, as well as these?" The old man smiled and said, "Sir, you speak according to your knowledge, it is easy to see that you are not familiar with gardening. That tree there is old, and mis-shapen, no one can make it straight now. Trees must be trained while they are young." "That is how it was with your son," said the stranger, "if you had trained him while he was still young, he would not have run away; now he too must have grown hard and mis-shapen." "Truly it is a long time since he went away," replied the old man, "he must have changed." "Would you know him again if he were to come to you?" asked the stranger. "Hardly by his face," replied the peasant, "but he has a mark about him, a birth-mark on his shoulder, that looks like a bean." When he had said that the stranger pulled off his coat, bared his shoulder, and showed the peasant the bean. "Good God!" cried the old man, "thou art really my son!" and love for his child stirred in his heart. "But,"

he added, "how canst thou be my son, thou hast become a great lord and livest in wealth and luxury? How hast thou contrived to do that?" "Ah, father," answered the son, "the young tree was bound to no post and has grown crooked, now it is too old, it will never be straight again. How have I got all that? I have become a thief, but do not be alarmed, I am a master-thief. For me there are neither locks nor bolts, whatsoever I desire is mine. Do not imagine that I steal like a common thief, I only take some of the superfluity of the rich. Poor people are safe, I would rather give to them than take anything from them. It is the same with anything which I can have without trouble, cunning and dexterity—I never touch it." "Alas, my son," said the father, "it still does not please me, a thief is still a thief, I tell thee it will end badly." He took him to his mother, and when she heard that was her son, she wept for joy, but when he told her that he had become a master-thief, two streams flowed down over her face. At length she said, "Even if he has become a thief, he is still my son, and my eyes have beheld him once more." They sat down to table, and once again he ate with his parents the wretched food which he had not eaten for so long. The father said, "If our Lord, the count up there in the castle, learns who thou art, and what trade thou followest, he will not take thee in his arms and cradle thee in them as he did when he held thee at the font, but will cause thee to swing from a halter." "Be easy, father, he will do me no harm, for I understand my trade. I will go to him myself this very day." When evening drew near, the master-thief seated himself in his carriage, and drove to the castle. The count received him civilly, for he took him for a distinguished man. When, however, the stranger made himself known, the count turned pale and was quite silent for some time. At length he said, "Thou art my godson, and on that account mercy shall take the place of justice, and I will deal leniently with thee. Since thou pridest thyself on being a master-thief, I will put thy art to the proof, but if thou dost not stand the test, thou must marry the rope-maker's daughter, and the croaking of the raven must be thy music on the occasion." "Lord count," answered the

master-thief, "Think of three things, as difficult as you like, and if I do not perform your tasks, do with me what you will." The count reflected for some minutes, and then said, "Well, then, in the first place, thou shalt steal the horse I keep for my own riding, out of the stable; in the next, thou shalt steal the sheet from beneath the bodies of my wife and myself when we are asleep, without our observing it, and the wedding-ring of my wife as well; thirdly and lastly, thou shalt steal away out of the church, the parson and clerk. Mark what I am saying, for thy life depends on it."

The master-thief went to the nearest town; there he bought the clothes of an old peasant woman, and put them on. Then he stained his face brown, and painted wrinkles on it as well, so that no one could have recognized him. Then he filled a small cask with old Hungary wine in which was mixed a powerful sleeping-drink. He put the cask in a basket, which he took on his back, and walked with slow and tottering steps to the count's castle. It was already dark when he arrived. He sat down on a stone in the court-yard and began to cough, like an asthmatic old woman, and to rub his hands as if he were cold. In front of the door of the stable some soldiers were lying round a fire; one of them observed the woman, and called out to her, "Come nearer, old mother, and warm thyself beside us. After all, thou hast no bed for the night, and must take one where thou canst find it." The old woman tottered up to them, begged them to lift the basket from her back, and sat down beside them at the fire. "What hast thou got in thy little cask, old lady?" asked one. "A good mouthful of wine," she answered. "I live by trade, for money and fair words I am quite ready to let you have a glass." "Let us have it here, then," said the soldier, and when he had tasted one glass he said, "When wine is good, I like another glass," and had another poured out for himself, and the rest followed his example. "Hallo, comrades," cried one of them to those who were in the stable, "here is an old goody who has wine that is as old as herself; take a draught, it will warm your stomachs far better than our fire." The old woman carried her cask into the stable. One of the soldiers had

seated himself on the saddled riding-horse, another held its bridle in his hand, a third had laid hold of its tail. She poured out as much as they wanted until the spring ran dry. It was not long before the bridle fell from the hand of the one, and he fell down and began to snore, the other left hold of the tail, lay down and snored still louder. The one who was sitting in the saddle, did remain sitting, but bent his head almost down to the horse's neck, and slept and blew with his mouth like the bellows of a forge. The soldiers outside had already been asleep for a long time, and were lying on the ground motionless, as if dead. When the master-thief saw that he had succeeded, he gave the first a rope in his hand instead of the bridle, and the other who had been holding the tail, a wisp of straw, but what was he to do with the one who was sitting on the horse's back? He did not want to throw him down, for he might have awakened and have uttered a cry. He had a good idea, he unbuckled the girths of the saddle, tied a couple of ropes which were hanging to a ring on the wall fast to the saddle, and drew the sleeping rider up into the air on it, then he twisted the rope round the posts, and made it fast. He soon unloosed the horse from the chain, but if he had ridden over the stony pavement of the yard they would have heard the noise in the castle. So he wrapped the horse's hoofs in old rags, led him carefully out, leapt upon him, and galloped off.

When day broke, the master galloped to the castle on the stolen horse. The count had just got up, and was looking out of the window. "Good morning, Sir Count," he cried to him, "here is the horse, which I have got safely out of the stable! Just look, how beautifully your soldiers are lying there sleeping; and if you will but go into the stable, you will see how comfortable your watchers have made it for themselves." The count could not help laughing, then he said, "For once thou hast succeeded, but things won't go so well the second time, and I warn thee that if thou comest before me as a thief, I will handle thee as I would a thief." When the countess went to bed that night, she closed her hand with the wedding-ring tightly together, and the count said, "All the doors are locked and bolted, I will keep awake and

wait for the thief, but if he gets in by the window, I will shoot him." The master-thief, however, went in the dark to the gallows, cut a poor sinner who was hanging there down from the halter, and carried him on his back to the castle. Then he set a ladder up to the bedroom, put the dead body on his shoulders, and began to climb up. When he had got so high that the head of the dead man showed at the window, the count, who was watching in his bed, fired a pistol at him, and immediately the master let the poor sinner fall down, and hid himself in one corner. The night was sufficiently lighted by the moon, for the master to see distinctly how the count got out of the window on to the ladder, came down, carried the dead body into the garden, and began to dig a hole in which to lay it. "Now," thought the thief, "the favourable moment has come," stole nimbly out of his corner, and climbed up the ladder straight into the countess's bedroom. "Dear wife," he began in the count's voice, "the thief is dead, but, after all, he is my godson, and has been more of a scape-grace than a villain. I will not put him to open shame; besides, I am sorry for the parents. I will bury him myself before daybreak, in the garden that the thing may not be known, so give me the sheet, I will wrap up the body in it, and bury him as a dog buries things by scratching." The countess gave him the sheet. "I tell you what," continued the thief, "I have a fit of magnanimity on me, give me the ring too,—the unhappy man risked his life for it, so he may take it with him into his grave." She would not gainsay the count, and although she did it unwillingly she drew the ring from her finger, and gave it to him. The thief made off with both these things, and reached home safely before the count in the garden had finished his work of burying.

What a long face the count did pull when the master came next morning, and brought him the sheet and the ring. "Art thou a wizard?" said he, "Who has fetched thee out of the grave in which I myself laid thee, and brought thee to life again?" "You did not bury me," said the thief, "but the poor sinner on the gallows," and he told him exactly how everything had happened, and the

count was forced to own to him that he was a clever, crafty thief. "But thou hast not reached the end yet," he added, "thou hast still to perform the third task, and if thou dost not succeed in that, all is of no use." The master smiled and returned no answer. When night had fallen he went with a long sack on his back, a bundle under his arms, and a lantern in his hand to the village-church. In the sack he had some crabs, and in the bundle short wax-candles. He sat down in the churchyard, took out a crab, and stuck a wax-candle on his back. Then he lighted the little light, put the crab on the ground, and let it creep about. He took a second out of the sack, and treated it in the same way, and so on until the last was out of the sack. Hereupon he put on a long black garment that looked like a monk's cowl, and stuck a grey beard on his chin. When at last he was quite unrecognizable, he took the sack in which the crabs had been, went into the church, and ascended the pulpit. The clock in the tower was just striking twelve; when the last stroke had sounded, he cried with a loud and piercing voice, "Hearken, sinful men, the end of all things has come! The last day is at hand! Hearken! Hearken! Whosoever wishes to go to heaven with me must creep into the sack. I am Peter, who opens and shuts the gate of heaven. Behold how the dead outside there in the churchyard, are wandering about collecting their bones. Come, come, and creep into the sack; the world is about to be destroyed!" The cry echoed through the whole village. The parson and clerk who lived nearest to the church, heard it first, and when they saw the lights which were moving about the churchyard, they observed that something unusual was going on, and went into the church. They listened to the sermon for a while, and then the clerk nudged the parson and said, "It would not be amiss if we were to use the opportunity together, and before the dawning of the last day, find an easy way of getting to heaven." "To tell the truth," answered the parson, "that is what I myself have been thinking, so if you are inclined, we will set out on our way." "Yes," answered the clerk, "but you, the pastor, have the precedence, I will follow." So the parson went first, and

ascended the pulpit where the master opened his sack. The parson crept in first, and then the clerk. The master immediately tied up the sack tightly, seized it by the middle, and dragged it down the pulpit-steps, and whenever the heads of the two fools bumped against the steps, he cried, "We are going over the mountains." Then he drew them through the village in the same way, and when they were passing through puddles, he cried, "Now we are going through wet clouds," and when at last he was dragging them up the steps of the castle, he cried, "Now we are on the steps of heaven, and will soon be in the outer court." When he had got to the top, he pushed the sack into the pigeon-house, and when the pigeons fluttered about, he said, "Hark how glad the angels are, and how they are flapping their wings!" Then he bolted the door upon them, and went away.

Next morning he went to the count, and told him that he had performed the third task also, and had carried the parson and clerk out of the church. "Where hast thou left them?" asked the lord. "They are lying upstairs in a sack in the pigeon-house, and imagine that they are in heaven." The count went up himself, and convinced himself that the master had told the truth. When he had delivered the parson and clerk from their captivity, he said, "Thou art an arch-thief, and hast won thy wager. For once thou escapest with a whole skin, but see that thou leavest my land, for if ever thou settest foot on it again, thou may'st count on thy elevation to the gallows." The arch-thief took leave of his parents, once more went forth into the wide world, and no one has ever heard of him since.

193.—THE DRUMMER.

A YOUNG drummer went out quite alone one evening into the country, and came to a lake on the shore of which he perceived three pieces of white linen lying. "What fine

linen," said he, and put one piece in his pocket. He returned home, thought no more of what he had found, and went to bed. Just as he was going to sleep, it seemed to him as if some one was saying his name. He listened, and was aware of a soft voice which cried to him, "Drummer, drummer, wake up!" As it was a dark night he could see no one, but it appeared to him that a figure was hovering about his bed. "What do you want?" he asked. "Give me back my dress," answered the voice, "that you took away from me last evening by the lake." "You shall have it back again," said the drummer, "if you will tell me who you are." "Ah," replied the voice, "I am the daughter of a mighty King; but I have fallen into the power of a witch, and am shut up on the glass-mountain. I have to bathe in the lake every day with my two sisters, but I cannot fly back again without my dress. My sisters have gone away, but I have been forced to stay behind. I entreat you to give me my dress back." "Be easy, poor child," said the drummer. "I will willingly give it back to you." He took it out of his pocket, and reached it to her in the dark. She snatched it in haste, and wanted to go away with it. "Stop a moment, perhaps I can help you." "You can only help me by ascending the glass-mountain, and freeing me from the power of the witch. But you cannot come to the glass-mountain, and indeed if you were quite close to it you could not ascend it." "When I want to do a thing I always can do it," said the drummer; "I am sorry for you, and have no fear of anything. But I do not know the way which leads to the glass-mountain." "The road goes through the great forest, in which the man-eaters live," she answered, "and more than that, I dare not tell you." And then he heard her wings quiver, and she flew away.

By daybreak the drummer arose, buckled on his drum, and went without fear straight into the forest. After he had walked for a while without seeing any giants, he thought to himself, "I must waken up the sluggards," and he hung his drum before him, and beat such a *réveillé* that the birds flew out of the trees with loud cries. It was not long before a giant who had been lying sleeping among the grass, rose up, and was as tall as a fir-tree.

"Wretch!" cried he; "what art thou drumming here for, and wakening me out of my best sleep?" "I am drumming," he replied, "because I want to show the way to many thousands who are following me." "What do they want in my forest?" demanded the giant. "They want to put an end to thee, and cleanse the forest of such a monster as thou art!" "Oho!" said the giant, "I will trample you all to death like so many ants." "Dost thou think thou canst do anything against us?" said the drummer; "if thou stoopest to take hold of one, he will jump away and hide himself; but when thou art lying down and sleeping, they will come forth from every thicket, and creep up to thee. Every one of them has a hammer of steel in his belt, and with that they will beat in thy skull." The giant grew angry and thought, "If I meddle with the crafty folk, it might turn out badly for me. I can strangle wolves and bears, but I cannot protect myself from these earth-worms." "Listen, little fellow," said he; "go back again, and I will promise you that for the future I will leave you and your comrades in peace, and if there is anything else you wish for, tell me, for I am quite willing to do something to please you." "Thou hast long legs," said the drummer, "and canst run quicker than I; carry me to the glass-mountain, and I will give my followers a signal to go back, and they shall leave thee in peace this time." "Come here, worm," said the giant; "seat thyself on my shoulder, I will carry thee where thou wishest to be." The giant lifted him up, and the drummer began to beat his drum up aloft to his heart's delight. The giant thought, "That is the signal for the other people to turn back."

After a while, a second giant was standing in the road, who took the drummer from the first, and stuck him in his own button-hole. The drummer laid hold of the button, which was as large as a dish, held on by it, and looked merrily around. Then they came to a third giant, who took him out of the button-hole, and set him on the rim of his hat. Then the drummer walked backwards and forwards up above, and looked over the trees, and when he perceived a mountain in the blue distance, he thought, "That must be the glass-mountain," and so it was. The

giant only made two steps more, and they reached the foot of the mountain, when the giant put him down. The drummer demanded to be put on the summit of the glass-mountain, but the giant shook his head, growled something in his beard, and went back into the forest.

And now the poor drummer was standing before the mountain, which was as high as if three mountains were piled on each other, and at the same time as smooth as a looking-glass, and did not know how to get up it. He began to climb, but that was useless, for he always slipped back again. "If one was a bird now," thought he; but what was the good of wishing, no wings grew for him.

Whilst he was standing thus, not knowing what to do, he saw, not far from him, two men who were struggling fiercely together. He went up to them and saw that they were disputing about a saddle which was lying on the ground before them, and which both of them wanted to have. "What fools you are," said he, "to quarrel about a saddle, when you have not a horse for it!" "The saddle is worth fighting about," answered one of the men; "whosoever sits on it, and wishes himself in any place, even if it should be the very end of the earth, gets there the instant he has uttered the wish. The saddle belongs to us in common. It is my turn to ride on it, but that other man will not let me do it." "I will soon decide the quarrel," said the drummer, and he went to a short distance and stuck a white rod in the ground. Then he came back and said, "Now run to the goal, and whoever gets there first, shall ride first." Both put themselves into a trot; but hardly had they gone a couple of steps before the drummer swung himself on the saddle, wished himself on the glass-mountain, and before any one could turn round, he was there. On the top of the mountain was a plain; there stood an old stone house, and in front of the house lay a great fish-pond, but behind it was a dark forest. He saw neither men nor animals, everything was quiet; only the wind rustled amongst the trees, and the clouds moved by quite close above his head. He went to the door and knocked. When he had knocked for the third time, an old woman with a brown face and red eyes opened the door. She had spectacles on her long

nose, and looked sharply at him; then she asked what he wanted. "Entrance, food, and a bed for the night," replied the drummer. "That thou shalt have," said the old woman, "if thou wilt perform three services in return." "Why not?" he answered, "I am not afraid of any kind of work, however hard it may be." The old woman let him go in, and gave him some food and a good bed at night. The next morning when he had had his sleep out, she took a thimble from her wrinkled finger, reached it to the drummer, and said, "Go to work now, and empty out the pond with this thimble; but thou must have it done before night, and must have sought out all the fishes which are in the water and laid them side by side, according to their kind and size." "That is strange work," said the drummer, but he went to the pond, and began to empty it. He baled the whole morning; but what can any one do to a great lake with a thimble, even if he were to bale for a thousand years?

When it was noon, he thought, "It is all useless, and whether I work or not it will come to the same thing." So he gave it up and sat down. Then came a maiden out of the house who set a little basket with food before him, and said, "What ails thee, that thou sittest so sadly here?" He looked at her, and saw that she was wondrously beautiful. "Ah," said he, "I cannot finish the first piece of work, how will it be with the others? I came forth to seek a king's daughter who is said to dwell here, but I have not found her, and I will go farther." "Stay here," said the maiden, "I will help thee out of thy difficulty. Thou art tired, lay thy head in my lap, and sleep. When thou awakest again, thy work will be done." The drummer did not need to be told that twice. As soon as his eyes were shut, she turned a wishing-ring and said, "Rise, water. Fishes, come out." Instantly the water rose on high like a white mist, and moved away with the other clouds, and the fishes sprang on the shore and laid themselves side by side each according to his size and kind. When the drummer awoke, he saw with amazement that all was done. But the maiden said, "One of the fish is not lying with those of its own kind, but quite alone; when the old woman comes to-night and sees

that all she demanded has been done, she will ask thee, 'What is this fish lying alone for?' Then throw the fish in her face, and say, 'This one shall be for thee, old witch.'" In the evening the witch came, and when she had put this question, he threw the fish in her face. She behaved as if she did not remark it, and said nothing, but looked at him with malicious eyes. Next morning she said, "Yesterday it was too easy for thee, I must give thee harder work. To-day thou must hew down the whole of the forest, split the wood into logs, and pile them up, and everything must be finished by the evening." She gave him an axe, a mallet, and two wedges. But the axe was made of lead, and the mallet and wedges were of tin. When he began to cut, the edge of the axe turned back, and the mallet and wedges were beaten out of shape. He did not know how to manage, but at mid-day the maiden came once more with his dinner and comforted him. "Lay thy head on my lap," said she, "and sleep; when thou awakest, thy work will be done." She turned her wishing-ring, and in an instant the whole forest fell down with a crash, the wood split, and arranged itself in heaps, and it seemed just as if unseen giants were finishing the work. When he awoke, the maiden said, "Dost thou see that the wood is piled up and arranged, one bough alone remains; but when the old woman comes this evening and asks thee about that bough, give her a blow with it, and say, 'That is for thee, thou witch.'"

The old woman came, "There thou seest how easy the work was!" said she; "but for whom hast thou left that bough which is lying there still?"

"For thee, thou witch," he replied, and gave her a blow with it. But she pretended not to feel it, laughed scornfully, and said, "Early to-morrow morning thou shalt arrange all the wood in one heap, set fire to it, and burn it." He rose at break of day, and began to pick up the wood, but how can a single man get a whole forest together? The work made no progress. The maiden, however, did not desert him in his need. She brought him his food at noon, and when he had eaten, he laid his head on her lap, and went to sleep. When he awoke, the entire pile of wood was burning in one enormous flame,

which stretched its tongues out into the sky. "Listen to me," said the maiden, "when the witch comes, she will give thee all kinds of orders; do whatever she asks thee without fear, and then she will not be able to get the better of thee, but if thou art afraid, the fire will lay hold of thee, and consume thee. At last when thou hast done everything, seize her with both thy hands, and throw her into the midst of the fire." The maiden departed, and the old woman came sneaking up to him. "Oh, I am cold," said she, "but that is a fire that burns; it warms my old bones for me, and does me good! But there is a log lying there which won't burn, bring it out for me. When thou hast done that, thou art free, and mayst go where thou likest, come; go in with a good will."

The drummer did not reflect long; he sprang into the midst of the flames, but they did not hurt him, and could not even singe a hair of his head. He carried the log out, and laid it down. Hardly, however, had the wood touched the earth than it was transformed, and the beautiful maiden who had helped him in his need stood before him, and by the silken and shining golden garments which she wore, he knew right well that she was the King's daughter. But the old woman laughed venomously, and said, "Thou thinkest thou hast her safe, but thou hast not got her yet!" Just as she was about to fall on the maiden and take her away, the youth seized the old woman with both his hands, raised her up on high, and threw her into the jaws of the fire, which closed over her as if it were delighted that the old witch was to be burnt.

Then the King's daughter looked at the drummer, and when she saw that he was a handsome youth and remembered how he had risked his life to deliver her, she gave him her hand, and said, "Thou hast ventured everything for my sake, but I also will do everything for thine. Promise to be true to me, and thou shalt be my husband. We shall not want for riches, we shall have enough with what the witch has gathered together here." She led him into the house, where there were chests and coffers crammed with the old woman's treasures. The maiden left the gold and silver where it was, and took only

the precious stones. She would not stay any longer on the glass-mountain, so the drummer said to her, "Seat thyself by me on my saddle, and then we will fly down like birds." "I do not like the old saddle," said she, "I need only turn my wishing-ring and we shall be at home." "Very well, then," answered the drummer, "then wish us in front of the town-gate." In the twinkling of an eye they were there, but the drummer said, "I will just go to my parents and tell them the news, wait for me outside here, I shall soon be back." "Ah," said the King's daughter, "I beg thee to be careful. On thy arrival do not kiss thy parents on the right cheek, or else thou wilt forget everything, and I shall stay behind here outside, alone and deserted." "How can I forget thee?" said he, and promised her to come back very soon, and gave his hand upon it. When he went into his father's house, he had changed so much that no one knew who he was, for the three days which he had passed on the glass-mountain had been three years. Then he made himself known, and his parents fell on his neck with joy, and his heart was so moved that he forgot what the maiden had said, and kissed them on both cheeks. But when he had given them the kiss on the right cheek, every thought of the King's daughter vanished from him. He emptied out his pockets, and laid handfuls of the largest jewels on the table. The parents had not the least idea what to do with the riches. Then the father built a magnificent castle all surrounded by gardens, woods, and meadows as if a prince were going to live in it, and when it was ready, the mother said, "I have found a maiden for thee, and the wedding shall be in three days." The son was content to do as his parents desired.

The poor King's daughter had stood for a long time without the town waiting for the return of the young man. When evening came, she said, "He must certainly have kissed his parents on the right cheek, and has forgotten me." Her heart was full of sorrow, she wished herself into a solitary little hut in a forest, and would not return to her father's court. Every evening she went into the town and passed the young man's house; he often saw her, but he no longer knew her. At length

she heard the people saying, "The wedding will take place to-morrow." Then she said, "I will try if I can win his heart back."

On the first day of the wedding ceremonies, she turned her wishing-ring, and said, "A dress as bright as the sun." Instantly the dress lay before her, and it was as bright as if it had been woven of real sunbeams. When all the guests were assembled, she entered the hall. Every one was amazed at the beautiful dress, and the bride most of all, and as pretty dresses were the things she had most delight in, she went to the stranger and asked if she would sell it to her. "Not for money," she answered, "but if I may pass the first night outside the door of the room where your betrothed sleeps, I will give it up to you." The bride could not overcome her desire and consented, but she mixed a sleeping-draught with the wine her betrothed took at night, which made him fall into a deep sleep, When all had become quiet, the King's daughter crouched down by the door of the bedroom, opened it just a little, and cried,

"Drummer, drummer, I pray thee hear!
Hast thou forgotten thou heldest me dear?
That on the glass-mountain we sat hour by hour?
That I rescued thy life from the witch's power?
Didst thou not plight thy troth to me?
Drummer, drummer, hearken to me!"

But it was all in vain, the drummer did not awake, and when morning dawned, the King's daughter was forced to go back again as she came. On the second evening she turned her wishing-ring and said, "A dress as silvery as the moon." When she appeared at the feast in the dress which was as soft as moonbeams, it again excited the desire of the bride, and the King's daughter gave it to her for permission to pass the second night also, outside the door of the bedroom. Then in the stillness of the night, she cried,

"Drummer, drummer, I pray thee hear!
Hast thou forgotten thou heldest me dear?
That on the glass-mountain we sat hour by hour?
That I rescued thy life from the witch's power?
Didst thou not plight thy troth to me?
Drummer, drummer, hearken to me!"

But the drummer, who was stupefied with the sleeping-draught, could not be aroused. Sadly next morning she went back to her hut in the forest. But the people in the house had heard the lamentation of the stranger-maiden, and told the bridegroom about it. They told him also that it was impossible that he could hear anything of it, because the maiden he was going to marry had poured a sleeping-draught into his wine.

On the third evening, the King's daughter turned her wishing-ring, and said, "A dress glittering like the stars." When she showed herself therein at the feast, the bride was quite beside herself with the splendour of the dress, which far surpassed the others, and she said, "I must, and will have it." The maiden gave it as she had given the others for permission to spend the night outside the bridegroom's door. The bridegroom, however, did not drink the wine which was handed to him before he went to bed, but poured it behind the bed, and when everything was quiet, he heard a sweet voice which called to him,

"Drummer, drummer, I pray thee hear!
Hast thou forgotten thou heldest me dear?
That on the glass-mountain we sat hour by hour?
That I rescued thy life from the witch's power?
Didst thou not plight thy troth to me?
Drummer, drummer, hearken to me!"

Suddenly his memory returned to him. "Ah," cried he, "how can I have acted so unfaithfully; but the kiss which in the joy of my heart I gave my parents, on the right cheek, that is to blame for it all, that is what stupefied me!" He sprang up, took the King's daughter by the hand, and led her to his parents' bed. "This is my true bride," said he; "if I marry the other, I shall do a great wrong." The parents, when they heard how everything had happened, gave their consent. Then the lights in the hall were lighted again, drums and trumpets were brought, friends and relations were invited to come, and the real wedding was solemnized with great rejoicing. The first bride received the beautiful dresses as a compensation, and declared herself satisfied.

194.—THE EAR OF CORN.

IN former times, when God himself still walked the earth, the fruitfulness of the soil was much greater that it is now; then, the ears of corn did not bear fifty or sixty, but four or five hundred-fold. Then the corn grew from the bottom to the very top of the stalk, and according to the length of the stalk was the length of the ear. Men however are so made, that when they are too well off they no longer value the blessings which come from God, but grow indifferent and careless. One day a woman was passing by a corn-field when her little child, who was running beside her, fell into a puddle, and dirtied her frock. On this the mother tore up a handful of the beautiful ears of corn, and cleaned the frock with them.

When the Lord, who just then came by, saw that, he was angry, and said, "Henceforth shall the stalks of corn bear no more ears; men are no longer worthy of heavenly gifts." The by-standers who heard this, were terrified, and fell on their knees and prayed that he would still leave something on the stalks, even if the people were undeserving of it, for the sake of the innocent birds which would otherwise have to starve. The Lord, who foresaw their suffering, had pity on them, and granted the request. So the ears were left as they now grow.

195.—THE GRAVE-MOUND.

A RICH farmer was one day standing in his yard inspecting his fields and gardens. The corn was growing up vigorously and the fruit-trees were heavily laden with fruit. The grain of the year before still lay in such immense heaps on the floors that the rafters could hardly bear it. Then he went into the stable, where were well-fed oxen, fat cows, and horses bright as looking-glass. At length he went back into his sitting-room, and cast a glance at the iron chest in which his money lay.

Whilst he was thus standing surveying his riches, all at once there was a loud knock close by him. The knock was not at the door of his room, but at the door of his heart. It opened, and he heard a voice which said to him, "Hast thou done good to thy family with it? Hast thou considered the necessities of the poor? Hast thou shared thy bread with the hungry? Hast thou been contented with what thou hast, or didst thou always desire to have more?" The heart was not slow in answering, "I have been hard and pitiless, and have never shown any kindness to my own family. If a beggar came, I turned away my eyes from him. I have not troubled myself about God, but have thought only of increasing my wealth. If everything which the sky covers had been mine own, I should still not have had enough."

When he was aware of this answer he was greatly alarmed, his knees began to tremble, and he was forced to sit down.

Then there was another knock, but the knock was at the door of his room. It was his neighbour, a poor man who had a number of children whom he could no longer satisfy with food. "I know," thought the poor man, "that my neighbour is rich, but he is as hard as he is rich. I don't believe he will help me, but my children are crying for bread, so I will venture it." He said to the rich man, "You do not readily give away anything that is yours, but I stand here like one who feels the water rising above his head. My children are starving, lend me four measures * of corn." The rich man looked at him long, and then the first sunbeam of mercy began to melt away a drop of the ice of greediness. "I will not lend thee four measures," he answered, "but I will make thee a present of eight, but thou must fulfil one condition." "What am I to do?" said the poor man. "When I am dead, thou shalt watch for three nights by my grave." The peasant was disturbed in his mind at this request, but in the need in which he was, he would have consented to anything; he accepted, therefore, and carried the corn home with him.

* In the original, the peasant asks for four *malter*. A malter is four bushels, and in some parts of Germany twelve bushels.—TR.

It seemed as if the rich man had foreseen what was about to happen, for when three days were gone by, he suddenly dropped down dead. No one knew exactly how it came to pass, but no one grieved for him. When he was buried, the poor man remembered his promise; he would willingly have been released from it, but he thought, "After all, he acted kindly by me. I have fed my hungry children with his corn, and even if that were not the case, where I have once given my promise I must keep it." At nightfall he went into the churchyard, and seated himself on the grave-mound. Everything was quiet, only the moon appeared above the grave, and frequently an owl flew past and uttered her melancholy cry. When the sun rose, the poor man betook himself in safety to his home, and in the same manner the second night passed quietly by. On the evening of the third day he felt a strange uneasiness, it seemed to him that something was about to happen. When he went out he saw, by the churchyard-wall, a man whom he had never seen before. He was no longer young, had scars on his face, and his eyes looked sharply and eagerly around. He was entirely covered with an old cloak, and nothing was visible but his great riding-boots. "What are you looking for here?" the peasant asked. "Are you not afraid of the lonely churchyard?"

"I am looking for nothing," he answered, "and I am afraid of nothing! I am like the youngster who went forth to learn how to shiver, and had his labour for his pains, but got the King's daughter to wife and great wealth with her, only I have remained poor. I am nothing but a paid-off soldier, and I mean to pass the night here, because I have no other shelter." "If you are without fear," said the peasant, "stay with me, and help me to watch that grave there."

"To keep watch is a soldier's business," he replied, "whatever we fall in with here, whether it be good or bad, we will share it between us." The peasant agreed to this, and they seated themselves on the grave together.

All was quiet until midnight, when suddenly a shrill whistling was heard in the air, and the two watchers

perceived the Evil One standing bodily before them. "Be off, you ragamuffins!" cried he to them, "the man who lies in that grave belongs to me; I want to take him, and if you don't go away I will wring your necks!" "Sir with the red feather," * said the soldier, "you are not my captain, I have no need to obey you, and I have not yet learned how to fear. Go away, we shall stay sitting here."

The Devil thought to himself, "Money is the best thing with which to get hold of these two vagabonds." So he began to play a softer tune, and asked quite kindly, if they would not accept a bag of money, and go home with it? "That is worth listening to," answered the soldier, "but one bag of gold won't serve us, if you will give as much as will go into one of my boots, we will quit the field for you and go away."

"I have not so much as that about me," said the Devil, "but I will fetch it. In the neighbouring town lives a money-changer who is a good friend of mine, and will readily advance it to me." When the Devil had vanished the soldier took his left boot off, and said, "We will soon pull the charcoal-burner's nose for him, just give me your knife, comrade." He cut the sole off the boot, and put it in the high grass near the grave on the edge of a hole that was half over-grown. "That will do," said he; "now the chimney-sweep may come."

They both sat down and waited, and it was not long before the Devil returned with a small bag of gold in his hand. "Just pour it in," said the soldier, raising up the boot a little, "but that won't be enough."

The Black One shook out all that was in the bag; the gold fell through, and the boot remained empty. "Stupid Devil," cried the soldier, "it won't do! Didn't I say so at once? Go back again, and bring more." The Devil shook his head, went, and in an hour's time came with a much larger bag under his arm. "Now pour it in," cried the soldier, "but I doubt the boot won't be full." The gold clinked as it fell, but the boot remained empty. The Devil looked in himself with his burning eyes, and con-

* A familiar name in Germany for the Devil, is Feder Spiel, gaily plumed.—TR.

vinced himself of the truth. "You have shamefully big calves to your legs!" cried he, and made a wry face. "Did you think," replied the soldier, "that I had a cloven foot like you? Since when have you been so stingy? See that you get more gold together, or our bargain will come to nothing!" The Wicked One went off again. This time he stayed away longer, and when at length he appeared he was panting under the weight of a sack which lay on his shoulders. He emptied it into the boot, which was just as far from being filled as before. He became furious, and was just going to tear the boot out of the soldier's hands, but at that moment the first ray of the rising sun broke forth from the sky, and the Evil Spirit fled away with loud shrieks. The poor soul was saved.

The peasant wished to divide the gold, but the soldier said, "Give what falls to my lot to the poor, I will come with thee to thy cottage, and together we will live in rest and peace on what remains, as long as God is pleased to permit."

196.—OLD RINKRANK.

THERE was once on a time a King who had a daughter, and he caused a glass mountain to be made, and said that whosoever could cross to the other side of it without falling should have his daughter to wife. Then there was one who loved the King's daughter, and he asked the King if he might have her. "Yes," said the King; "if you can cross the mountain without falling, you shall have her." And the princess said she would go over it with him, and would hold him if he were about to fall. So they set out together to go over it, and when they were half way up the princess slipped and fell, and the glass-mountain opened and shut her up inside it, and her betrothed could not see where she had gone, for the mountain closed immediately. Then he wept and lamented much, and the King was miserable too, and had the mountain broken open where she had been lost, and thought he would be able to get

her out again, but they could not find the place into which she had fallen. Meantime the King's daughter had fallen quite deep down into the earth into a great cave. An old fellow with a very long grey beard came to meet her, and told her that if she would be his servant and do everything he bade her, she might live, if not he would kill her. So she did all he bade her. In the mornings he took his ladder out of his pocket, and set it up against the mountain and climbed to the top by its help, and then he drew up the ladder after him. The princess had to cook his dinner, make his bed, and do all his work, and when he came home again he always brought with him a heap of gold and silver. When she had lived with him for many years, and had grown quite old, he called her Mother Mansrot, and she had to call him Old Rinkrank. Then once when he was out, and she had made his bed and washed his dishes, she shut the doors and windows all fast, and there was one little window through which the light shone in, and this she left open. When Old Rinkrank came home, he knocked at his door, and cried, "Mother Mansrot, open the door for me." "No," said she, "Old Rinkrank, I will not open the door for thee." Then he said,

"Here stand I, poor Rinkrank,
On my seventeen long shanks,
On my weary, worn-out foot,
Wash my dishes, Mother Mansrot."

"I have washed thy dishes already," said she. Then again he said,

"Here stand I, poor Rinkrank,
On my seventeen long shanks,
On my weary worn-out foot,
Make me my bed, Mother Mansrot."

"I have made thy bed already," said she. Then again he said,

"Here stand I, poor Rinkrank,
On my seventeen long shanks,
On my weary, worn-out foot,
Open the door, Mother Mansrot."

Then he ran all round his house, and saw that the little window was open, and thought, "I will look in and see

what she can be about, and why she will not open the door for me." He tried to peep in, but could not get his head through because of his long beard. So he first put his beard through the open window, but just as he had got it through, Mother Mansrot came by and pulled the window down with a cord which she had tied to it, and his beard was shut fast in it. Then he began to cry most piteously, for it hurt him very much, and to entreat her to release him again. But she said not until he gave her the ladder with which he ascended the mountain. Then, whether he would or not, he had to tell her where the ladder was. And she fastened a very long ribbon to the window, and then she set up the ladder, and ascended the mountain, and when she was at the top of it she opened the window. She went to her father, and told him all that had happened to her. The King rejoiced greatly, and her betrothed was still there, and they went and dug up the mountain, and found Old Rinkrank inside it with all his gold and silver. Then the King had Old Rinkrank put to death, and took all his gold and silver. The princess married her betrothed, and lived right happily in great magnificence and joy.

197.—THE CRYSTAL BALL.

THERE was once an enchantress, who had three sons who loved each other as brothers, but the old woman did not trust them, and thought they wanted to steal her power from her. So she changed the eldest into an eagle, which was forced to dwell in the rocky mountains, and was often seen sweeping in great circles in the sky. The second, she changed into a whale, which lived in the deep sea, and all that was seen of it was that it sometimes spouted up a great jet of water in the air. Each of them only bore his human form for two hours daily. The third son, who was afraid she might change him into a raging wild beast—a bear perhaps, or a wolf, went secretly away. He had

heard that a King's daughter who was bewitched, was imprisoned in the Castle of the Golden Sun, and was waiting for deliverance. Those, however, who tried to free her risked their lives; three-and-twenty youths had already died a miserable death, and now only one other might make the attempt, after which no more must come. And as his heart was without fear, he caught at the idea of seeking out the Castle of the Golden Sun. He had already travelled about for a long time without being able to find it, when he came by chance into a great forest, and did not know the way out of it. All at once he saw in the distance two giants, who made a sign to him with their hands, and when he came to them they said, "We are quarrelling about a cap, and which of us it is to belong to, and as we are equally strong, neither of us can get the better of the other. The small men are cleverer than we are, so we will leave the decision to thee." "How can you dispute about an old cap?" said the youth. "Thou dost not know what properties it has! It is a wishing-cap; whosoever puts it on, can wish himself away wherever he likes, and in an instant he will be there." "Give me the cap," said the youth, "I will go a short distance off, and when I call you, you must run a race, and the cap shall belong to the one who gets first to me." He put it on and went away, and thought of the King's daughter, forgot the giants, and walked continually onward. At length he sighed from the very bottom of his heart, and cried, "Ah, if I were but at the Castle of the Golden Sun," and hardly had the words passed his lips than he was standing on a high mountain before the gate of the castle.

He entered and went through all the rooms, until in the last he found the King's daughter. But how shocked he was when he saw her. She had an ashen-grey face full of wrinkles, blear eyes, and red hair. "Are you the King's daughter, whose beauty the whole world praises?" cried he. "Ah," she answered, "this is not my form; human eyes can only see me in this state of ugliness, but that thou mayst know what I am like, look in the mirror—it does not let itself be misled—it will show thee my image as it is in truth." She gave him the mirror in

his hand, and he saw therein the likeness of the most beautiful maiden on earth, and saw, too, how the tears were rolling down her cheeks with grief. Then said he, "How canst thou be set free? I fear no danger." She said, "He who gets the crystal ball, and holds it before the enchanter, will destroy his power with it, and I shall resume my true shape. Ah," she added, "so many have already gone to meet death for this, and thou art so young; I grieve that thou shouldst encounter such great danger." "Nothing can keep me from doing it," said he, "but tell me what I must do." "Thou shalt know everything," said the King's daughter; "when thou descendest the mountain on which the castle stands, a wild bull will stand below by a spring, and thou must fight with it, and if thou hast the luck to kill it, a fiery bird will spring out of it, which bears in its body a burning egg, and in the egg the crystal ball lies like a yolk. The bird will not, however, let the egg fall until forced to do so, and if it fall on the ground, it will flame up and burn everything that is near, and melt even ice itself, and with it the crystal ball, and then all thy trouble will have been in vain."

The youth went down to the spring, where the bull snorted and bellowed at him. After a long struggle he plunged his sword in the animal's body, and it fell down. Instantly a fiery bird arose from it, and was about to fly away, but the young man's brother, the eagle, who was passing between the clouds, swooped down, hunted it away to the sea, and struck it with his beak until, in its extremity, it let the egg fall. The egg did not, however, fall into the sea, but on a fisherman's hut which stood on the shore and the hut began at once to smoke and was about to break out in flames. Then arose in the sea waves as high as a house, they streamed over the hut, and subdued the fire. The other brother, the whale, had come swimming to them, and had driven the water up on high. When the fire was extinguished, the youth sought for the egg and happily found it; it was not yet melted, but the shell was broken by being so suddenly cooled with the water, and he could take out the crystal ball unhurt.

When the youth went to the enchanter and held it

before him, the latter said, "My power is destroyed, and from this time forth thou art the King of the Castle of the Golden Sun. With this canst thou likewise give back to thy brothers their human form." Then the youth hastened to the King's daughter, and when he entered the room, she was standing there in the full splendour of her beauty, and joyfully they exchanged rings with each other.

198.—MAID MALEEN.

THERE was once a King who had a son who asked in marriage the daughter of a mighty King; she was called Maid Maleen, and was very beautiful. As her father wished to give her to another, the prince was rejected; but as they both loved each other with all their hearts, they would not give each other up, and Maid Maleen said to her father, "I can and will take no other for my husband." Then the King flew into a passion, and ordered a dark tower to be built, into which no ray of sunlight or moonlight should enter. When it was finished, he said, "Therein shalt thou be imprisoned for seven years, and then I will come and see if thy perverse spirit is broken." Meat and drink for the seven years were carried into the tower, and then she and her waiting-woman were led into it and walled up, and thus cut off from the sky and from the earth. There they sat in the darkness, and knew not when day or night began. The King's son often went round and round the tower, and called their names, but no sound from without pierced through the thick walls. What else could they do but lament and complain? Meanwhile the time passed, and by the diminution of the food and drink they knew that the seven years were coming to an end. They thought the moment of their deliverance was come; but no stroke of the hammer was heard, no stone fell out of the wall, and it seemed to Maid Maleen that her father had forgotten her. As they only had food for a short time longer, and saw a miserable death awaiting

them, Maid Maleen said, "We must try our last chance, and see if we can break through the wall." She took the bread-knife, and picked and bored at the mortar of a stone, and when she was tired, the waiting-maid took her turn. With great labour they succeeded in getting out one stone, and then a second, and third, and when three days were over the first ray of light fell on their darkness, and at last the opening was so large that they could look out. The sky was blue, and a fresh breeze played on their faces; but how melancholy everything looked all around! Her father's castle lay in ruins, the town and the villages were, so far as could be seen, destroyed by fire, the fields far and wide laid to waste, and no human being was visible. When the opening in the wall was large enough for them to slip through, the waiting-maid sprang down first, and then Maid Maleen followed. But where were they to go? The enemy had ravaged the whole kingdom, driven away the King, and slain all the inhabitants. They wandered forth to seek another country, but nowhere did they find a shelter, or a human being to give them a mouthful of bread, and their need was so great that they were forced to appease their hunger with nettles. When, after long journeying, they came into another country, they tried to get work everywhere; but wherever they knocked they were turned away, and no one would have pity on them. At last they arrived in a large city and went to the royal palace. There also they were ordered to go away, but at last the cook said that they might stay in the kitchen and be scullions.

The son of the King in whose kingdom they were, was, however, the very man who had been betrothed to Maid Maleen. His father had chosen another bride for him, whose face was as ugly as her heart was wicked. The wedding was fixed, and the maiden had already arrived: because of her great ugliness, however, she shut herself in her room, and allowed no one to see her, and Maid Maleen had to take her her meals from the kitchen. When the day came for the bride and the bridegroom to go to church, she was ashamed of her ugliness, and afraid that if she showed herself in the streets, she would be mocked and laughed at by the people. Then said she to Maid

Maleen, "A great piece of luck has befallen thee. I have sprained my foot, and cannot well walk through the streets; thou shalt put on my wedding-clothes and take my place; a greater honour than that thou canst not have!" Maid Maleen, however, refused it, and said, "I wish for no honour which is not suitable for me." It was in vain, too, that the bride offered her gold. At last she said angrily, "If thou dost not obey me, it shall cost thee thy life. I have but to speak the word, and thy head will lie at thy feet." Then she was forced to obey, and put on the bride's magnificent clothes and all her jewels. When she entered the royal hall, every one was amazed at her great beauty, and the King said to his son, "This is the bride whom I have chosen for thee, and whom thou must lead to church." The bridegroom was astonished, and thought, "She is like my Maid Maleen, and I should believe that it was she herself, but she has long been shut up in the tower, or dead." He took her by the hand and led her to church. On the way was a nettle-plant, and she said

"Oh, nettle-plant,
Little nettle-plant,
What dost thou here alone?
I have known the time
When I ate thee unboiled,
When I ate thee unroasted."

"What art thou saying?" asked the King's son. "Nothing," she replied, "I was only thinking of Maid Maleen." He was surprised that she knew about her, but kept silence. When they came to the foot-plank into the churchyard, she said,

"Foot-bridge, do not break,
I am not the true bride."

"What art thou saying there?" asked the King's son. "Nothing," she replied, "I was only thinking of Maid Maleen." "Dost thou know Maid Maleen?" "No," she answered, "how should I know her; I have only heard of her." When they came to the church-door, she said once more,

"Church-door, break not,
I am not the true bride."

"What art thou saying there?" asked he. "Ah," she answered, "I was only thinking of Maid Maleen." Then he took out a precious chain, put it round her neck, and fastened the clasp. Thereupon they entered the church, and the priest joined their hands together before the altar, and married them. He led her home, but she did not speak a single word the whole way. When they got back to the royal palace, she hurried into the bride's chamber, put off the magnificent clothes and the jewels, dressed herself in her grey gown, and kept nothing but the jewel on her neck, which she had received from the bridegroom.

When the night came, and the bride was to be led into the prince's apartment, she let her veil fall over her face, that he might not observe the deception. As soon as every one had gone away, he said to her, "What didst thou say to the nettle-plant which was growing by the wayside?"

"To which nettle-plant?" asked she; "I don't talk to nettle-plants." "If thou didst not do it, then thou art not the true bride," said he. So she bethought herself, and said,

"I must go out unto my maid,
Who keeps my thoughts for me."

She went out and sought Maid Maleen. "Girl, what hast thou been saying to the nettle?" "I said nothing but,

"Oh, nettle-plant,
Little nettle-plant,
What dost thou here alone?
I have known the time
When I ate thee unboiled,
When I ate thee unroasted."

The bride ran back into the chamber, and said, "I know now what I said to the nettle," and she repeated the words which she had just heard. "But what didst thou say to the foot-bridge when we went over it?" asked the King's son. "To the foot-bridge?" she answered. "I don't talk to foot-bridges." "Then thou art not the true bride."

She again said,

"I must go out unto my maid,
Who keeps my thoughts for me,"

and ran out and found Maid Maleen, "Girl, what didst thou say to the foot-bridge?"

"I said nothing but,

"Foot-bridge, do not break,
I am not the true bride."

"That costs thee thy life!" cried the bride, but she hurried into the room, and said, "I know now what I said to the foot-bridge," and she repeated the words. "But what didst thou say to the church-door?" "To the church-door?" she replied; "I don't talk to church-doors." "Then thou art not the true bride."

She went out and found Maid Maleen, and said, "Girl, what didst thou say to the church-door?" "I said nothing but,

"Church-door, break not,
I am not the true bride."

"That will break thy neck for thee!" cried the bride, and flew into a terrible passion, but she hastened back into the room, and said, "I know now what I said to the church-door," and she repeated the words. "But where hast thou the jewel which I gave thee at the church-door?" "What jewel?" she answered; "thou didst not give me any jewel." "I myself put it round thy neck, and I myself fastened it; if thou dost not know that, thou art not the true bride." He drew the veil from her face, and when he saw her immeasureable ugliness, he sprang back terrified, and said, "How comest thou here? Who art thou?" "I am thy betrothed bride, but because I feared lest the people should mock me when they saw me out of doors, I commanded the scullery-maid to dress herself in my clothes, and to go to church instead of me." "Where is the girl?" said he; "I want to see her, go and bring her here." She went out and told the servants that the scullery-maid was an impostor, and that they must take her out into the court-yard and strike off her head. The servants laid hold of Maid Maleen and wanted to drag her out, but she screamed so loudly for help, that the King's son heard her voice, hurried out of his chamber and ordered them to set the maiden free instantly. Lights were brought, and then he saw on

her neck the gold chain which he had given her at the church-door. "Thou art the true bride," said he, "who went with me to church; come with me now to my room." When they were both alone, he said, "On the way to the church thou didst name Maid Maleen, who was my betrothed bride; if I could believe it possible, I should think she was standing before me—thou art like her in every respect." She answered, "I am Maid Maleen, who for thy sake was imprisoned seven years in the darkness, who suffered hunger and thirst, and has lived so long in want and poverty. To-day, however, the sun is shining on me once more. I was married to thee in the church, and I am thy lawful wife." Then they kissed each other, and were happy all the days of their lives. The false bride was rewarded for what she had done by having her head cut off.

The tower in which Maid Maleen had been imprisoned remained standing for a long time, and when the children passed by it they sang,

"Kling, klang, gloria.
Who sits within this tower?
A King's daughter, she sits within,
A sight of her I cannot win,
The wall it will not break,
The stone cannot be pierced.
Little Hans, with your coat so gay,
Follow me, follow me, fast as you may."

199.—THE BOOTS OF BUFFALO-LEATHER.

A SOLDIER who is afraid of nothing, troubles himself about nothing. One of this kind had received his discharge, and as he had learnt no trade and could earn nothing, he travelled about and begged alms of kind people. He had an old waterproof on his back, and a pair of riding-boots of buffalo-leather which were still left to him. One day he was walking he knew not where, straight out into the open country, and at length came to a forest. He did not

know where he was, but saw sitting on the trunk of a tree, which had been cut down, a man who was well dressed and wore a green shooting-coat. The soldier shook hands with him, sat down on the grass by his side, and stretched out his legs. "I see thou hast good boots on, which are well blacked," said he to the huntsman; "but if thou hadst to travel about as I have, they would not last long. Look at mine, they are of buffalo-leather, and have been worn for a long time, but in them I can go through thick and thin." After a while the soldier got up and said, "I can stay no longer, hunger drives me onwards; but, Brother Bright-boots, where does this road lead to?" "I don't know that myself," answered the huntsman, "I have lost my way in the forest." "Then thou art in the same plight as I," said the soldier; "birds of a feather flock together, let us remain together, and seek our way." The huntsman smiled a little, and they walked on further and further, until night fell. "We do not get out of the forest," said the soldier, "but there in the distance I see a light shining, which will help us to something to eat." They found a stone house, knocked at the door, and an old woman opened it. "We are looking for quarters for the night," said the soldier, "and some lining for our stomachs, for mine is as empty as an old knapsack." "You cannot stay here," answered the old woman; "this is a robber's house, and you would do wisely to get away before they come home, or you will be lost." "It won't be so bad as that," answered the soldier, "I have not had a mouthful for two days, and whether I am murdered here or die of hunger in the forest is all the same to me. I shall go in." The huntsman would not follow, but the soldier drew him in with him by the sleeve. "Come, my dear brother, we shall not come to an end so quickly as that!" The old woman had pity on them and said, "Creep in here behind the stove, and if they leave anything, I will give it to you on the sly when they are asleep." Scarcely were they in the corner before twelve robbers came bursting in, seated themselves at the table which was already laid, and vehemently demanded some food. The old woman brought in some great dishes of roast meat, and the robbers enjoyed that thoroughly.

When the smell of the food ascended the nostrils of the soldier, he said to the huntsman, "I cannot hold out any longer, I shall seat myself at the table, and eat with them." "Thou wilt bring us to destruction," said the huntsman, and held him back by the arm. But the soldier began to cough loudly. When the robbers heard that, they threw away their knives and forks, leapt up, and discovered the two who were behind the stove. "Aha, gentlemen, are you in the corner?" cried they, "What are you doing here? Have you been sent as spies? Wait a while, and you shall learn how to fly on a dry bough." "But do be civil," said the soldier, "I am hungry, give me something to eat, and then you can do what you like with me." The robbers were astonished, and the captain said, "I see that thou hast no fear; well, thou shalt have some food, but after that thou must die." "We shall see," said the soldier, and seated himself at the table, and began to cut away valiantly at the roast meat. "Brother Brightboots, come and eat," cried he to the huntsman; "thou must be as hungry as I am, and cannot have better roast meat at home," but the huntsman would not eat. The robbers looked at the soldier in astonishment, and said, "The rascal uses no ceremony." After a while he said, "I have had enough food, now get me something good to drink." The captain was in the mood to humour him in this also, and called to the old woman, "Bring a bottle out of the cellar, and mind it be of the best." The soldier drew the cork out with a loud noise, and then went with the bottle to the huntsman and said, "Pay attention, brother, and thou shalt see something that will surprise thee; I am now going to drink the health of the whole clan." Then he brandished the bottle over the heads of the robbers, and cried, "Long life to you all, but with your mouths open and your right hands lifted up," and then he drank a hearty draught. Scarcely were the words said than they all sat motionless as if made of stone, and their mouths were open and their right hands stretched up in the air. The huntsman said to the soldier, "I see that thou art acquainted with tricks of another kind, but now come and let us go home." "Oho, my dear brother, but that would be marching away far too soon; we have conquered

the enemy, and must first take the booty. Those men there are sitting fast, and are opening their mouths with astonishment, but they will not be allowed to move until I permit them. Come, eat and drink." The old woman had to bring another bottle of the best wine, and the soldier would not stir until he had eaten enough to last for three days. At last when day came, he said, "Now it is time to strike our tents, and that our march may be a short one, the old woman shall show us the nearest way to the town." When they had arrived there, he went to his old comrades, and said, "Out in the forest I have found a nest full of gallows' birds, come with me and we will take it." The soldier led them, and said to the huntsman, "Thou must go back again with me to see how they shake when we seize them by the feet." He placed the men round about the robbers, and then he took the bottle, drank a mouthful, brandished it above them, and cried, "Live again." Instantly they all regained the power of movement, but were thrown down and bound hand and foot with cords. Then the soldier ordered them to be thrown into a cart as if they had been so many sacks, and said, "Now drive them straight to prison." The huntsman, however, took one of the men aside and gave him another commission besides. "Brother Bright-boots," said the soldier, "we have safely routed the enemy and been well fed, now we will quietly walk behind them as if we were stragglers!" When they approached the town, the soldier saw a crowd of people pouring through the gate of the town who were raising loud cries of joy, and waving green boughs in the air. Then he saw that the entire body-guard was coming up. "What can this mean?" said he to the huntsman. "Dost thou not know?" he replied, "that the King has for a long time been absent from his kingdom, and that to-day he is returning, and every one is going to meet him." "But where is the King?" said the soldier, "I do not see him." "Here he is," answered the huntsman, "I am the King, and have announced my arrival." Then he opened his hunting-coat, and his royal garments were visible. The soldier was alarmed, and fell on his knees and begged him to forgive him for having in his ignorance treated him as an

equal, and spoken to him by such a name. But the King shook hands with him, and said, "Thou art a brave soldier, and hast saved my life. Thou shalt never again be in want, I will take care of thee. And if ever thou wouldst like to eat a piece of roast meat, as good as that in the robber's house, come to the royal kitchen. But if thou wouldst drink a health, thou must first ask my permission."

200.—THE GOLDEN KEY.

IN the winter time, when deep snow lay on the ground, a poor boy was forced to go out on a sledge to fetch wood. When he had gathered it together, and packed it, he wished, as he was so frozen with cold, not to go home at once, but to light a fire and warm himself a little. So he scraped away the snow, and as he was thus clearing the ground, he found a tiny, gold key. Hereupon he thought that where the key was, the lock must be also, and dug in the ground and found an iron chest. "If the key does but fit it!" thought he; "no doubt there are precious things in that little box." He searched, but no keyhole was there. At last he discovered one, but so small that it was hardly visible. He tried it, and the key fitted it exactly. Then he turned it once round, and now we must wait until he has quite unlocked it and opened the lid, and then we shall learn what wonderful things were lying in that box.

CHILDREN'S LEGENDS.

1.—ST. JOSEPH IN THE FOREST.

THERE was once on a time a mother who had three daughters, the eldest of whom was rude and wicked, the second much better, although she had her faults, but the youngest was a pious, good child. The mother was, however, so strange, that it was just the eldest daughter whom she most loved, and she could not bear the youngest. On this account, she often sent the poor girl out into the great forest in order to get rid of her, for she thought she would lose herself and never come back again. But the guardian-angel which every good child has, did not forsake her, but always brought her into the right path again. Once, however, the guardian-angel behaved as if he were not there, and the child could not find her way out of the forest again. She walked on constantly until evening came, and then she saw a tiny light burning in the distance, ran up to it at once, and came to a little hut. She knocked, the door opened, and she came to a second door, where she knocked again. An old man, who had a snow-white beard and looked venerable, opened it for her; and he was no other than St. Joseph. He said quite kindly, "Come, dear child, seat thyself on my little chair by the fire, and warm thyself; I will fetch thee clear water if thou art thirsty; but here in the forest, I have nothing for thee to eat but a couple of little roots, which thou must first scrape and boil."

St. Joseph gave her the roots. The girl scraped them clean, then she brought a piece of pancake and the bread that her mother had given her to take with her;

mixed all together in a pan, and cooked herself a thick soup. When it was ready, St. Joseph said, "I am so hungry; give me some of thy food." The child was quite willing, and gave him more than she kept for herself, but God's blessing was with her, so that she was satisfied. When they had eaten, St. Joseph said, "Now we will go to bed; I have, however, only one bed, lay thyself in it. I will lie on the ground on the straw." "No," answered she, "stay in your own bed, the straw is soft enough for me." St. Joseph, however, took the child in his arms, and carried her into the little bed, and there she said her prayers, and fell asleep. Next morning when she awoke, she wanted to say good morning to St. Joseph, but she did not see him. Then she got up and looked for him, but could not find him anywhere; at last she perceived, behind the door, a bag with money so heavy that she could just carry it, and on it was written that it was for the child who had slept there that night. On this she took the bag, bounded away with it, and got safely to her mother, and as she gave her mother all the money, she could not help being satisfied with her.

The next day, the second child also took a fancy to go into the forest. Her mother gave her a much larger piece of pancake and bread. It happened with her just as with the first child. In the evening she came to St. Joseph's little hut, who gave her roots for a thick soup. When it was ready, he likewise said to her, "I am so hungry, give me some of thy food." Then the child said, "You may have your share." Afterwards, when St. Joseph offered her his bed and wanted to lie on the straw, she replied, "No, lie down in the bed, there is plenty of room for both of us." St. Joseph took her in his arms and put her in the bed, and laid himself on the straw.

In the morning when the child awoke and looked for St. Joseph, he had vanished, but behind the door she found a little sack of money that was about as long as a hand, and on it was written that it was for the child who had slept there last night. So she took the little bag and ran home with it, and took it to her mother, but she secretly kept two pieces for herself.

The eldest daughter had by this time grown curious, and the next morning also insisted on going out into the forest. Her mother gave her pancakes with her—as many as she wanted, and bread and cheese as well. In the evening she found St. Joseph in his little hut, just as the two others had found him. When the soup was ready and St. Joseph said, "I am so hungry, give me some of the food," the girl answered, "Wait until I am satisfied; then if there is anything left thou shalt have it." She ate, however, nearly the whole of it, and St. Joseph had to scrape the dish. Afterwards, the good old man offered her his bed, and wanted to lie on the straw. She took it without making any opposition, laid herself down in the little bed, and left the hard straw to the white-haired man. Next morning when she awoke, St. Joseph was not to be found, but she did not trouble herself about that. She looked behind the door for a money-bag. She fancied something was lying on the ground, but as she could not very well distinguish what it was, she stooped down, and examined it closely, but it remained hanging to her nose, and when she got up again, she saw, to her horror, that it was a second nose, which was hanging fast to her own. Then she began to scream and howl, but that did no good; she was forced to see it always on her nose, for it stretched out so far. Then she ran out and screamed without stopping till she met St. Joseph, at whose feet she fell and begged until, out of pity, he took the nose off her again, and even gave her two farthings. When she got home, her mother was standing before the door, and asked, "What hast thou had given to thee?" Then she lied and said, "A great bag of money, but I have lost it on the way." "Lost it!" cried the mother, "oh, but we will soon find it again," and took her by the hand, and wanted to seek it with her. At first she began to cry, and did not wish to go, but at last she went. On the way, however, so many lizards and snakes broke loose on both of them, that they did not know how to save themselves. As last they stung the wicked child to death, and they stung the mother in the foot, because she had not brought her up better.

2.—THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

THREE hundred years before the birth of the Lord Christ, there lived a mother who had twelve sons, but was so poor and needy that she no longer knew how she was to keep them alive at all. She prayed to God daily that he would grant that all her sons might be on the earth with the Redeemer who was promised. When her necessity became still greater she sent one of them after the other out into the world to seek bread for her. The eldest was called Peter, and he went out and had already walked a long way, a whole day's journey, when he came into a great forest. He sought for a way out, but could find none, and went farther and farther astray, and at the same time felt such great hunger that he could scarcely stand. At length he became so weak that he was forced to lie down, and he believed death to be at hand. Suddenly there stood beside him a small boy who shone with brightness, and was as beautiful and kind as an angel. The child smote his little hands together, until Peter was forced to look up and saw him. Then the child said, "Why art thou sitting there in such trouble?" "Alas!" answered Peter, "I am going about the world seeking bread, that I may yet see the dear Saviour who is promised, that is my greatest desire." The child said, "Come with me, and thy wish shall be fulfilled." He took poor Peter by the hand, and led him between some cliffs to a great cavern. When they entered it, everything was shining with gold, silver, and crystal, and in the midst of it twelve cradles were standing side by side. Then said the little angel, "Lie down in the first, and sleep a while, I will rock thee." Peter did so, and the angel sang to him and rocked him until he was asleep. And when he was asleep, the second brother came also, guided thither by his guardian angel, and he was rocked to sleep like the first, and thus came the others, one after the other, until all twelve lay there sleeping in the golden cradles. They slept, however, three hundred years, until the night when the Saviour of the world was born. Then they awoke, and were with him on earth, and were called the twelve apostles.

3.—THE ROSE

THERE was once a poor woman who had two children. The youngest had to go every day into the forest to fetch wood. Once when she had gone a long way to seek it, a little child, who was quite strong, came and helped her industriously to pick up the wood and carry it home, and then before a moment had passed the strange child disappeared. The child told her mother this, but at first she would not believe it. At length she brought a rose home, and told her mother that the beautiful child had given her this rose, and had told her that when it was in full bloom, he would return. The mother put the rose in water. One morning her child could not get out of bed, the mother went to the bed and found her dead, but she lay looking very happy. On the same morning, the rose was in full bloom.

4.—POVERTY AND HUMILITY LEAD TO HEAVEN.

THERE was once a King's son who went out into the world, and he was full of thought and sad. He looked at the sky, which was so beautifully pure and blue, then he sighed, and said, "How well must all be with one up there in heaven!" Then he saw a poor grey-haired man who was coming along the road towards him, and he spoke to him, and asked, "How can I get to heaven?" The man answered, "By poverty and humility. Put on my ragged clothes, wander about the world for seven years, and get to know what misery is, take no money, but if thou art hungry ask compassionate hearts for a bit of bread; in this way thou wilt reach heaven."

Then the King's son took off his magnificent coat, and wore in its place the beggar's garment, went out into the wide world, and suffered great misery. He took nothing

but a little food, said nothing, but prayed to the Lord to take him into his heaven. When the seven years were over, he returned to his father's palace, but no one recognized him. He said to the servants, "Go and tell my parents that I have come back again." But the servants did not believe it, and laughed and left him standing there. Then said he, "Go and tell it to my brothers that they may come down, for I should so like to see them again." The servants would not do that either, but at last one of them went, and told it to the King's children, but these did not believe it, and did not trouble themselves about it. Then he wrote a letter to his mother, and described to her all his misery, but he did not say that he was her son. So, out of pity, the Queen had a place under the stairs assigned to him, and food taken to him daily by two servants. But one of them was ill-natured and said, "Why should the beggar have the good food?" and kept it for himself, or gave it to the dogs, and took the weak, wasted-away beggar nothing but water; the other, however was honest, and took the beggar what was sent to him. It was little, but he could live on it for a while, and all the time he was quite patient, but he grew continually weaker. As, however, his illness increased, he desired to receive the last sacrament. When the host was being elevated down below, all the bells in the town and neighbourhood began to ring. After mass the priest went to the poor man under the stairs, and there he lay dead. In one hand he had a rose, in the other a lily, and beside him was a paper in which was written his history.

When he was buried, a rose grew on one side of his grave, and a lily on the other.

5.—GOD'S FOOD.

THERE were once upon a time two sisters, one of whom had no children and was rich, and the other had five and was a widow, and so poor that she no longer had food enough

to satisfy herself and her children. In her need, therefore, she went to her sister, and said, "My children and I are suffering the greatest hunger; thou art rich, give me a mouthful of bread." The very rich sister was as hard as a stone, and said, "I myself have nothing in the house," and drove away the poor creature with harsh words. After some time the husband of the rich sister came home, and was just going to cut himself a piece of bread, but when he made the first cut into the loaf, out flowed red blood. When the woman saw that she was terrified and told him what had occurred. He hurried away to help the widow and her children, but when he entered her room, he found her praying. She had her two youngest children in her arms, and the three eldest were lying dead. He offered her food, but she answered, "For earthly food have we no longer any desire. God has already satisfied the hunger of three of us, and he will hearken to our supplications likewise." Scarcely had she uttered these words than the two little ones drew their last breath, whereupon her heart broke, and she sank down dead.

6.—THE THREE GREEN TWIGS.

THERE was once on a time a hermit who lived in a forest at the foot of a mountain, and passed his time in prayer and good works, and every evening he carried, to the glory of God, two pails of water up the mountain. Many a beast drank of it, and many a plant was refreshed by it, for on the heights above, a strong wind blew continually, which dried the air and the ground, and the wild birds which dread mankind wheel about there, and with their sharp eyes search for a drink. And because the hermit was so pious, an angel of God, visible to his eyes, went up with him, counted his steps, and when the work was completed, brought him his food, even as the prophet of old was by God's command fed by the raven. When the hermit in his piety had already reached a great age, it happened that

he once saw from afar a poor sinner being taken to the gallows. He said carelessly to himself, "There, that one is getting his deserts!" In the evening, when he was carrying the water up the mountain, the angel who usually accompanied him did not appear, and also brought him no food. Then he was terrified, and searched his heart, and tried to think how he could have sinned, as God was so angry, but he did not discover it. Then he neither ate nor drank, threw himself down on the ground, and prayed day and night. And as he was one day thus bitterly weeping in the forest, he heard a little bird singing beautifully and delightfully, and then he was still more troubled and said, "How joyously thou singest, the Lord is not angry with thee. Ah, if thou couldst but tell me how I can have offended him, that I might do penance, and then my heart also would be glad again." Then the bird began to speak and said, "Thou hast done injustice, in that thou hast condemned a poor sinner who was being led to the gallows, and for that the Lord is angry with thee. He alone sits in judgment. However, if thou wilt do penance and repent thy sins, he will forgive thee." Then the angel stood beside him with a dry branch in his hand and said, "Thou shalt carry this dry branch until three green twigs sprout out of it, but at night when thou wilt sleep, thou shalt lay it under thy head. Thou shalt beg thy bread from door to door, and not tarry more than one night in the same house. That is the penance which the Lord lays on thee."

Then the hermit took the piece of wood, and went back into the world, which he had not seen for so long. He ate and drank nothing but what was given him at the doors; many petitions were, however, not listened to, and many doors remained shut to him, so that he often did not get a crumb of bread.

Once when he had gone from door to door from morning till night, and no one had given him anything, and no one would shelter him for the night, he went forth into a forest, and at last found a cave which some one had made, and an old woman was sitting in it. Then said he, "Good woman, keep me with you in your house for this night;" but she said, "No, I dare not, even if I wished, I have

three sons who are wicked and wild, if they come home from their robbing expedition, and find you, they would kill us both." The hermit said, "Let me stay, they will do no injury either to you or to me," and the woman was compassionate, and let herself be persuaded. Then the man lay down beneath the stairs, and put the bit of wood under his head. When the old woman saw him do that, she asked the reason of it, on which he told her that he carried the bit of wood about with him for a penance, and used it at night for a pillow, and that he had offended the Lord, because, when he had seen a poor sinner on the way to the gallows, he had said he was getting his deserts. Then the woman began to weep and cried, "If the Lord thus punishes one single word, how will it fare with my sons when they appear before him in judgment?"

At midnight the robbers came home and blustered and stormed. They made a fire, and when it had lighted up the cave and they saw a man lying under the stairs, they fell in a rage and cried to their mother, "Who is the man? Have we not forbidden any one whatsoever to be taken in?" Then said the mother, "Let him alone, it is a poor sinner who is expiating his crime." The robbers asked, "What has he done?" "Old man," cried they, "tell us thy sins." The old man raised himself and told them how he, by one single word, had so sinned that God was angry with him, and how he was now expiating this crime. The robbers were so powerfully touched in their hearts by this story, that they were shocked with their life up to this time, reflected, and began with hearty repentance to do penance for it. The hermit, after he had converted the three sinners, lay down to sleep again under the stairs. In the morning, however, they found him dead, and out of the dry wood on which his head lay, three green twigs had grown up on high. Thus the Lord had once more received him into his favour.

7.—OUR LADY'S LITTLE GLASS.

ONCE upon a time a waggoner's cart which was heavily laden with wine had stuck so fast that in spite of all that he could do, he could not get it to move again. Then it chanced that Our Lady just happened to come by that way, and when she perceived the poor man's distress, she said to him, "I am tired and thirsty, give me a glass of wine, and I will set thy cart free for thee." "Willingly," answered the waggoner, "but I have no glass in which I can give thee the wine." Then Our Lady plucked a little white flower with red stripes, called field bindweed, which looks very like a glass, and gave it to the waggoner. He filled it with wine, and then Our Lady drank it, and in the self-same instant the cart was set free, and the waggoner could drive onwards. The little flower is still always called Our Lady's Little Glass.

8.—THE AGED MOTHER.

IN a large town there was an old woman who sat in the evening alone in her room thinking how she had lost first her husband, then both her children, then one by one all her relations, and at length, that very day, her last friend, and now she was quite alone and desolate. She was very sad at heart, and heaviest of all her losses to her was that of her sons; and in her pain she blamed God for it. She was still sitting lost in thought, when all at once she heard the bells ringing for early prayer. She was surprised that she had thus in her sorrow watched through the whole night, and lighted her lantern and went to church. It was already lighted up when she arrived, but not as it usually was with wax candles, but with a dim light. It was also crowded already with people, and all the seats were filled; and when the old woman got to her usual place it also was not empty, but the whole bench was

entirely full. And when she looked at the people, they were none other than her dead relations who were sitting there in their old-fashioned garments, but with pale faces. They neither spoke nor sang; but a soft humming and whispering was heard all over the church. Then an aunt of hers stood up, stepped forward, and said to the poor old woman, "Look there beside the altar, and thou wilt see thy sons." The old woman looked there, and saw her two children, one hanging on the gallows, the other bound to the wheel. Then said the aunt, "Behold, so would it have been with them if they had lived, and if the good God had not taken them to himself when they were innocent children." The old woman went trembling home, and on her knees thanked God for having dealt with her more kindly than she had been able to understand, and on the third day she lay down and died.

9.—THE HEAVENLY WEDDING.

A POOR peasant-boy one day heard the priest say in church that whosoever desired to enter into the kingdom of heaven must always go straight onward. So he set out, and walked continually straight onwards over hill and valley without ever turning aside. At length his way led him into a great town, and into the midst of a church, where just at that time God's service was being performed. Now when he beheld all the magnificence of this, he thought he had reached heaven, sat down, and rejoiced with his whole heart. When the service was over, and the clerk bade him go out, he replied, "No, I will not go out again, I am glad to be in heaven at last." So the clerk went to the priest, and told him that there was a child in the church who would not go out again, because he believed he was in heaven. The priest said, "If he believes that, we will leave him inside." So he went to him, and asked if he had any inclination to work. "Yes," the little fellow replied, "I am accustomed to work, but

I will not go out of heaven again." So he stayed in the church, and when he saw how the people came and knelt and prayed to Our Lady with the blessed child Jesus which was carved in wood, he thought "that is the good God," and said, "Dear God, how thin you are! The people must certainly let you starve; but every day I will give you half my dinner." From this time forth, he every day took half his dinner to the image, and the image began to enjoy the food. When a few weeks had gone by, people remarked that the image was growing larger and stout and strong, and wondered much. The priest also could not understand it, but stayed in the church, and followed the little boy about, and then he saw how he shared his food with the Virgin Mary, and how she accepted it.

After some time the boy became ill, and for eight days could not leave his bed; but as soon as he could get up again, the first thing he did was to take his food to Our Lady. The priest followed him, and heard him say, "Dear God, do not take it amiss that I have not brought you anything for such a long time, for I have been ill and could not get up." Then the image answered him and said, "I have seen thy good-will, and that is enough for me. Next Sunday thou shalt go with me to the wedding." The boy rejoiced at this, and repeated it to the priest, who begged him to go and ask the image if he, too, might be permitted to go. "No," answered the image, "thou alone." The priest wished to prepare him first, and give him the holy communion and the child was willing, and next Sunday, when the host came to him, he fell down and died, and was at the eternal wedding.

10.—THE HAZEL-BRANCH.

ONE afternoon the Christ-child had laid himself in his cradle-bed and had fallen asleep. Then his mother came to him, looked at him full of gladness, and said, "Hast

thou laid thyself down to sleep, my child? Sleep sweetly, and in the meantime I will go into the wood, and fetch thee a handful of strawberries, for I know that thou wilt be pleased with them when thou awakest." In the wood outside, she found a spot with the most beautiful strawberries; but as she was stooping down to gather one, an adder sprang up out of the grass. She was alarmed, left the strawberries where they were, and hastened away. The adder darted after her; but Our Lady, as you can readily understand, knew what it was best to do. She hid herself behind a hazel-bush, and stood there until the adder had crept away again. Then she gathered the strawberries, and as she set out on her way home she said, "As the hazel-bush has been my protection this time, it shall in future protect others also." Therefore, from the most remote times, a green hazel-branch has been the safest protection against adders, snakes, and everything else which creeps on the earth.

NOTES.

87.—The Poor Man and the Rich Man.

From the Schwalm district in Hesse. An old German poem (Hagen's *Gesammtabenteuer*, No. 37, and note 2. 253) tells the story in the following manner:—A man is living with his wife in great poverty, and they both make many prayers to God for worldly riches. At length God sends down an angel, who warns the man not to ask for anything, as God had just as much reason for refusing things to him, as he had for giving them to others. The man however will not desist, and says, "I shall pray until God shows favour to me, and does what I want." The angel answers, "As thou wilt neither believe the great God of all, nor me, tempt thy fate; but if after thou hast done it thou remainest poor, it will be thine own fault. Thou shalt be permitted to make three wishes" (habe drier wünsche gewalt). The man goes to his wife and takes counsel with her. "What shall I wish for? A mountain of gold, or a chest full of farthings which will never come to an end, however many I spend?" The wife wants to have one wish all to herself, and says, "Two are enough for thee, thou well know'st how I have bent my knees about this, and God has granted it because of my prayers as well as thine." "That is reasonable; one of the wishes shall be thine," replies the man. So the wife says, "Then I wish I had a dress on my back now of such good stuff as no woman in the world has ever yet worn." Hardly has she uttered the wish than it is fulfilled. The man is enraged at this, and cries, "I only wish the gown was inside you!" His wish is instantly fulfilled. The woman begins to scream and screams louder and louder until the citizens hear her and run to her. They draw their knives and swords and threaten him with death if he does not release the woman from this torment. Then he says, "God grant that she may be tenderly freed from the discomfort she is in, and be as healthy as she was before." This third wish is now fulfilled, and the man is as poor as ever, and although the woman has behaved badly, he is reproached and blamed for what has happened. He is indeed

ridiculed and laughed at by every one, until he prays for death and dies of grief. A passage in Reinmar von Zweter (MS. 2. 145) undoubtedly refers to this, "unde het ich drfer wünsche gewalt," as these very words appear in the story. Kirchhof gives the story in *Wendunmut* (1581, 1. 178, 179) as the spinning-girls told it to him in his youth. In ancient times St. Peter and St. Paul arrived late one evening in a village, and begged for shelter at one of the houses. But the man was avaricious, and the woman still more so; and they were roughly turned away. Hard by dwelt a poor man with many children, who took compassion on the two strangers, and sent word to them by his wife that they were to come to his house, and make a shift with anything God might give them. So they went into the small house, and slept there. Next morning when they were about to journey onwards, St. Paul said to St. Peter, "This good man has been kind to us, and has entertained us according to his means; we ought to show our gratitude to him." So Peter called the man and the woman, and gave them the power of wishing three times for whatsoever they liked, and they should have it. When the two Saints were gone, the two poor folks began to consider what they should wish for, and agreed that they would, in the first place, request of God that their poor little house and all it contained should immediately be burnt. Secondly, that a new one should stand in its place, in which as long as they lived they should never fail to have everything that they were in need of, whether it was food, drink, money, or furniture. These two wishes were instantly granted. Thirdly, they begged that after this life they might for ever be with God in the kingdom of Heaven. Every one in the village, but the miser, was surprised and delighted with this sudden change from poverty to riches. His wife said, "If any wind blows those two old men this way again, they ought to come to our house; we deserve a new house quite as much as those beggars." The man wished it too, but would take no trouble to bring it about. Not long afterwards when the rich man had driven away into the wood betimes with his men, Peter and Paul again came to the village. The woman ran to them directly, and invited them into her house. The two Saints said that they did not want to pass the night there this time, so they did not need any lodging; but the woman pressed them to enter her house, and said that they must eat a mouthful with her, and then they would reach the end of their journey much more easily. They were obliged to accept her offer, for she let them have no peace. After the mid-day meal they thanked her, and said that if they came again they would recompense her for the two meals at the same time. The woman thought, "Those others only fed them once, and got a new house for doing it: I am to feed them twice; that does not suit me!" So she said, "My dear friends, if you want to give anything,

give it. I like to have it now quite as well as at another time." St. Paul said, "Brother Peter, give her the power of making three wishes, as you gave the other woman, for after all that is what she wants." So Peter did this, and the two Saints departed. Scarcely were they out of sight, before she wished that her house and all her possessions might be burnt to the ground, which happened immediately. In the meantime her husband came driving across the fields, and when he saw that his house was in flames he ran up and cried, "Fire! fire! dear friends help to put it out!" The woman, angry with him for wanting to put it out, cried, "Oh, call out that the fire is to go inside you." This was instantly fulfilled, and thus were two wishes used up. The poor man who had the fire inside him was suffering great pain: it was impossible to extinguish it, and no one could remove it. In order to save his life, his wife was forced to deliver him by means of her third and last wish. An Austrian story in which the three wishes of the poor man likewise turn out to his advantage, is to be found in Ziska, No. 3, under the title *Tausendfache Vergeltung*. Meier has divided it into two stories, Nos. 40 and 65. Lehmann mentions the saga in a somewhat rough manner in the *Erneuerter Polit. Blumengarten* (Frankf. 1640), p. 371. "It often happens that a man has good fortune but no blessing with it, like the woman whom St. Peter permitted to make three wishes for her own benefit; for in the first place she wished for beautiful golden hair, and then for a brush." And then because of the brush, the man made a bad wish, the consequences of which he had to remove again by a third. This presentation of the story in which the wishes turn out ill, comes rather near the story of *Gambling Hänsel* (No. 82). Perrault (see *Les Souhaits ridicules*) and Beaumont (2. 74) only relate this part, and in their own fashion. The old French Fabliau *Les quatre Souhaits de S. Martin* (Méon, 4. 386), is quite of an ordinary kind; and so is the story in the Ευτράπας, which Keller quotes in the introduction to *Li romans des sept Sages*, clxxxi. In Hebel's *Schatzkästlein* (p. 117), good as the story is, much of the saga itself has degenerated. While the woman is sitting by the fire with her husband, she, without thinking of the gifts, wishes that she had a fried sausage. It appears, and in over-haste, the man wishes the sausage was growing on the end of her nose, and then for his third wish has to wish that it may fall off.

The first part of our story, the modest wishes of the pious people with whom God has stayed, clearly contains the ancient saga of *Philemon and Baucis* (*Ovid. Met.* 8. 617: compare Notes by Vossius to his eighteenth *Idyll*, where other stories are mentioned). The Indians have it also in a peculiar form. The Brahmin Soodam and his wife live in the greatest poverty, but this does not lessen their trust in God. His occupation is prayer, and while engaged in it, he

never observes that his wife's work is no longer sufficient to procure them their daily bread. One day she reminds him that Chrisna was his companion at school, and in learning, and advises him to go to Dwarka, as Chrisna, if aware of his misery, will certainly help him. Soodam at last resolves to do this, and takes with him as a gift all he has in his power to bestow, a little rice, which is with some difficulty tied up in his ragged garment. Chrisna, the man who has become God, receives the Brahmin with marks of respect, and like an old friend; and himself asks for the customary gift, receives the worthless one with satisfaction; nay even puts one grain of it into his mouth; the rest he distributes. Pleased with such a reception, the Brahmin after three days takes leave of Chrisna, but is much surprised at being allowed to depart without a token of his generosity. "Perhaps," he thinks to himself, "God wishes me to remain poor," and he readily submits to this, and goes quietly home. But how astonished he is when he arrives there. Chrisna had ordered his heavenly builders to build a magnificent house which is standing before him, with all that pertains to it, and is furnished with everything necessary for a comfortable existence. At first he fancies that he must have made some mistake, but his wife comes to meet him with a number of servants, and informs him of the god's generosity. Thus the story is related by Polier (*Mythologie des Indous*, 2. 66–79), and we cannot fail to recognize its similarity to ours; the man's poverty and piety, the contrast to this which is hinted at in the wife who wishes for wealth, and persuades him to make the journey to Dwarka; the meeting with the god Chrisna (though here, on the contrary, is the man who goes to him), who gladly receives his poor gift, and eats some of it, and lastly, the blessing which follows—to wit, the newly-built house. In a Chinese saga, however, the story is exactly the reverse, and the end is the same as in ours. Fo often came down to earth to prove men's hearts. It came to pass that at night-time, dressed in wretched garments, he reached a widow's hut, and begged for shelter as a poor man who had lost his way. The woman received him kindly, and made ready a bed for him. Fo went to bed early; she looked at the sleeping man with her lamp, and saw that he had no shirt, and that his coat was ragged. So she opened her chest, and cut a new shirt out of some coarse linen of her own spinning, sewed the whole night long, and early in the morning gave it to her guest, who thankfully received her gift, and said, "May God reward thee for what thou hast done for me; whatsoever thou beginnest to do when I am gone, shalt thou go on doing until the sun sets." When the guest was gone, she began to put the roll of linen back in the chest, and as she was considering how many yards of it she had left, she began to measure it with her arm, and the roll continually

opened itself out without getting smaller, and so she went on measuring until sunset, when the whole room was full of linen, and she had become a rich woman. Full of joy and gratitude, she told her neighbour of the luck which had fallen to her lot. The neighbour was covetous, and wanted to partake of it, so she who had never yet given anything to the poor, placed herself at the door of her house in order to invite the stranger to enter if he should pass by. Before long he came, and was received by her with open arms, daintily entertained, and in the morning, a fine shirt was offered to him instead of the coarse one which he was wearing. Fo thanked her, and left the house saying the same words as he had said to the first woman. She accompanied him a part of the way in a friendly manner, and was already counting up her never-ending wealth, when lost in thought, she stumbled against a pail which had been left standing. And as just at that moment her pig happened to grunt, she thought, "The animal won't get any food to-day, for I shall be measuring, so I might at least pour out some water for him." But she poured and was not able to stop, the pail never grew empty, and she had to pour out water all day long until the sun set, when the whole district was flooded, and all the neighbours mocked her by requiring compensation for the injury she had done them. This Chinese story is beautifully amplified in Frau Naubert's *Volksmärchen*, 1. 201–209, and the beneficent measuring of linen is contrasted with the disastrous growth of a cobweb. Something of the same kind occurs in a story which we have heard in Hesse. A travelling apprentice is driven away by a rich woman of whom he has begged a gift, and in mockery sent to a poor neighbour. She takes him in, and is, on his departure, endowed by him with the gift, that the first thing she begins to do shall prosper so long as she is not disturbed in it. The poor woman measures some linen, and goes on measuring it until at last the rich one looks into the room and sees the large amount of linen, and the blessing comes to an end. She learns the cause of this, and begs the woman to point out the apprentice to her if he should come again. When a year has gone by, the traveller again comes to the village, and goes to the poor woman who is quite willing to take him in, but tells him that her rich neighbour wants to entertain him, and that he will be more comfortable with her. He goes to her, and is treated with even too great consideration. The woman looks out her finest linen in order to have it ready instantly. On the traveller's departure she is endowed with the same gift as the poor woman had received. Full of covetousness, and anxious to be able to measure undisturbed, she shuts the door of her house, but her greediness is soon punished, and she is glad to be delivered from the consequences of the traveller's gift by the arrival of her poor neighbour who is alarmed by her cries for help. An Æsopian

fable (second Appendix to *Phœdrus*, No. 111). *Mercurius et mulieres* should also be named.

The saga specially belongs to the group which deals with the rambles and journeys of gods and saints on earth. Wherever they go they bring happiness to the good and pure, and horrible destruction on the wicked and greedy. The good fortune which has fallen to the lot of the former is stupidly demanded by the latter to their own undoing. Thus the gods try the human race, (compare *Altd. Wälder* 2. 25, Note 60. *Odyssey*, 17. 485, and the *Lay of Rigr* in the *Edda*. Here, too, belong the stories of the *Three Little Men in the Forest* (No. 13); *Frau Holle* (No. 24); *The Black Bride and the White One* (No. 135.) For the endless increase of linen and water, compare the notes to *Sweet Porridge* (No. 103).

88. The Singing Soaring Lark.

From Hesse. "Löweneckerchen" is the Westphalian Lauberken, Nieders: Leverken, Old Dutch Leeuwercke, Leewerick, Lewerk, Lerk, our Lerche. Another story of the Schwalm district has much that is peculiar; indeed this story is told with numerous variations. A merchant is going to the fair, and asks his three daughters what he shall bring back for them. The eldest wants a beautiful dress, the second a pair of shoes, the third a rose. It is difficult to procure the rose, for it is winter. Whenever he asks for one, people laugh and inquire if he imagines that roses grow in the snow. This distresses the merchant, because the youngest is his favourite child. On his way back he comes to a castle with a garden in which it is half summer, and half winter. On one side deep snow is lying, on the other it is warm, and everything is flowering as in spring, and there is a hedge entirely of roses in it. The man enters the garden, plucks a rose, and rides away again. Soon afterwards he hears something panting behind him, looks round, and sees with alarm a great black beast which calls to him, "Give me back my rose, or die." The man replies, "Leave me the rose, I want to take it back with me to my daughter who is the most beautiful girl in the world." "I am willing," says the beast; "but give her to me to be my wife." "Oh yes," says the man, to get rid of him, and thinks "he will never come to fetch her;" but the beast calls after him, "In a week I will come and fetch my bride." The merchant reaches home, and gives each daughter what she had wished for. After some time the beast comes and takes away his bride by force. He takes her to the castle with the summer and winter garden, everything is very beautiful and wonderful, and the beast behaves kindly, and does all he can to please her. They eat together, and he will not eat unless she carves for him, and gradually she begins to love him dearly. One day she

wants to know how her father and sisters at home are. The beast takes her to a mirror where she sees her father lying ill from grief on her account, and her sisters weeping. Her heart grows heavy and she entreats the beast to allow her to go home. "Yes," says he; "but promise me to return again in a week." She does so, and then hurries home to her father; but sorrow has already eaten too deeply into his heart, and after he has had the joy of seeing her, he dies. She mourns and weeps, and when she remembers the beast, the week is long past. She anxiously hastens to him, but when she arrives, everything is changed, the music is silent, the castle entirely hung with black crape, and the summer-garden covered with snow. The beast himself is gone; she seeks him everywhere, but cannot find him. Full of grief because of this, she goes into the garden and sees a heap of cabbages which are already old and decayed. She spreads them out, and when she has turned a few of them over, she sees her dear beast lying as if dead beneath them. She runs, draws water, and pours it over him, on which he revives, springs up, loses his former shape, and a king's son is standing before her. And now all is joy, the black crape is torn down, the musicians play, the summer-garden blooms again, and the two celebrate their wedding.

A third story comes from Hanover. A certain King has three daughters who become ill, and in order that they may recover, they must eat some game. The huntsman is sent into the forest, but can find no game at all. At length he sees a raven, and as he thinks, "that, too, is game," he aims at it, but the raven cries, "Huntsman, do not fire, for if you will promise me one of the King's daughters, I will procure you as much game as you like." The huntsman goes and tells this to the King, who says, "Thou canst always promise this to the raven; there is no necessity to keep thy word." So the huntsman promises the princess to the raven, who drives as much game up to him as he wants to shoot. The three princesses eat some of it and are cured. A great feast is made ready, and in the evening when a window is open, the raven comes in and demands his promised bride. The King will not give her, but at length he says, "I will ask my daughters if one of them is inclined to be thy wife." The eldest and the second say no; the youngest says "Yes, I will go with the raven, if my waiting-maid may accompany me." The raven consents to this, takes the princess beneath one wing, and the waiting-maid beneath the other, and carries them to a magnificent castle. A mirror hangs in the princess's bedroom in which she can see everything which happens in the castle which has been her home, only she is not to let the waiting-maid look in it. For this reason the King's daughter always carries the key of the room about with her; but once she leaves it in the door, and the waiting-

maid goes in and looks in the mirror. For this the raven tears her to pieces, and says to the princess, "Now thou must go away and go into service for seven years, and do the work of seven maids." And he likewise tells her that she will meet an aged woman with whom she must exchange clothes, and then she will come to a house and a woman will look out of it and scold her, but she is not to mind it; and he pulls out one of his feathers and gives it to her saying, "When any piece of work is too hard for thee, take out his feather and say, 'By the raven's command this shall be done,' and the work will be done." She is however obliged to promise to be true to him. So she goes away, exchanges her beautiful garments for the old woman's bad ones, and comes to the house where the cross old woman looks out. The King's daughter offers her services, but the old woman says, "I have had seven maids, how canst thou do their work with thy dainty hands?" "Oh, indeed, I will try to do it," says the princess. In the first place she has to clean a stable, but her hands are soon blistered; then she takes the feather and says, "By the raven's command the stable is to be cleaner than it has ever been before." Instantly the work is done. For seven years she is in service there, and whatsoever is too difficult for her to do is done by the help of the raven's feather. The men-servants and boys belonging to the house who crowd about her, and torment her because of her extreme beauty, are all mocked by her. One day the coachman says, "May I come to thee to-night?" "Yes," she answers; but when she hears him coming she gets out her feather and says, "By the raven's command shall he go into the yard and dress and undress himself for one hour, and then come and thank me for the pleasure he has had." As they have all been made fools of by her, one after the other, they assemble together to beat her with rods, but she takes the feather and says, "By the raven's command they shall all undress themselves and cut at each other till the blood flows, and then they shall come and say, 'Thank you,' for it." Thus she obtains peace until the seven years are over, and then a prince drives up in the greatest splendour and takes her away, and this is the raven whose period of enchantment has now come to an end. In *Die junge Amerikanerin* (1. 30–231) the story is ill used. The beast is a dragon from whose garden (there is no winter in it) the father plucks a rose, and for this has to promise his daughter. The daughter goes of her own accord to the castle of the dragon, who pretends to be foolish, and awkward. At night however she dreams of a beautiful youth, and gradually becomes accustomed to him, until at last she loves him, she visits her parents and returns by means of a ring which is turned inward or outward. Finally, she one night owns to him that she loves him, and in the morning he is a handsome young man, and is freed from the spell. It is also discovered that

she is not the merchant's daughter, but has been substituted for her by an enchantress.

In the Leipzig collection it is the seventh story (pp. 113–130); in the *Büchlein für die Jugend*, No. 4. For a story from Silesia, see Wolf's *Zeitschrift*, 1. 310. For one from the Tyrol, see Zingerle, p. 391. In Swedish, see Meier, No. 57. The story of *The Iron Stove* (No. 127) is allied, and so are those given in the notes to it. *The Singing Ringing Tree*, in the *Brunswick Collection*, should be mentioned here, and also *The Three Beasts*, in Musäus. In Swedish there is *Graumantel* (see further on); in Netherlandish, No. 3; in *Wodana;* in Hungarian, No. 15; in Gaal. Several stories in the *Pentamerone* are similar; *The Magic Coffer* (2. 9); *Pintosmauto* (5. 1) and *The Golden Root*, 5. 4. In D'Aulnoy, *The Blue Bird* (No. 3.); *The Ram* (No. 10); and the *Green Snake* (No. 15). *Beauty and the Beast*, in the 5th Conversation, in Madame de Beaumont's stories, also belongs to this group. Finally, we must point out the story of the *Woodcutter's Daughter*, taken from an Indian popular saga of the present day, which is given in Somadeva's appendix, 2. 191, 211.

These various conceptions of the story always bear the impress of the story of Psyche, so well known from Apuleius. The heart is tried, and everything earthly and evil falls away in recognition of pure love. Our story also agrees with it in this, that light brings down misfortune, and that night, which loosens all bonds, dissolves the spell. The incident of the unhappy girl travelling over the world and begging help from everything in nature, and at last from the stars also, which speak in antique forms and sayings, is beautiful. Their energy and sympathy likewise appear in the story of *Eve*, in Rudolf's *Weltchronik* (Cass. MS. folio 21ª). She entreats the sun and moon to tell Adam of her misery when they come to the East, and they do it. Just as the maiden seeks help from the sun, moon, and wind, a man in a Hungarian story, whose wife has been stolen from him, seeks it, first from the sea-king, then from the moon-king, and finally from the star-king (Molbech's *Udvalgte Eventyr*, No. 14), and the same is told in a Servian tale, Wuk, No. 10. In connection with this, Rhesa's *Popular Songs of Lithuania* should be looked at. The feathers and falling drops of blood remind us of the folk-lore of the feathered pink, one species of which has a dark purple spot in its heart, which people say is a drop of blood which fell from the Redeemer on the cross. Furthermore the feathers are to show the way, and the drops of blood to preserve the remembrance of the bewitched person, and thus we are led to the saga of the drops of blood, over which Parcifal ruminates, and which call back his wife to his memory; see *Altd. Wälder*, vol. i. 1. Roses in winter remind us of one of the Kühländchen songs, where three roses grown on one stalk, and blooming between

Christmas and Easter, are asked for (Meinert, 1. 95). The guarding and plucking the flowers recalls the dwarfs' rose-garden, which is trampled down by the mischievous heroes, for which the dwarfs demand heavy penalties.

89.—The Goose-Girl.

From Zwehrn. This beautiful story sets forth in incidents which are all the more impressive by reason of their simplicity, the nobility of royal birth which maintains itself even in servitude. By no fault of her own she has lost what her mother gave her for her protection. (Voices come from the drops of blood elsewhere; see *Dearest Roland*, No. 56. Compare also Clemens Brentano's *Gründung Prags*, p. 106, and notes, 45). The oath which has been extorted from her weighs her down, but she still knows magic words which have power over the wind, and she is filled with thoughts of proud humility every morning beneath the dark gate by her conversation with the horse, which has remained faithful to her even in death. Wise horses which can speak, appear in other stories (compare *Ferenand Getrü*, No. 126). The cut-off head (like Mimer's) retains the gift of speech. We may even quote Tacitus (*Germ.* 10) "proprium gentis equorum praesagia ac monitus experiri—hinnitus ac fremitus observant." It is remarkable that the old Norsemen were in the habit of fixing up the heads of sacrificed horses in the belief that they could thus injure their enemies (Saxo Gramm. 5. 75). Compare Suhm's *Fabelzeit*, 1. 317. A similar custom prevailed among the Wends. They believed they warded off epidemics by fixing up these heads, Prätorius (*Weltbeschreibung*, 2. 163). It is also well known that human heads were set upon the battlements or on poles (Haupt's *Zeitschrift*, 3. 51, notes). In the *Eyrbyggia Sage*, 219, there is the head of a dead man which sings. The incident of a beautiful woman having golden or silver hair occurs very often; it is a sign of royal lineage (No. 114); frequent mention is also made of the combing this hair, and of how light streamed from it just as if the sun were shining. Unfortunate princesses comb and spin just as often as they tend cattle. Kürdchen may be a contraction of Conrädchen, but we are also reminded of *chorder*, *horder*, a shepherd. The rhyme is rather halting, in *gangest* instead of *gehest*, we have the Norse *ganga* (as in *hangest* for *hähest*). We have also heard—

> "Alas! my foal that thou hangs't there!"
> "Alas! fair maid that thou goes't there!
> If thy mother knew thy grief and pain,
> Her heart would surely break in twain."

"Sich schnatzen," when applied to the hair, means *flechten*, to

plait (in the Norse, snua, wenden, winden, schnüren); thus, too, *Schnatz* is the plaited hair—the bride goes to the church in *Schnatz* (see Estor's *Teutscher Rechtsgelahrth*; Hofmann's *Oberhessische Wörterbuch*, part 3; and Schaum's *Braunfelsische Alterthümer*, p. 45. In the Wetterau the word is specially applied to Sunday fineries). *Sich aufsetzen* and *Aufsatz* are also used to express dressing and arranging the hair. The woman who narrated this story used *räthsel* as feminine, as the earlier *rätersch* is known to have occurred.

A close examination of the Carlovingian myth of Bertha, the betrothed wife of Pepin, who is supplanted by her waiting-maid, and spins and weaves in the mill, would fully prove that our story, which in its chief incident manifestly corresponds with that myth, is much more ancient, more beautiful, and more simple. See Fr. Wilh; Val. Schmidt's valuable essay, in the 3rd vol. of Boiardo's *Roland*, p. 1., 42. In connection with this the name of Falada (the middle syllable is short) is specially remarkable, because Roland's horse Valentich, Falerich, Velentin, is in the *Heimonskinder*, Pfälz. MS. 68ª, called Volatin; and Wilhelm von Oranse's horse is Volatin, Valatin, Valantin, in Türheim. In Swedish, see the *Volkssagen und Volkslieder* of Afzelius, 1. In Hungarian, Molbech, p. 387. In Albanian, see Hahn, 2. 165, 166. The Russian story *Bulat* (Dieterich, No. 10, comp. No. 5), is founded on the same saga, only it is applied to a youth. In the *Pentamerone*, see *The Two Cakes* (4. 7).

90.—The Young Giant.

From the Leine district.* This story betrays an unmistakable affinity to the saga of Siegfried, whose powerful giant-nature in youth and after-life is described in the poems in much the same way. He catches lions, ties them together by the tails, and hangs them over the wall (*Rosengarten*, 3; *Siegfrieds Lied*, 33). This affinity is much more evident in his labours with the smith, whom he here beats as unjustifiably (*Lied* 5). The smith, like Reigen, is greedy of gold, and from covetousness, desires to keep everything for himself alone; furthermore there is the cunning shown by the equally greedy bailiff, who would gladly be rid of him, which corresponds with that of Reigen, as the dangerous haunted mill corresponds with the dragon's lair to which he, being unacquainted with fear, goes courageously, and comes back victorious. (This is a point which is specially prominent in the Norse saga, for Brünhild had sworn she would marry no one who

* The river Leine rises in the Hartz Mountains in the S.W. part of the Province of Saxony, and formerly gave its name to a department of which Göttingen was the chief town.—Tr.

was not entirely without rear. See *Sigurdrifas Lied.*) The giant appears quite in the fashion described by ancient poems; his weapon is an iron bar, and he tests strength by tearing up trees (see note to the *Alvîdn. Lieder*, p. 493). We find a hero of the same kind in Tschurilo, in a Russian ballad in *Fürst Wladimir und dessen Tafelrunde*, and the Persian Guschtasp is rather like him (Görres' Firdusi, 2. 246, and following). Rustem also tears up a tree by the roots, and carries it as a stick (ibid. 1. 186). The throwing down the mill-stone without doing any injury, strongly reminds us of Thor's adventure with Skrimnir (*Dämis*, 38), and this again of the Bohemian saga, Giant Scharmack. Being educated by a giant is likewise an ancient and important incident; all heroes were trained by giants, or skilful dwarfs, as Sigurd was by Reigen, and Widga (Wittich), in the *Wilkinasage*. The giant's suckling the child himself is likewise an old incident; it appears also in No. 92. We are told in the *Floamanna Sage*, that in order to feed his delicate child whose mother had been murdered, Thorgil had his breast cut. First came blood, then whey, and finally milk, wherewith the child was suckled (see a Danish translation by B. Thorlacius, p. 94). See Humboldt's *Relation Historique*, 3, chap. 4, for the account of a man who himself suckled his child.* Siegfried and Eulenspiegel have some points of contact and agreement with, each other, which fact our story proves to a certainty; and we may just as much call the young hero of it a nobler giant Eulenspiegel, as a more waggish Horny Siegfried. (Simson and Morolf are heroes of the same sort, and, according to the genuine popular traditions, Gargantua is still more like. See *Mémoires de l'Académie Celtique*, 5. 392). Both Eulenspiegel and Siegfried go forth into the world, take service, and in their arrogance, ill-treat the merely human handicraftsmen; it is specially noteworthy that Eulenspiegel destroys the smith's utensils, and is set as a scullion to watch the roast meat, which he eats as Sigurd eats the heart of the dragon which he is to roast for Reigen. He goes on the Hartz Mountains and catches wolves, as Siegfried caught bears, to terrify people with them. *Nibel.* 888–89. The servant is a wag in speech, and the court-servant coincides with the court-fool. Soini, the Finnish Giant Eulenspiegel, was actually called Kalkki (servant) as well. When he was three nights old, he trampled on his swaddling-clothes, and as it was evident that he could not be trusted, he was discharged. A smith took him into his service, to look after his child, but he clawed the child's eyes out, then killed it, and burnt the cradle. The smith then set him to a fence, which he was to weave together, but he brought pines from the

* *Narrative of Journeys in the Equinoctial Regions of America.* Translated by W. Macgillivray, p. 91.—Tr.

forest, and twisted them together with snakes. Then he had to take the cows to the pasture; and the housewife out of revenge baked a stone in his bread, which blunted his knife, so in his rage he called bears and wolves to devour the herd. He, however, made himself horns of the cows' bones and oxen's horns, and drove home the wolves and bears instead of the other herd. The Norse Grettir plays similar pranks when he has to tend geese and horses (*Bernskubraugd Kinderstreiche*). The hero-nature breaks forth in youthful rudeness and contempt for man's occupations; Florens destroys the oxen of Clemens in the same way in *Octavian*.

A story from Hesse is much more incomplete, but has a character of its own. Kürdchen Bingeling has been fed at his mother's breast for seven years, by which he has grown so immensely big, and is able to eat so much that there is no satisfying him; and there is no man whom he does not torment and befool. So the whole community assembles together to catch and kill him; he however observes this, and sits down beneath the door and blocks the way just as Gargantua creates Mount Gargant, near Nantes; no one is able to enter without spades and shovels; and he goes quietly away. Now he is in another village, but he is still the same rascal, and the whole community again rises to seize him, but as there is no door he leaps into a well. Then everyone in the village stands round it, and takes counsel what to do, and at length they decide to throw a mill-stone down on his head. With great difficulty one is brought, and is rolled down, but just when they think he must be dead, his head, which he has thrust through the hole in the mill-stone, which now rests on his shoulders, suddenly comes out of the well, and he cries, "What a fine plaited collar I have got on!" When they see that, they take counsel together anew, and send to fetch their great bell from the church-tower and throw it down on him, which must certainly hit him (just as with Giant Scharmack). However, just as they, feeling sure that he is lying killed down below, have separated, he suddenly leaps out of the well with the bell on his head, and says quite joyously, "Oh, what a fine rush cap!" and runs away. The ballad *Strong Hans*, by Wezel, in Seckendorf and Stoll's journal *Prometheus*, i. p. 79, is connected with this. He goes as apprentice to a smith, and strikes such a trial blow on the anvil, that it is driven into the earth. Then he tears up oak-trees by the roots, and flings a cart and horses over the door into the yard. Finally, he falls in with the Devil who is just amusing himself by throwing stones into the air; he says he is throwing them at the angels to drive them away. Hans wants to throw with him for a wager and the Devil agrees to it. It is arranged that if the Devil loses, he is to go away from the place, and a cross is to be set up there. The Evil One throws a fragment of rock as big as a church, and throws

it so high that it does not come down till the evening. Hans lays hold of a stone which is thrice as large, and throws it in God's name. They wait there for three days, but the stone never comes down again. So the Devil seeks it, and at last finds it up above upon the moon, where it has fallen and stayed. They tell of *Strong Hans* in Schleswig also, see the *Neues Jahrbuch der Berliner Gesellschaft*, 1. 288, 290. In Holstein it is *Hans with the Iron Staff* (Müllenhoff, p. 437). In the Hartz, *Johannes der Bär* or *Martisbär* (Pröhle's *Märchen für die Jugend*, No. 29). In Kuhn and Schwartz, see No. 18.

A story from Hesse contains other adventures in the mill. When the youth enters it, a cat runs to him and asks, "What dost thou want here?" "I want to grind corn." Then another comes and says, "We will set on him!" A third cries, "Aye, that we will!" But the young giant lays hold of them, and strikes them dead. Then he goes to another mill and spirits come against him and cry, "We will take off the mill-hopper and grind him." But he seizes the spirits themselves and grinds them between the great millstones. At length he goes to a third mill, and once more twelve horrible great cats spring at him and surround him, and then they light a large fire, put on water, and say, "Thou shalt be boiled in the kettle." "All right," says he, "but first of all be merry for once, and fight and bite each other." So they begin to struggle and to bite each other, but he keeps watch, and just as the water boils, lifts off the whole kettle, empties it over them, and scalds them to death. Finally, it is to be observed, that in a story from Magdeburg, the Fearless One goes like St. Christopher to hell to the Devil, and wants to serve him. There he sees many pans standing stewing with imprisoned souls shut inside them. He lifts up all the lids and lets them out, whereupon the Devil at once discharges him from his service. From a remark of Von der Hagen's in the Viennese *Jahrbuch* 12, *Anzeigeblatt*, p. 58, the greater part of the story seems also to be known in the Ukermark, in Brandenburg, where the giant is called Knecht Sülwendal. In a version from the Zillerthal, given by Zingerle, p. 220, there is *Strong Hänsl*, who also appears in our story, No. 166, in a Swiss version. In Jutland also, there are stories about a Strong Hans, as is remarked by Peter Iversom, in his *Schrift über das jütländische Volk bei Riba* (published by C. Molbech, p. 28, 29). His good-nature is as great as his strength. The master whom he serves wants to get rid of him, so his daughter has to throw a gold ring into a deep well, and the man who will descend and bring it up again is to have her to wife. Strong Hans is quite ready to do it, but while he is below the master has a large and heavy millstone brought and thrown down the well. Fortunately, it falls in such a way that the hole in the middle of the millstone

comes just above the head of Hans, and the stone stays on his neck. On another occasion, he forces the Devil and his associates to grind in the mill for him. In Netherlandish see the *Wodana*, No. 1, p. 47. In Servian there is *Der Bärensohn* (see further on), which is complete, and the monstrous element is excellently enhanced. See Wuk, No. 1.

91.—The Elves.

From Paderborn. Another story from the neighbourhood of Cologne, on the Rhine, varies in some particulars. A mighty king has three fair daughters, and once on a great festival, they go to walk in the garden, and do not return in the evening. As they stay away the next day likewise, the king has them sought for over the whole kingdom, but no one can find them. Then he proclaims that whosoever shall bring them back, shall have one of them to wife, and riches into the bargain for the whole of his life. Many go in search of them but in vain, at length three knights set out who are resolved to take no rest until they succeed. They enter into a great forest, through which, hungry and thirsty, they ride onwards for the whole day; at last at night they see a small light which guides them to a magnificent castle, in which however no human being is to be seen. As they are hungry, they search about for some food, and one of them finds a piece of meat, but it is still uncooked. Then the youngest says, "Will you two go and get something to drink, and in the meantime I will roast the meat." So he puts it on the spit, and as he is basting it, a little earth-man suddenly stands beside him, who has a long white beard which reaches down to his knees, and his hands and feet are trembling. "Let me warm my limbs by your fire," says he, "and in exchange I will turn your meat, and baste it with butter for you." The knight allows him to do it, and he turns the spit diligently, but whenever the knight looks another way the elf sticks his finger in the dripping-tin and licks off the warm gravy. The knight catches him doing this once or twice, and says he is to leave it alone, but the little creature cannot do that, and his finger is constantly back in the tin. Then the knight grows angry and seizes the elf by the beard and pulls it until he raises a cry of murder and runs away. And now the two others come in with some wine which they have found in the cellar, and they eat and drink together. Next morning they seek farther and find a deep hole. "Therein," say they, "the princesses must be concealed," and they cast lots which shall be let down, while the two others hold the rope. The lot falls on the one who has had to do with the elf. It is a long time before he reaches the bottom, and it is pitch dark down below, then a door opens and the elf, whose beard he had pulled, comes and says, "I ought to pay

thee back for the evil thou hast done me, but I am sorry for thee. I am the king of the elves. I will take thee out of the cavern; for if thou remainest here one second longer, all will be over with thee." The knight replies, "If I am to die the death immediately, I will not go away until I know whether the king's daughters are concealed here or not." Then the elf says, "They are in this subterranean cavern, guarded by three dragons; the eldest is imprisoned in the first cave, and a three-headed dragon is with her. He lays his heads on her lap every noon, and she has to comb them until he falls asleep. In front of the door a basket is hanging in which are a flute, a wand, and a sword, and the three crowns belonging to the princesses are in it too. Thou must first carry away the basket and place it in safety, then grasp the sword and go in and cut the dragon's heads off, but cut off all three at once for if thou failest to cut off one the others will grow again immediately, and nothing can save thee." Then he gives him a bell, and says if he rings it, he will instantly hasten to his assistance. After he has released the eldest, he releases the second from a seven-headed dragon, and the third who is guarded by a nine-headed one. Then he takes them to the bucket in which he has been let down, and calls to his companions to draw it up again. So they draw up the three princesses one after the other, and when they are up, the two faithless companions throw down the rope intending him to perish down below, but he rings the bell, on which the elf appears, and bids him play the flute, and as he does that, many thousand elves hurry up to him. Then their king orders them to make stairs for the knight, and tells him that when he is up he is to strike the ground with the wand which is in the basket. So the elves place themselves together and form a staircase up which the knight ascends, and when he is above, he strikes the ground with the rod, on which they instantly vanish again.

A third story from the neighbourhood of Hanover contains the following peculiarities. The three princesses are carried away while bathing. Instead of the dwarf, an aged man appears to the three who go out in search of them, and when he asks the third for some food, the latter orders him to draw a wedge out of a cleft bit of wood. While the old man is stooping the other pulls out the axe and wedges him fast by the beard, which is hanging down in the cleft. The aged man tears his beard out by force, and runs away; they follow his bloody track, and thus come to the cave in the earth wherein the princesses are confined. When the third has been left behind all alone, and plays the flute, a handsome man appears, who leads him out of the cave by a long passage, gives him the dresses in which the three princesses were stolen, which they have forgotten to take away with them, and tells him to go to the court-tailor, and engage himself

as his apprentice, and when one of the princesses orders her wedding-dress to take her her own and then she will recognize him. This he does, and each princess asks for a dress made like that in which she had been stolen. The apprentice promises to supply them, but makes merry with his master, and when at night the latter at length begins to set about the work, tells him he is just to go quietly to bed, and he will get the dress ready during the night. The two elder observe nothing, but the third recognizes her dress, summons the apprentice, hears he is her deliverer, and marries him.

A fourth story with a similar dénouement, but which in other respects coincides with that from Paderborn, only it is told more connectedly, comes from Steinau in Hanau. The little grey man does not submit to the third prince until he has wedged him in between two oak-boughs. Then he discloses to the prince the abode of the princesses who are kept in captivity in a cave by three giants. He is let down, and the attention of two lions is taken off by some meat which is thrown to them. He finds the eldest princess, who however first tries his strength by giving him an iron staff to pick up. The giant approaches; she conceals the prince beneath her bed, makes the giant drunk with sweet wine so that he falls asleep, and then makes a sign to the concealed prince, who with one blow of the iron staff strikes off the giant's head. The other giants are killed in the same way, and the three maidens set free. They take off their silken upper garments and present them to him, and also the gold rings from their fingers. Afterwards, when he is shut up down below, a dwarf comes who has a large scratch on his back; he is the little grey man whom the prince has wedged in between two oak-boughs. He shows the prince a chasm where a deep stream flows; the latter seats himself in a small boat and once more returns to daylight. He becomes apprentice to a tailor, and when the princesses want dresses, he sends them the silken upper garments which they had given him. Then he goes to a goldsmith's, and when they ask for rings, he sends the golden rings which he had received from them in the cave. They recognize these, and everything comes to light. The two wicked brothers are sewn in a sack full of snakes, and thrown into the abyss. *Strong Hans* (No. 166), is allied to this. A Swedish story (see further on) agrees entirely with the German one. In Hungarian, see Gaal, No. 5.

In our story there is an evident connection with the deliverance of Kriemhild from the Drachenstein. There, as in the Cologne story, she disappears after a festival, doubtless as the spoil of the dragon. The two sisters are amplifications of the one mythical figure, just as of the three who set out to deliver her, the youngest alone is the only real one. The elf is Euglin and Alberich, whom the hero likewise wins over to himself by force (in the Cologne

story as in the *Nibelungen*, 466, 3, he pulls his beard), and then, and not till then, does he reveal the subterranean abode (*Lied*, 99) of the dragon-watched princess (*Lied von Siegfried*, 57, 58). The release follows as it does there by the dragons which are sleeping in the maiden's lap being killed (*Lied*, 21). The help which the King of the Elves gives, corresponds with that which Euglin (*Lied*, 151, and before) gives Siegfried after the combat with the giant, and also by bringing him food (*Lied*, 119). In fact, they are generally subject to him here as there.

92.—The Golden Mountain.

Narrated to us by a soldier. There is another version from Zwehrn. A fisherman has to deliver the fishes which he is bound to supply and can catch none. Then the Devil comes, and in return for a good hawl, the fisherman gives him a written promise that he shall have his son. Next day he takes the son out into a meadow, where the Devil is to fetch him, but the youth takes the Bible with him, draws a circle, and seats himself within it, so that the Evil One cannot approach him. The Devil orders him to throw away the Bible, but he does not do it; so the Devil overturns his chair, and the circle is broken, and then he drags him a short distance away with him, but the youth still keeps hold of the Bible, and the Devil is at length forced to retire. The youth journeys forth and comes to a great house, in which there is one room in which no one can endure to stay, but he lies down to sleep in it. At night a headless servant enters who informs him that there is an enchanted princess in the house whom he is to deliver, which he will be able to do if he has no fear of anything. Presently some spirits come who play at nine-pins, and seize him, roll him up, and throw him at the nine-pins as if he were a ball. When this is over, however, a spirit comes who rubs him with oil, and he is once more as well as before. On the second night the spirits again come and play at ball with him until all his limbs crack and break, and when they leave off, they say, "If thou art here to-morrow, thou shalt be boiled in oil." Nevertheless he has no fear, and once more the good spirit comes and heals him. On the third night the spirits kindle a huge fire, set a cauldron with oil on it, and say, "When that boils, we will throw thee into it!" and after a while, when twelve o'clock is striking, they say, "Now it is time," and seize him to throw him into the cauldron, but he falls on one side of it and the spell is broken. A naked maiden is standing by him who thanks him, and says, "I am a king's daughter; thou hast delivered me, and shalt be my husband." Then he goes away, but she allows herself to be persuaded and betroths herself to another, who is a prince. The young fisherman

meets on his way two men who are fighting about a boot which carries any one who puts it on a hundred leagues in one step. So he says to them, "I will put an end to this contest; stand opposite to each other, and the one to whom I throw the boot shall have it." They turn round, but he puts on the boot, makes one step, and in a moment is a hundred leagues away from them. He obtains possession of a cloak which makes people invisible in the same way. And now he journeys onwards and comes to the town where the king's daughter is just about to celebrate her wedding. He enters the apartment in his cloak, and places himself behind her, but no one can see him; and when she wants to eat, he holds her hand. On this she is alarmed, and looks round, and he draws the cloak a little away from his face so that she may recognize him. Then she goes out with him, and he advises her to inform the prince that when one has found the old key one does not want the new one. For the division of the magic possessions compare the story of *The Shoes that were danced to pieces*, No. 133, according to that version of it in the note which was derived from Paderborn, in which the lion and the fox struggle for a cloak and boot of this kind. Compare also *The Gold Egg*, in the *Erfurt Collection*, where three men do not know how to divide a wishing-mantle. The contest of the giants for the possession of a cloak, boot, and sword, is also to be found in a Swedish story in Cavallius, p. 182. In Pröhle's *Kindermärchen*, No. 22, two men contend for a saddle which carries every one through the air. Still more noteworthy is the analogy with a Tartar story which is to be found in the *Relations of Ssidi Kur*, and also in the *Quarterly Review*, 1819, 41, 106. The son of the Khan is travelling with a faithful servant, and enters a forest where he finds some children quarreling with each other. "What are you about?" he asks. "We have found a cap in the forest and each of us wants to have it." "What's the use of the cap?" "It has this property: whosoever wears it can neither be seen by God, nor by men, nor yet by evil spirits." "Well, then, if you will all go to the end of the wood," says the Khan's son, "I will take the cap and give it to the one who gets here first and wins the race." But when they have gone the Khan's son puts the cap on his servant's head, and, when the children come back, it has disappeared and they search for it in vain. The Khan's son travels onwards with his servant, and again comes into a forest where some evil spirits are disputing about a pair of boots which have this property that whosoever puts them on is at once taken to any country where he wishes to be. The Khan's son orders the evil spirits also to go away and run back, and says that the one who reaches him first shall have the boots. As soon as he is alone he puts them under his servant's cloak; the servant puts on the cap as well, and when the spirits come back they find that

the boots have vanished. In a story in *The Thousand and One Nights* (10, 302) there is a contention for a cap which makes its wearer invisible, a drum, and a bed. Compare the Indian story in Somadeva's collection, 1. 19, 20 (comp. the Berlin *Jahrb. für deutsche Sprache*, 2. 265); also an Arabian story in the *Continuation of the Thousand and One Nights*, 563–624 (see Val. Schmidt's *Fortunat.* pp. 174–178); a Norwegian story in Asbjörnsen, pp. 53, 171; and a Hungarian in Mailáth and Gaal, No. 7.

The preceding incident of the pledging away the child to the Devil in ignorance and over-haste, occurs very frequently as an introduction to these stories (see note to No. 55). Here it has a christian application. The likeness to Siegfried begins at the point where the youth is pushed forth upon the water (compare *Wilkina Sage*, chap. 140, 141, which alone has this circumstance.) The princess whom he delivers is, according to the German saga, Kriemhild on the Drachenstein, elsewhere however, especially according to the Norse saga, Brünhild, for in aid of Gudrun (i.e. Kriemhild), he does there, as in the *Nibelungen*, nothing. The dragon who keeps her imprisoned, is suggested in our story by the princess herself having become a snake. The overcoming the spirits by silence is an ancient and important feature (see *Altdän. Lieder*, p. 508.) The Gold Mountain which the hero wins, is the mountain with the treasures of gold, the Hoard, which, according to the *Lied*, Siegfried also won on the Drachenstein; even the wishing-rod of the Hoard (*Nibelungen*, 1064) appears here as a wishing-ring. The power of invisibility which was conferred by Siegfried's Tarnhaut (Cloak of Darkness), *Nibel.* 337, and the change of form in the Norse saga appear here in the youth's disguise as a shepherd, which enabled him to enter the town without being known, and is still more clearly seen afterwards in his invisibility by reason of the mantle, and his transformation into a fly. (Loki thus transforms himself, and the Indian Hanuman reaches Sita in the same way, Polier, 1. 350). Most remarkable of all is the much more circumstantial account of the partition of the treasure which corresponds almost entirely with the ancient obscure one (*Nibel.* 88–96), and throws light on it. The Nibelungen warriors disagree, as they do here, and call Siegfried in as divider. The magic sword is the noble sword Balmung; Siegfried too receives this first, and then goes away with what he has gained without making any division. This magic power of the sword is important, for just as all heads fall before it, all living beings are turned to stone by the Aegir helmet (Hildegrein), which, according to the Norse saga, was likewise part of the "Hoard." In the youth's relations with the Queen, we have also a hint of Siegfried's relations with Brünhild. She, as in the Norse saga, knows that misfortune will befall him if he leaves her, and there is something

mysterious about their union. He thoughtlessly reveals it, just as Siegfried gives Kriemhild the girdle he has formerly won from Brünhild (*Nibel.* 793), and misfortune arises from it, as is seen in her second marriage (with Günther). He is her "Deliverer," whom afterwards she is determined to ruin. Here he is represented as conquering spirits; in the Norse saga he rode through the flames; in the *Wilkina Sage* (chap. 148), he broke through the doors by force. He was appointed to do this by destiny and waited for.

93.—The Raven.

From the Leine district. There is another story varying in some particulars in Zingerle, p. 239. Here too we find the deliverance of Brünhild. In the first place, as in the preceding story (but derived from an entirely different source), we have the giants' contest for their treasures, only in not so clear a form. The golden castle on the Glass Mountain is the hall of flames of the Norse saga, evidently corresponding with the old Danish ballad (*Altdänische Lieder und Märchen*, p. 31, and notes, pp. 496, 497), where Bryniel is imprisoned on the Glass Mountain, which only a particular horse (Grani) can ascend. The connection between flames and dazzling bright glass is very close. The sleeping draught against which she warns him, and which overcomes him, is the Norse Grimhild's draught which causes forgetfulness. Some likeness to *The Seven Ravens* (No. 25) is to be seen in this story, but it has an independent existence. We find p. 226, in a story in the *Brunswick Collection*, which in other respects is entirely different, that the enchanted maiden drives past thrice, and that the knight who is to keep awake to deliver her has fallen asleep because he has drunk from a spring, smelt a flower, and eaten an apple. Each time she passes she lays something by his side, her portrait, a brush which will make money, and a sword bearing the inscription, "Follow me." The colour of her horses too is, as here, different on each occasion. The rest of the story shows a closer affinity to the preceding story, the *Golden Mountain*, for the knight has also previously delivered the bewitched maiden from her snake form by keeping silence in the presence of frightful spirits. For the incident of the youth's making himself known by throwing the ring in the wine-cup, compare *Hildebrands Lied*, p. 79.

94.—The Peasant's Wise Daughter.

From Zwehrn. Here we have a distinct trace of the ancient saga of Aslaug, the daughter of Brünhild by Sigurd. Although it is not expressly stated that the girl in our story is a child of royal birth who has fallen into the hands of peasants, yet this relation is plainly visible. She is wiser than the position of her parents

warrants, and the King observes her wisdom just as Ragnar observes that of Kraka (the name which Aslaug bore when a peasant). In order to prove her, he too sets a riddle which her penetration enables her to solve quickly and truly. The subjects of the riddles themselves coincide, and they are only different expressions of the same thought. The Norse King desires of Kraka (*Ragnar Lodbrok's Sage*, chap. 4) that she shall come "clothed yet unclothed, having eaten yet having not eaten, not alone, and yet without any one's companionship." She wraps herself, as here, naked in a fishing-net, with her beautiful hair falling over it; just tastes a leek, so that its smell can be perceived, and lets her dog run by her. A similar riddle in other stories * should be compared, for it appears generally as an ancient popular riddle.

Likewise she resembles Aslaug in the continuance of her sagacity, and in the way she brings back to herself the love of the King who wants to send the peasant girl away. Ragnar was in Sweden with

* Pauli's *Schimpf und Ernst*, for instance, contains a jest, according to which a certain punishment is to be remitted if the offender comes "half-riding and half-walking, with his greatest enemy and his greatest friend." He comes with his horse, having the right foot in the stirrup, and with the other he leaps on the ground; he brings his wife, who, on having her ear boxed by him, immediately accuses him of a murder (he had falsely declared himself guilty of it to her, and confided it to her as a secret), and thus she proves herself his greatest enemy; he likewise brings his dog, who is his greatest friend, because if he calls it after he has beaten it, it always comes back wagging its tail. An old German poet, Pfälz. MS., 336, folio 190, has also treated this saga. Hans Sachs relates the story extremely well, and the events are similar. (1560, folio 78.)

It is somewhat different in the *Gesta Romanorum* (Latin edition, chap. 124, German, 124, under No. 12), where, too, the task varies. The guilty person, for example, brings his horse, but puts his right leg over the dog, and, as besides this he has to bring his best playfellow, he has taken his child with him, for when he sees it playing it amuses him more than anything else. Moreover the same story appears in one of the *Cento novelle antiche* (Turin, 1802), p. 163. He who on an appointed day shall bring his friend, his enemy, and his companion in play, shall receive the King's pardon and great treasures. It is solved there as here, only it lacks the incident of his having to come half-riding and half-walking. A Servian story in Wuk, pp. 125, 126, belongs to this group, and so does a passage in *Würdtwein* (p. 488). "The Sendherr (Synodal Judge) shall come with two parts and a half of a man, two parts and a half of a horse, and shall neither come on the road nor out of the road." The Lalenbürgers likewise have to come to meet the King, half-riding and half-walking. The first mention of this occurs in a story in Ratherius (d. 975), *Sermo de octavis paschae* (p. 895*b*, and following, D'Achery *Spicil.*), printed in Haupt's *Zeitschrift*, 8, 21. Compare the *Altdeutsche Blätter*, 1, 149, 154, Ferd. Wolf on the *Altfranzös. Heldengedichte*, p. 133.

King Eistein, whose beautiful daughter, Ingeborg, he liked, and his people also advised him not to keep a peasant's daughter with him any longer. When he came home, and he and his wife had gone to bed, Aslaug discovered his intentions by means of her bird (raven, spirit) and revealed to him that she was of royal lineage, and thus regained his affection, chap. 8. Our story is to be found in Colshorn, No. 26; in Zingerle, p. 160; and in Pröhle's *Märchen für die Jugend*, No. 49. In Norway, too, it is not unknown, as is remarked by Asbjörnsen in an account of his journey in the year 1847, p. 2. A Servian story, see Wuk, No. 25, is differently carried out, but allied. Tendlau relates that a woman on her departure, being permitted to take the best thing in the house away with her, has her husband, who is drunk, carried to her father's house, *Jüdische Sagen*, p. 54.

95.—Old Hildebrand.

From Austria, where he is also called Old Ofenbrand. Another story from German Bohemia varies slightly. At first the woman will on no account admit the man with the basket, she has shut her shutters, and says her husband is from home. But the former has looked through a crevice, and has seen the parson sitting in the room, and at last says, "Will not the worthy gentleman who is within, say a good word for me?" This alarms the woman, and she lets him come in. The man sets the basket up against the wall, lies down on the stove, and pretends to be asleep. Then the woman lays the table, brings meat and drink, and makes merry with the parson. Finally she brings out a large glass, and says, "He who would have a drink now, must first make a rhyme." The parson begins—

"A messenger has gone from me
To Padua town in Italy."

Then the woman—

"With three silver crowns away he has sped,
And into the bargain with two loaves of bread."

And now the man with the basket is to sing, too; he refuses, but at last he sings—

"My basket by the wall doth stand,
And in it sits Old Hildebrand."

Then he opens the basket, and old Hildebrand gets out in a rage, and begins—

"Now I must be out again,
For here inside I can't remain,"

and drives them away with blows. There is also a story from Hesse

which corresponds with this. The woman wants to get rid of old Hildebrand, her husband, because he is short and dark, so she sends him to Tellerland, and the parson gives him his horse, and a hundred thalers away with him. His gossip meets him, opens his eyes, and takes him back with him in his basket. The gossip asks the woman where her husband is, and she replies—

"I have sent my husband away from me,
Into the Tik-Tak-Teller country."

The parson says—

"And I have given him a horse so brown,
And a hundred dollars to go to town."

Then the gossip begins—

"Ah, my dearest Hildebrand,
Who in the basket there dost stand."

On which old Hildebrand bestirs himself, and says—

"No longer can I silence keep,
Out of this basket I must creep."

This jest is, however, undoubtedly connected with the saga of Old Hildebrand und Frau Ute. He is the traveller in many lands, who comes home and sometimes finds his wife faithful, and sometimes unfaithful, just as, according to some sagas, Ulysses was deceived by Penelope. For this parallelism compare *Hildebrands Lied*, p. 77. In the story of *Mrs. Fox*, too, the cunning old fox who is lying under the bench, has at one time to drive out the wooer alone, and at another his wife and the wooer too; and that story bears an unmistakable resemblance to ours. Compare *Münster: Sagen*, p. 215, Meier, No. 41, Pröhle's *Kindermärchen*, No. 63.

96.—The Three Little Birds.

Three hours' journey westward from Corvei, lies the Keuterberg, Köterberg, Teuteberg (which corresponds with the district of Teutoberg Forest lying not far away), on the summit of which the boundaries of Corvei, Hanover, and Lippe meet. It is of considerable height, and may easily command a view of more than forty leagues in circuit; lower down it is covered with wood. The peak itself is bare; occasionally it is bestrewn with large stones, and affords a scanty pasturage for sheep. Naturally many stories have been associated with it, and have thus been preserved. Round about the mountain lie six villages, and the story has been taken down in the dialect of one of these, with all its irregular two-fold

forms; it is the written language alone which has only one definite form; the spoken language has often several at one and the same time—for instance, *sehde* and *segde*, *graut* and *grot*, *bede* and *beide*, *derde* and *dride*. *Teite* for father, the old *Tatta*, is only said in these six villages, elsewhere it is always *Vaer*. The introduction refers to the following custom. When the children who are tending their cattle on different sides of the mountain want to say anything to each other, one cries, "Hela!" or "Helo! Helo! Hark you!" Then the other answers, "Helo! Helo! What do you want?" "Helo! Helo! just come over here to me!" "Helo! Helo! I'll come directly." On this point compare Steinen's *Westphäl. Geschichte*, 1. 57. Other versions of the tradition are to be found in Wolf's *Hausmärchen*, p. 168; in Meier, p. 72; and in Pröhle's *Kindermärchen*, No. 3.

As a tradition our story corresponds with that in *The Thousand and One Nights*, of the two sisters who are jealous of their youngest sister (7. 277, and following); only the Arabian story is more amplified and the German simpler, and also more beautiful; both have their own characteristics and thus prove their independence. It would be superfluous to go into particulars, or to make extracts and comparisons from this universally accessible book. The Dervish whose beard and eyebrows the prince cuts off before he speaks (he corresponds with the ghost in German stories, who wishes to be shaved in silence), is here the helpful old woman who is set free and goes away, just as the other dies, after he has fulfilled his destiny. This remarkable story however does not only appear as an Arabian, but also as an old Italian one in Straparola (4, 3); and all derivation from Arabia is decisively prevented by the circumstance that Straparola lived long before the translator of *The Thousand and One Nights*. Much of it is superior in Straparola. When the children's hair is combed, pearls and precious stones fall out of it, whereby their foster-parents become rich, but in the Arabian, it is only once named that "the tears of the child are reported to have been pearls" (p. 280), the mythic features themselves have already disappeared, and have left only this trace behind. The wondrous things which are demanded in the Italian story, the Dancing Water, the Singing Apple, and the Green Bird, correspond with those required in *The Thousand and One Nights*, but the former differs and is better conceived in that the guilty persons who threw the children into the water cause the sister to incite her brothers to the perilous enterprise in the hope that they may perish in it. In *The Thousand and One Nights*, the devotee's motive for exciting the sister's curiosity remains unexplained. On the other hand, the prohibition against looking back occurs needlessly in Straparola, for the punishment of being turned into stone is not attached

thereto. *La Belle Etoile*, No 22. in Madame d'Aulnoy coincides with the Italian down to the smallest particulars and embellishments. The Hungarian story (Gaal, No. 16) is distinctive, inasmuch as all the evil arises from the step-mother.

What is still more important than noting how these Arabian and Italian stories differ from each other, is to trace out how our German one agrees in some particulars with the former, and in others with the latter, which is the surest proof of its independence, though everyone who knows the neighbourhood where it was taken down must already be convinced that these foreign stories could never have made their way there. It agrees with Straparola in this, that the children come into the world with a red (golden) star on the forehead (flame on the head was the ancient token of high descent*): of this the Arabian story says nothing. We must set against this that no wicked step-mother assists, as in Straparola, but only the sisters; furthermore that the children are born in three successive years, and not all at the same time, and that on the two first occasions the King's anger is appeased. The incident of a little bird rising from the water each time a child is thrown into it, is peculiar to the German, and very fine. This signifies that the spirit remains alive (for the soul is a bird, a dove), as in the story, *Der Machandelboom*, No. 47, and to this refer also the words in verse,† "to the lily garland." They signify that the child was ready for death (i.e. dead) until further orders (from God), but he is saved; the lily still lives, for the lily is the undying spirit; see the story of the *Twelve Brothers* (No. 9), where, instead of the lily, we have its counterpart, the white "student's flower," the narcissus, the transformed youth; see also the people's song in the *Wunderhorn*, where three lilies spring from the grave in which the father, mother, and child are lying. The Golden Water, and Dancing Water, are here genuine Water of Life, which is often sought for in myths (it is also to be found in Rabbinical stories). It is this which is meant in *The Thousand and One Nights* when the princess changes the black stones into princes again with the water which she has obtained from the bird, in this case it is the black dog which regains its original shape. It is much more natural that in the end it should be used in restoring health to the innocent mother who had been imprisoned. Compare the following story.

* There are also certain races every member of which bears on the forehead a sharply-defined blood-red line, which appears whenever he is violently moved by anger or shame. Schiller relates this of Pappenheim. See the *History of the Thirty Years' War*.

† This verse has passed into other popular songs in that district.

97.—The Water of Life.

From two stories, one current in Hesse, and the other in the neighbourhood of Paderborn. In the former the released princess does not appear at all; and it is said in the conclusion, that the King, in order to discover which of his three sons is the guilty one, has three rugs made, a golden one, a silver one, and a common one, and the son who rides over the golden rug will be the innocent one. The youngest does this. In the Paderborn story, which is altogether much less perfect, a fisherman gives information to the three princes who are travelling together, and not a dwarf. They cannot arrive at the enchanted castle until each of them has three feathers of a falcon, which every third day comes flying thrice towards them and lets one fall each time. In the castle they have to fight with a seven-headed dragon, and whosoever does not overcome it in three days will be turned into stone; but the one who kills it will receive the Water of Life. They reach the castle with the falcon's feathers; all is arranged for the combat, and the King's daughter and all the courtiers, clad in black, look on. The two elder cannot kill it, and are turned to stone, and then the youngest comes forward, and cuts off the seven heads at one stroke. So the princess gives him the Water of Life, and at his request, restores his brothers to life. There are various peculiarities in a third story from Hanover. The two elder sons squander their money on the journey, and in the town where they are forced to stay, steal a treasure, but are caught and thrown into prison. Then the youngest son sets out. He arrives in this town and hears that two thieves are going to be hanged. He begs the people not to do this until his return; rides onwards, and comes to a forest, where his horse can go no farther. He alights and finds a house in front of which a giant is lying, who asks what he is looking for. "The Water of Life," says he; "dost thou know where it is to be found?" "No," replies the giant, "but perhaps my hares and foxes do." He whistles, and instantly above three hundred hares and foxes come running up from every side. The giant asks them if they know anything about the water; but none of them know it, on which he says, "If these do not know about it, my brother will. He lives three thousand miles from here, but I will have you carried thither." An aged fox has to take the prince on his back, and in a few seconds he carries him to his master's brother. This giant is much taller, but he too knows nothing of the wonderful water. So he calls his fire and asks it about it, and then his winds, but no one knows it; but the north wind, who at last comes also, says, "Yes, I know where it is to be had." The north wind has to take the prince

to the castle, between eleven and twelve o'clock, for then only can the castle be seen, after which time it sinks into the water. The north wind also tells him all that will happen, and what he is to do. He enters a magnificent room wherein a princess lies sleeping, and then one which is still more splendid in which likewise a beautiful maiden is sleeping, and lastly into a third and still more splendid room, in which the most beautiful maiden of all is sleeping. Then he writes his name and the day of the month and the year, on a sheet of paper, and lies down beside her in the bed, and when he awakes again he takes three keys which are under her pillow, and goes down into the cellar and fills three bottles with the water. Then he ascends in great haste, and just as he is outside the door, twelve o'clock strikes, and the castle vanishes. The north wind which has waited for him carries him back to the old fox, and the fox carries him back to his horse which is with the first giant. And now the King's son rides into the town and wants to see the thieves hanged, but recognizes his own brothers and buys them off. Then follows the exactly-corresponding treachery of the brothers. The King's daughter writes a letter and asks in marriage the one who has been with her. The two others present themselves one after the other, but she sees by their discourse that neither of them is the right one. She repeatedly asks about the youngest, and it comes to light that he is still living. He goes in the rags which he has been forced to wear, to the beautiful princess, who has given birth to a son, and she receives him with joy.

The affinity between our previous stories, No. 96, No. 57, and the Arabian and Italian stories and the above, strikes us at once. This is the purest form of the story so far as regards the point that the Water of Life is sought to cure an aged king, who is ill. In *Der trojanische Krieg*, by Konrad von Würtzburg, Medea uses water from Paradise to rejuvenate Jason's father (verse 10,651), "lieht von golde rôt" (10,658), wherein she boils the magic drink. Being turned into stone is in the Paderborn, as well as in the Arabian story, the punishment of him who does not win the victory. In the Low German story it does not appear; but the black dog (there are black stones in *The Thousand and One Nights*), which also no one was to turn round to look at, clearly points to it. The dog afterwards becomes a handsome prince; just as the stones in the other story are transformed. Moreover, this being turned to stone and in *The Thousand and One Nights* the fact that the brothers leave a token with their sister when they go (the eldest leaves a knife which will look bright as long as he lives, and bloody when he dies), shows a radical similarity and connection with No. 60. The story of *Queen Wilowitte*, p. 54, in Wolf's *Hausmärchen*; *The King's Daughter in the Mountains of Muntserrat*;

Danish one in Etlar, p. 1; a Servian in Wuk, No. 2; and a Swedish in Cavallius, p. 191, all belong to this group.

98.—Doctor Know-all.

From Zwehrn. A very good story like this is current among the people, but in Low German, and no one could repeat it to us quite perfectly. In the *Abendzeitung*, 1819, No. 171, there is a story in rhyme from another and more meagre version. A hungry charcoal-burner hears that a treasure has been stolen from the King, and comes forward to offer to find out the thief. The charcoal-burner is to be fed for three days, but if by that time he has not discovered him he is to be hanged. So when the first day is over, and his last draught for that day is brought to him, he says, "This is one of them," and so on, on the second and third days. The servants, who are the thieves, believe that he is speaking of them, and reveal the deed. There is a story which again is different in the *Zeitschrift der Casseler Bote*, 1822, No. 51, in which the Know-all is called Felix Gritte. In Mannhardt's *Zeitschrift für deutsche Mythologie*, 3, 36–46, there is a version with some amplifications and additions. It is in the Wetterau patois, and was picked up by Weigand. A fisherman disguised as a monk brings a stolen ring to light. An Italian story in Straparola is allied to this, and so is a Persian in *Kisseh-Khun*, p. 44. Achmed the Cobbler pretends to be an astronomer, and discovers who has stolen the ruby out of the King's crown.

99.—The Spirit in the Bottle.

From Paderborn. It is very well told in the *Morgenblatt* (1817, p. 231), as a popular story of Appenzell applied to Doctor Paracelsus. Paracelsus one day goes into a forest, and hears his name called. The voice comes from a fir-tree in which the Devil is imprisoned by means of a little plug marked with three crosses. Paracelsus promises to liberate him if he will procure him a medicine which will cure all sick people, and a tincture which will turn everything into gold. The Devil agrees to do this, and Paracelsus takes his pen-knife, gets hold of the plug with it, and with some difficulty takes it out. A hideous black spider crawls out, which runs down the trunk of the tree, but hardly has it touched the ground before it disappears, and a tall thin man with squinting red eyes, who is dressed in a red cloak, rises as if from the earth. He conducts the doctor to a high towering rock, and strikes it with a hazel-rod which he has broken off on the way. The rock splits into two pieces with a loud crack, and the Devil disappears but soon comes out again, and gives Paracelsus two small glasses—a yellow one, containing the gold tincture, and a white one the medicine. Then

he once more strikes the rock, whereupon it closes together again in a moment. And now they both return, the Devil intending to go to Innsbrück to fetch the man who had imprisoned him. Paracelsus has compassion on the exorciser, and resolves to rescue him. When they once more arrive at the fir-tree he admires the Devil for having been able to turn himself into a spider. The Devil says, "I will gladly perform the feat before thine eyes," vanishes, and then crawls into the well-known little hole in the shape of a spider. Quick as lightning the doctor thrusts the plug, which he has kept in his hands, into the hole again, strikes it firmly in with a stone, and scratches three new crosses on it with his knife. In his rage the Devil shakes the fir-tree as with a tempest, till its cones rattle down on Paracelsus in heaps, but the Devil's anger is all in vain, he is tightly shut in, and has little hope of coming out again, for the forest is not allowed to be cut down, because of the avalanches, and though he cries night and day, fear of them keeps everyone away from that region. Paracelsus finds his little bottles genuine, and by means of them becomes a celebrated and distinguished man. The similarity of our story with one in *The Thousand and One Nights* (1. 107) has been already remarked by Fischer (No. 19). Here, from another aspect, it is much more evident, and the strong connection between the two stories is remarkable. This story is likewise a striking companion to *Simeli Mountain* (No. 142); to the Hartz story of the *Dummburg* (Otmar, 235), which is also to be found in *The Thousand and One Nights* (6. 342), and to *The Three Birds* (No. 96). The Hungarian story, *Der Weltlohn*, No. 11, in Gaal, also belongs to this group. The shutting up the Devil in a bottle (for it is an evil spirit, as in the Eastern tale), appears in other places, viz., in the saga of the Greek magician Savilon (Zaubulon, Diabolo), where Virgilius liberates him (see *Reinfr. von Braunschweig*. Hanov. MS. folio, 168–171, and Liebrecht's translation of Dunlop, pp. 186, 187) and in the *Galgenmännlein*. The stratagem by which he is overcome is the same by which the fearless smith saves himself (see note to No. 81).

100.—The Devil's Sooty Brother.

From Zwehrn. Other stories of the same kind are to be found in Müllenhoff, No. 592; Meier, No. 74; Zingerle, No. 18; Pröhle's *Kinderm.* No. 71. The old story of *Bearskin* is told even in *Simplicissimus* (3. 896). As an Austrian story it is to be found in J. F. *Horæ Subsecivæ*, 4, 355, and following; and from thence in Happel's *Relat. curios.* 2, 712. It is said that a picture of him is still to be found in an Austrian town. Compare Arnim's *Tröst Einsamkeit*, and his story *Isabelle von Aegypten*. There the innkeeper

lets him have one of his daughters, because of the artistic pictures which the spirit has painted for him. The idea of a Bearskin is already given by Tacitus (*Germ.* 31), "et aliis Germanorum populis usurpatum raro et privata cujusque audentia apud Chattos in consensum vertit, ut primum adoleverint, crinem barbamque submittere nec nisi hoste caeso exuere votivum obligatumque virtuti oris habitum, ignavis et imbellibus manet squalor." Baldur's revenger also does not wash his hands, or comb his hair until he has cast Baldur's enemy into the flames (*Völuspá*, 33).* According to Snorri, young Harald Harfager makes a vow not to cut or comb his hair until he has made the whole of Norway submit to him. Compare P. E. Müller, *Ueber Snorris Quellen*, p. 14, 15. The very unchristain aspect of hell, where the soldier learns music, is to be remarked, just as music lures people into the Venusberg. He only serves the Devil for a certain time, and then is free and happy. The saga assuredly dates from a remote antiquity. It even crops up in Ireland; in the *Briefe eines Verstorbenen*,† 1. 139, and following, we find, "I observed in Ireland on the summit of a high mountain a building like a church, and asked the clerk what that was. He replied in rude English that this was the King's Tabernacle, and that anyone who would neither wash himself, nor cut his nails, nor shave his beard for the space of seven years was allowed to live there free of expense, and after the seventh year had expired, he had the right to go to London, where the King was obliged to endow him amply, and make a gentleman of him. The man firmly believed this foolish tale, and swore to its truth." A story in Harsdörfer's *Mordgeschichten* (Hamb. 1662), p. 672, is allied. The Devil comes in the shape of a youth to a pious man who has three daughters, and wants to marry one of them. The father, however, tells him in answer that they were already promised to God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost at their baptism. But the Devil by promising them great treasures, luxury, and magnificence, wins two of them over so far as to accept a betrothal-ring from him; the third drives him away. That enrages the Devil, and he brings an accusation against her and the father, but while he is about to read the accusation from his note, a pigeon flies to him and snatches the paper from him Then he is driven away to the two daughters who have promised to love him, and with them falls down to hell. Compare the following story.

* In Corsica it was formerly common for the nearest relative of a murdered man to make a vow not to cut his hair or shave his beard until the dead man was avenged.—TR.

† By Prince Pückler-Muskau.—TR.

101.—Bearskin (Greencoat).

From the neighbourhood of Paderborn. This is an independent variation of the foregoing. The Devil appears here in the saga which is related by Hebel (*Alleman. Gedichte*, 50), as a green-coat (child of the world), and whosoever gives himself to him has only to put his hand in his pocket and he will find money.

102.—The Willow-wren and the Bear.

From Zwehrn. This is a beautiful story which belongs to the group of *Reinhart Fuchs*. The willow-wren, the sparrow, and the tom-tit, all express an idea. It is the cunning of the small creatures triumphing over the large ones, and thus the entire animal creation under the leadership of the fox, has to yield to the birds, just as in the story of *The Sparrow and the Dog* (No. 58), the waggoner has to yield to the bird. The willow-wren is the ruler, for the saga accepts the least as king as readily as the greatest. Again, this is the opposition of the crafty dwarfs to the stupid giants; indeed dwarf-like little men often received the nickname of "little hedge-sparrow." In *Touti Nameh* (Fable 8, in Iken, No. 32), the powerful animals are punished in a similar manner by the small ones. An elephant throws the eggs out of a sparrow's nest, by violently rubbing himself against the tree in which it is built. The bird combines with another bird called long-beak, and with a frog and a bee, to seek revenge. The bee gets into the elephant's ear and torments him by humming, until he is quite frantic. Then long-beak comes and puts out his eyes with his sharp beak. Some days afterwards, when the blind elephant is standing tortured by thirst on the edge of a precipice, the frog begins to croak, and the elephant thinks he is near a pond and plunges over. The *War of the Wasps and the Ass*, in Barachja Nikdani (Wolf's *Zeitschrift*, 1. 1), is allied to this, and so is the negro story, in Kölle, of the *Cock and the Elephant* (No. 7). *Old Sultan*, No. 48, and the *War between the Beasts of the Earth and the Birds of the Air*, in the story from Transylvania; (see Haltrich, No. 43), should be compared.

103.—Sweet Porridge (or Pottage).

From Hesse. This is the primeval fable of the pitcher which never ran dry, and which only those who were perfectly innocent had the power of using. Compare the Indian story of the pan in which it was only necessary to place a single grain of rice, and it would cook food incessantly (Polier, 2. 45). Then there is the saga of the *Zauberlehrling* (from Lucian's φιλοψευδής) in Goethe's

lyric; but although it has received a form that can never be equalled, the deep myth which underlies it is not clearly brought out, and it depends for its effect on the rulership of the master. Pottage, like bread, as a primitive, simple fare, generally signifies all kinds of nourishment (Compare the *Frogs* of Aristophanes, 1073). It was formerly the custom in Thuringia for people to eat pottage made of millet at Shrovetide, because they believed that if they did so they would never lack anything all the rest of the year. See Prätorius's *Glückstopf*, p. 260. The wise woman also institutes a feast of sweet pottage as a reward to her workmen. Here we must mention a Norwegian story in Asbjörnsen, part 2, *The Mill which grinds everything.*

104.—Wise Folks.

From Hesse. It is to be found with many variations in Zingerle, p. 75, as *The Country Man and the Country Woman*; in Pröhle, No. 50, *The Long Winter*; in Meier, No. 20, and pp. 304, 305, *The Traveller to Heaven*; in Müllenhoff, No. 10; in Norwegian, in Asbjörnsen, 1, No. 10; in Wallachian, in Schott, No. 43. *Der Schwank von dem fahrenden Schüler im Paradies*, in Hans Sachs, 3, 3, 18, Nuremberg Edit. is allied to this.

In our previous editions the story of the *Faithful Animals* was placed here; it however must have been derived from the *Relations of Ssidi Kur*, as is proved by its exact similarity, although in the *Gesta Romanorum* (see under No. 9), the *Pentamerone*, 3, 5, and No. 14 in Meier, are stories which are allied.

105.—Stories of Snakes.

I. From Hesse, but belongs to several places. The ringed snake (*Coluber natrix*) which likes milk and is not poisonous, is the snake which is meant. Compare Schubert's *Naturgeschichte*, p. 196. There is a similar story in Ziska, p. 51. A story in the *Gesta Romanorum*, chap. 68 (under No. 11), is clearly related to this. A knight becomes poor, and is very sorrowful about it. Then a snake, which has lived for a long time in a corner of his room, begins to speak, and says, "Give me some milk every day, and set it ready for me yourself, and I will make you rich." So the knight brings the milk for it every day, and in a short time he becomes rich again. The knight's foolish wife, however, advises him to kill the snake for the sake of the treasures which are sure to be found in its hole. So the knight takes a bowl of milk in one hand, and a hammer in the other, and goes with them to the snake, which glides out of its hole to enjoy the milk. While it is drinking, he raises the hammer, but instead of hitting the snake strikes the bowl violently, on which the snake at once hurries away. From

that day forth his property begins to decrease as much as it had increased before. He entreats the snake to take him into favour again, but it says, "Dost thou think that I have forgotten the blow which the bowl received instead of my head? There can be no peace between us!" Then the knight continues in poverty all the days of his life. The same story is in Mone's *Anzeiger*, 1837, pp. 174, 175. Another story from Switzerland, The *Queen of the Snakes* (*Deutsche Sagen*, 1. 220), also belongs to this group. A poor shepherd-girl becomes prosperous because she gives milk to a snake which is dying of hunger.

II. From Hesse. According to another story, in a certain farm the daughter of the house had the task of milking the cows which were in the fields, and for this purpose usually drove them into a shed or cow-house. Once when she was milking, a great snake crept out from beneath the boards. The girl filled a little trough, into which she often poured milk for the cats, with milk, and set it before the snake, which drank the whole of it. This she did daily, and even in winter. When the girl was married, and all the guests were sitting happily at table, the snake unexpectedly came into the room and laid down before the bride a valuable crown of gold and silver as a mark of its gratitude. A Tyrolese version in Zingerle, p. 106, agrees with this, and the story of the *Snake Queen* in Vonbun, pp. 21, 22, is closely allied. In Lower Lusatia (Büsching's *Wöchentliche Nachrichten*, 3. 343, 345) it is believed that there is a water snake-king who wears a crown on his head which is not only valuable in itself, but also brings great riches to its possessor. On a sunny May day a certain man ventures to spread out a great white sheet on a green plot in front of the castle of Lübenau, for the Snake King is fond of putting his crown down on pure white things, and then playing with the other snakes. Hardly has the man spread the sheet when the King appears, puts his crown on it, and then goes away to play with the snakes. And now the man comes softly thither (on horseback in order to escape the quicker), seizes the sheet on which the crown is lying, by the four corners, and gallops off. He hears the shrill whistling of the snakes behind him, but escapes by the speed of his horse. The possession of the precious crown soon makes him enormously rich.

III. From Berlin.

106.—The Poor Miller's Boy and the Cat.

From Zwehrn. This is the story of how Dummling came to great good fortune (see note to No. 63), but it is told with peculiar gracefulness. In their hearty contempt for Dummling, the other apprentices intentionally bring lame and wall-eyed horses, just as

the two elder princes bring coarse linen and ugly women. Another story from Paderborn contains much that is special. The miller sends out his three sons, and the one who brings back the best horse is to have the mill. The youngest—the simpleton—meets a little gray man, serves him faithfully and honourably as a wood-cutter for one year, and for this receives the most beautiful horse. The brothers meet him on his way home, and as one of them has a blind horse and the other a lame one, they seize Dummling's, and thrust him into a lime pit. But the little gray man comes and pulls him out and anoints him with salve, so that he returns to life and health; his horse too is given back to him. He goes with it to his father; the latter, however, does not give him the mill, but says that it shall belong to the one who brings him the best shirt. Dummling procures the shirt, but the brothers bind him to a tree, and shoot him dead. The little gray man brings him back to life again, but when he arrives at home with the shirt, his brothers have told his father that he is in league with the Devil. The father maintains that they must go forth once more, and the one who brings home the best loaf of bread shall have the mill, for the Devil has no power over bread. Dummling meets an aged woman in the forest, and shares his food with her, and in return for this she gives him a wishing-rod. Next day when he is standing on a bridge, and feeling very hungry, he holds the wishing-rod over the water, and a little tortoise comes out to him. "What is the use of that to me?" thinks he, but puts the little creature on the wall of the bridge. When he is going away, it cries after him, "Take me with you! Take me with you!" He thrusts it in his pocket, and the next time he puts his hand into it, he finds great piles of money. And now all goes well with him, he treats the tortoise with great respect, hires the best room in an inn for himself, puts it in the bed there, and travels onwards to seek the best bread. When a year has gone by, he returns without having found it; but when he looks at the tortoise, it has got two pretty white feet. "Hallo! What's that?" thinks he, and covers it up warmly. One night when he is lying in bed and trying to think how he is to obtain the bread, he sees something in the shade which looks like some one standing kneading bread in a dish. At night he dreams that this has become the best bread, and next morning when he awakes the most beautiful bread really is lying before him. He takes it home, and every one is forced to own that he has gained the victory. Then he returns to his tortoise and sees a wonderfully beautiful princess lying in the bed with the tortoise by her side. She tells him that she has been bewitched by her mother, but that he has delivered her. Then she promises to be his wife, but must first go home to her father. "Just go home," says she. "When thou hearest the first cannon fired, I shall be

dressing myself; when the second is fired, I am getting into the carriage; at the third, look round at the six white horses with which I shall drive up." All this comes to pass, and they are married and live for a long time in great happiness. But then it chances that he is so unfortunate as to let the tortoise (which she has preserved with the greatest care) fall into the fire, which makes the princess so angry that she spits in his face. He is very sad, and goes away at once, and digs a cave for himself five and twenty fathoms deep under ground, and there he means to pass his life. He has an inscription carved above it, "Here no one shall find me, save God alone." Thus he lives for many years in prayer. The old king becomes ill and travels about and goes to every physician and tries every remedy, but all in vain. Then by accident he comes to this cave, and straightway he is cured. He looks around, reads the inscription, and orders his people to dig down until at last they come to the cave. The man whom he finds will, however, not come up, and his only desire is to go to God; but the aged king at length prevails on him to ascend with him. Then the king discovers that he is his son-in-law, and brings about a reconciliation between him and his daughter, and they live together long and happily. In Zingerle, p. 171; in Colshorn, No. 15; in Swedish, compare a popular ballad (see further on), in Cavallius, see p. 300; in French see *La Chatte Blanche*, in D'Aulnoy (see note to No. 19); in Polish, see Lewestam, p. 101; in Albanian, Hahn, 2.

107.—The Two Travellers.

From a story current in Holstein, which is better and more perfect than that which is to be found in the earlier edition under the title of *The Crows*, in which a version from Mecklenburg was followed. There is a simple rendering in Pauli's *Schimpf und Ernst*, chap. 464. A servant is bound to a tree by his master, and evil spirits which assemble there nightly, say that a herb which grows beneath the tree, restores sight. After he has cured himself, he restores the sight of a rich man's daughter, and receives her in marriage together with great possessions. His former master desires to procure such wealth for himself, and goes to the tree, where at night the spirits put out his eyes. There is a story in the *Brunswick Collection* (p. 168–180) which corresponds with ours, but is badly modernized. In Helwig's *Judische Legenden* there are crows which sit on the trees and talk of pecking out eyes, here, as they tell the blind man what he ought to do, they resemble the birds which give good advice to Sigurd (*Fafnismàl*, and note to Str. 32). The freshly-fallen dew which restores sight is the principle of purity which heals everything, the spittle with which

the Lord gives back his sight to the blind man, and the blood of innocent children or virgins whereby persons afflicted with leprosy are cured, compare *Altd. Wälder*, 2. 208, and *Der arme Heinrich*, p. 175, and following. The story is to be found in the *Brunswick Collection*, pp. 168–180; in the *Büchlein für die Jugend*, p. 252, 263; in Pröhle's *Märchen für die Jugend*, No. 1; in Danish, with some special and good variations, see Molbech, No. 6; in Norwegian, see Asbjörnsen, vol. 2; in Bohemian, see Gerle, vol. 1, No. 7, *A St. Walpurgis' Night's Dream, or The Three Apprentices*; in Hungarian, see *The Grateful Animals*, Gaal, No. 8; in Mailáth, *The Brothers*, No. 8; in Stier, *The Three Animals*, p. 65; in Servian, see Wuk, No. 16, for a story with a characteristic beginning. A story which is clearly allied to ours is to be found in the Persian poet Nisami's *Heft Paiker*, which Hammer has given us from the MS. in his *Geschichte der schönen Redekünste Persiens* (Vienna, 1818, p. 116, 117). Chair is first robbed of his store of water, and then blinded and otherwise ill-treated by Scheer, a false travelling companion whom he had regarded as his friend. He is left lying on the ground, until a beautiful Kurdish maiden finds him, nurses, and cures him. The youth cures the Vizier's daughter and the Sultan's, and lives in luxury, until he one day meets his former comrade, whom he forgives, but who is killed by a Kurd.

108.—Hans The Hedgehog.

From Zwehrn. An exactly corresponding story has been heard in that part of German Hungary which borders on Steiermark. Another story, *Der Zaunigel*, is to be found in Pröhle's *Märchen für Kinder*, No. 13. In Straparola, see (2. 1) *King Porc;* but this is better and more whimsical and original, only Hans, who rides like the Finkenritter,* is said to have shown the way to one more King, and to have been betrayed by him, in order that he should only, as in Straparola, be set free the third time. *Le Prince Marcassin*, No. 24, in D'Aulnoy, is after Straparola. Hedgehog, porcupine, and pig, are here synonymous, like Porc and Porcaril. In the neighbourhood of Presburg, a child that does not grow is called "Igel" (hedgehog), "Nigel" (*Presb. Idiotikon im ungar Magaz.* vol. iv.). In another simple but good story (No. 144), we have the ass instead of the hedgehog. These two stories, together with Nos. 1, 88, 127, constitute a series closely allied to each other, with which again others are more remotely connected. Compare the notes to each of these. For the idea which lies at the root of them, see a note to the *Altdän: Lieder*, p. 528, 529. People who pray to God too vehemently for the blessing of children are, in these stories, often punished with such monsters, which after-

* *Le Chevalier du Pinson*, is the title of an old knightly romance.—Tr.

wards when the parents are humbled, are at last changed into human beings; compare Rosenöl. 1. 210, 213; the *Story of Solomon and the Egyptian King's daughter.* The return of the child to the home of its parents is like that of *The Young Giant,* in No. 4. In one of Zingerle's *Tyrolese stories,* p. 173, there is, as in the *Pentamerone* (2. 5), and in a Hungarian story, in Gaal, No. 14, a snake instead of the hedgehog. In the *Irische Elfenmärchen,* see *The Bagpiper,* No. 5. In a popular ballad of the year 1620 are these lines,

"Ah, hedgehog dear, do let me live,
I will to thee my sister give."

This seems to refer to our story.

[In the chronicles of superstition instances may be also found when the parents, becoming weary of praying ineffectually to God to give them a child, invoked the help of the Devil, and therefore reaped the misery of a granted prayer. In the romance of *Robert the Devil,* the Duke and Duchess had long prayed for issue, but having often been disappointed of a child,

"The Ladye saide, the Devyll now send us one,
For God will not oure petycion heare,
Therefore I trowe power hath he none."

The result was, that his birth was attended with dreadful tempests, and his early life was very wicked.—TR.]

109.—THE SHROUD.

From Bavaria. The belief that the tears which are wept for the dead fall down upon the dead body in the grave and disturb its rest, appears also in Meinert's *Lieder des Kühländchens* (1. 13); also in the *Edda,* in the second *Lay of Helgi** (Str. 44), as in the Danish popular song *Knight Age and Maid Else.*† In Müllenhoff, p. 144, there are two sagas, one from Helmold, 1. 78. A similar, and apparently true incident is related by Schubert in Knapp's *Christoterpe* (1835), p. 278. Compare W. Wackernagel's *Zusammenstellungen,* in the *Altdeutsche Blätter,* No. 174, and following, and the notes p. 197.

110.—THE JEW AMONG THORNS.

A version frequently told in Hesse begins differently. The father drives out his three sons who go forth into the world by three different roads. The good spirit meets one of them and bestows on

* Sigrun, wife of Helgi sits by the mound where Helgi is buried, and continually weeps and laments him. Helgi complains that he cannot rest for the tears wept by his true wife, "Every tear falls on the breast of thy lord, cold-wet, and bitter-sharp, heavy with sorrow."—TR.

† Grundvig, Folkeviser, No. 90.—TR.

him the three wishes. He wishes for a hat which will lead him into the right path when he is going wrong; for a wishing-ring, and for a fiddle which will compel all who hear it to dance. Then come the incidents of the Jew and the Judge. Finally he wishes himself back at the cross-roads with his brothers and makes both of them rich.

This further development of the story seems, however, to weaken its effect; and another quite simple, unwritten story from the neighbourhood of Paderborn, and the old printed methods of handling it which form the basis of ours, completely ignore it. Compare Albrecht Dieterich's *Historia von einem Bauernknecht und München, welcher in der Dornhecke hat müssen tanzen*, s.l. 1618, 8 (in the *Göttinger Bibl.*), a comedy which however was probably written in the sixteenth century; and J. Ayrer's Shrove Tuesday Play, *Fritz Dölla mit der gewünschten Geigen*, in the *Opus Theatricum*, folio 97–101, which is perhaps contemporaneous. In Dieterich, the peasant lad is also called Dulla (the name reminds us of Till or Dill Eulenspiegel, the merry, dishonest servant: compare the Swedish and old Norse word thulr, homo facetus, nugator, spielmann), and in other respects they are much alike, so they may have been derived from the same source, but can scarcely have borrowed from each other. The wishes are the same as they are here, but instead of the Jew, both have a monk who is running away from his convent. In Dieterich, he looks on the arts which the servant speaks of as mere boasting, and says, "In yonder hedge there sits a raven, and if thou canst hit him with thy cross-bow, I will strip off all my clothes and fetch him out." In Ayrer, he shoots a bird off a tree, and there is no mention of taking clothes off. See the Danish *Reime om Munken og Bondedrengen* (Nyerup, *Morskabsläsning*, 239–241), after Albrecht Dieterich. Wackernagel finds an allusion to our story in the *Wachtelmäre*; see Massmann's *Denkmäler*, 1. 112.

The saga of the dance among thorns is very widely spread, and works its way into the story of *Dearest Roland*, No. 56. For the way in which it is usually told an excellent story by Otmar, in Becker's *Erholungen* (1797), is very important, but it is very much altered and disfigured by affectation. A magician, who is imprisoned on a capital charge, has an arrow which never fails to hit its mark, and with it shoots a falcon flying in mid air, which falls in a marsh among thorns. The thief-takers are to get it out, so now the magician begins to play the Swabian dance,* and they have to dance, and then the judges and every one in the court dances, and then all the people, and thus he is saved from execution. The last request, and escaping death by piping or playing, occurs frequently (see No. 30, *The Blue Light*), from Arion down to Gunnar, who keeps off

* Allemande.—TR.

the snakes by playing the harp. Oberon's pipe had also the power of making people dance; specially remarkable is the instance in the *Herrauds og Bosesage* (pp. 49–51), where even the tables, chairs, knives, and glasses have to dance too. Perhaps even the very word "Geige" (fiddle) is derived from the "Gygiarslag," which occurs there (a magical blow from Gygur the enchantress, giantess). For a song which makes men, horses, and everything dance, see *Mambriano*, 3. 62, 63, and Ginguené, 259. There is a similar story of Fandango; the pope and the cardinals who wanted to condemn him were forced to set him free.*

[There was, too, the Pied piper of Hamelin (so well known from Mr. Browning's splendid poem) who lured all the rats in the town to destruction by his magic pipe, and when the townsfolk refused to pay the promised reward, piped away their children from their homes for ever.—TR.]

111.—THE SKILFUL HUNTSMAN.

From two stories heard in Hesse; in the second (at least as told by one narrator) the events vary a little. The sharp-shooter, when he has made the sentinel fall asleep by means of a sleeping drink, and has forced his way into the tower, finds in the first and second apartments the princess's waiting-maids lying asleep in their beds. He kisses them both, but goes onward and comes to the third chamber, where the princess herself is lying, but she is naked. He takes away a golden necklet, a ring, and a pocket-handkerchief from the table as tokens, and lies down beside her. She goes on sleeping, and does not awake when he goes away. When, hereafter, it is discovered that she is with child without knowing by whom, her angry father has her cast into prison. A common serving-man accuses himself of the crime, and she is to marry him. Then she is taken to the inn. The remainder of the story corresponds again. A third story from Hof in Habichtswald has the same subject matter; and has also the secondary incidents that a cup was standing by the sleeping princess, from which the huntsman was forced to drink three draughts to attain strength enough to draw the sword. He comes back in three years' time, and goes to the inn where the princess is shut up, which has the inscription, "Here every one eats for nothing, but must relate the history of his life." And now she hears that he is the father of the child to which she has given birth, and when she has seen the tokens, she makes herself known to him. In a fourth story, likewise from Hesse, it is to be remarked that with one of his arrows the sharp-shooter shoots the giant in the right thumb.

This skill in shooting reminds us of An Bogsweigr (*Sagabibliothek*, 2. 542), he, too, shoots a piece of meat out of the hand: com-

* See the mediæval romance, *Huon de Bordeaux*.—TR.

pare the *Deutsche Sagen*, 1. No. 255, 256, and 257. The cutting off and dividing the garments of the sleeping princess remind us of the cutting up of Brünhild's armour (slita brynin) by Sigurd. Cutting out the tongue occurs very often; the captain is the master of the kitchen (Truchsess), in *Tristan*. At the end the story changes into that of *King Thrushbeard* (No. 52).

112.—The Flail from Heaven.

From near Paderborn. A story from the province of Münster comes to us in another guise. The King proclaims that whosoever can tell the best lie shall have his daughter. The courtiers try in turn, but all do it too delicately, and cannot produce one single good strong bold lie. Then a poor peasant lad comes into the King's presence and says, "Lord King, once on a time there was a cabbage in our garden which grew bigger and bigger, and began to shoot up in the air until at last it touched heaven itself. Then I climbed up it just to have a look at heaven for once. The door happened to be open, and I saw such splendour and magnificence that I was just going to jump straight in when it was shut in my face, and I was left hanging among the clouds. I let myself down by a rope, it is true, but it broke when I had got half-way, and I fell, and straight into a pebble; but I soon came to myself, ran home, got an axe, and cut myself loose."

"That is rodomontade!" said the King, "I call those the greatest lies that I have ever heard in my life!" "So much the better," replied the peasant, "for then your daughter is mine." The King was alarmed, and gave him a great heap of money to get rid of him. That suited the peasant, for he had already seen that the princess had blear eyes, and was fearfully ugly. Münchhausen knew the end of our story, and made use of it in his *Travels* (p. 53). The majority of those popular lies are not invented by him, but are old properties, and only require to be related in another tone to appear as widely spread myths. For instance, making a rope of chaff, quite answers to the "vinda or sandi sima" (*Harbardsl*, 17), "vinde Reb af Sande og med de Reb op til Maanen löbe" (*Danske Viser*, 1, No. 43, and note), and the Latin ex arena funem nectere, is like the whip twisted out of water and wine, see the *Ditmarsenlied*, in the *Wunderhorn*, 2. 411. The words which Calderon puts into the mouth of Persius, in *Zenobia*, are conceived altogether in this spirit, and doubtless had their origin in a popular story (Gries, 1. 46, 48). He is to fetch grapes for the army from a vineyard in which every grape is as large as a barrel. In order to conceal himself from the watchman of the mountain, who is a giant, Persius cunningly hollows out a grape and creeps into the skin. The giant, however, had a fancy to eat one, and took the

very grape in which Persius was hidden, and swallowed it down half-chewed; however, as he imagined that the man was a grape seed, he spat him out again, so that he was sent flying away high up in the air for miles. In order to get on to the wall, he now drew down with a cord the top of a fir-tree which stood by it, seated himself upon the tree, relaxed the cord, and was thus carried quickly on to the wall. There is a lying-tale, which dates from the 10th century, in *Modus florum*, in Ebert's *Ueberlieferungen*, 1. 79. In Norwegian see Asbjörnsen, p. 284; in Servian, Wuk, No. 1; in Slavonian, Vogl. No 2; in Wendish, Haupt, No. 2. Compare the English story of *Jack and the Beanstalk* (see further on), and the Rabbinical myth in Helwig, Nos. 2 and 3.

113.—The Two Kings' Children.

From Paderborn. Very characteristic, good, and perfectly conceived. It resembles *The Singing, Soaring Lark* (No. 88), in the high price asked of the false bride, and *Foundling* (No. 51), and *Dearest Roland* (No. 56), in the pursuit. It also resembles the latter in the forgetfulness of the lover. Compare *The Orange Tree and the Bee* (No. 8), in D'Aulnoy. For the tasks which are set, compare *Altd. Wälder*, 1. part 4. The expression "Arweggers herut," is very remarkable, for among the names of dwarfs (Dvergaheiti) in the *Edda*, Aurvagur also occurs, although it is a variant, and the *Völuspâ* gives "Aurvangur." A man who awakes betimes is arvakur, a name for bulls and horses (*Sigurdsrifa*, Str. 17). Perhaps, however, we get most information from Anglo-Saxon, according to which Arwegger would be earwig, a facetious appellation for dwarfs because of their small, stunted shape. In that language, ear-wigga means vermis auricularis, Eng. earwig. The Hungarian story, *The Glass Axe*, is manifestly related to this (see further on).

114.—The Cunning little Tailor.

From the Schwalm district in Hesse. Quite in the spirit of *The Valiant Tailor* (No. 20). The riddle about the gold and silver hair appears elsewhere. There is a variant which has many points which are distinctive, in Pröhle's *Märchen für die Jugend* (No. 28). In the Bukowina there is *The Gipsy and the Bear*, see Wolf's *Zeitschrift für deutsche Mythologie*, 1. 360.

115.—The Bright Sun brings it to Light.

From Zwehrn. There is another story from Swabia, in Meier, No. 13, and in Pröhle's *Märchen für die Jugend*, No. 43. A deep and noble thought is here expressed in a homely manner. No one

saw the deed; no human eye, but the sun, the heavenly eye (that is God) saw it. There are other sagas of the sun, and how he hides himself, and will not look on when a murder is about to be committed; compare *Odyssey*, 20, 356, and the *Solarlied*, of the *Edda*, 23. In Boner (*Beispiele*, 61) this same saga appears with a change of incident. The King promises a Jew who is carrying a great deal of money about with him, an escort through a dangerous forest. The innkeeper is deputed to do this, but he himself is incited to murder by greed of wealth. When the Jew perceives his design, he says, "The birds, which are flying about here, will reveal the murder." The innkeeper laughs at this, and when he has drawn his sword, and a partridge comes up, he says mockingly, "Behold, Jew; the partridge will reveal it." Then he murders him, takes the gold, and goes home. Before long a partridge is taken to the King, and the innkeeper thinks of the Jew's words, and laughs. The King asks the reason of this, the innkeeper reveals his deed, and comes to the gallows. Compare *Liedersaal*, 2. 601, 602. *Altd. Blätter*, 1. 117–119. Hulderich Wolgemut relates the fable in his *Erneuerter Aesopus* (Frankfurt, 1623), 2. 465, 66, very much as Boner does, though not exactly like him. The same idea is again to be found in the cranes of Ibycus. That a dying man's words have power, has been already mentioned in *Fafnismâl*, as an ancient belief. The proverb,

> "Howsoever fine it is spun,
> It will one day come to the sun,"

which is to be found even in Boner, 49, 55, and in Otaker, 663, should be remarked.

116.—The Blue Light.

From the province of Mecklenburg. The pipe which the soldier smokes, must have had its origin in the flute, which the elves are elsewhere accustomed to obey, as in No. 91. The blue light is a will-o'-the-wisp, Danish vättelys (spirit-light), and Lygtemand, the Lord of the little dwarf. Schärtlin's exclamation was "Blue fire!" which words too are several times to be found in Hans Sachs. The saga of Albertus Magnus who used to bring the King of France's daughter into his bed at night, is similar. Her father had the whole of Paris whitewashed, and the princess had to dip her hands in some red dye, and mark the house to which she was taken with it. Thus the culprit was discovered, and was to have been executed, but he escaped by means of a ball of yarn which possessed magic properties; see Görres' *Meisterlieder*, pp. 195, 208. See Nos. 11 and 67, in Pröhle's *Kindermärchen*. In Danish, see the *Tinder-box*, in Andersen, vol. i. In Hungarian, *The Tobacco-Pipe*, in Gaal, No. 1.

117.—The Wilful Child.

Hessian. The hand growing out of the grave is a widely-spread superstition, and not only concerns thieves, but also trespassers on consecrated trees (see Schiller's *Tell*, Act 3, Scene 3*), and parricides (*Wunderhorn*, 1. 226). In Pauli's *Schimpf und Ernst*, there is another story of an arm that was stretched out of the grave (Danish edition, p. 218). When a flower or a written paper grows out of the grave from the mouth of a buried man, as a token of his guilt or innocence, it is but another form of the same idea.

It is also said and believed that the hand of any one who strikes his parents will grow out of the earth; thus the Fuchsthurm, on the Hausberg, near Jena, is the little finger of a giant who had beaten his mother.

118.—The Three Army-Surgeons.

From Zwehrn. It occurs in Zingerle, with a few variations, p. 82. The *Gesta Romanorum* (German edition 1489, chap. 37, Latin, chap. 76), contain a similar story. Two skilful physicians, in order to settle all disputes, wish to try their knowledge on each other; the one who is proved to be the worst is to be the other's apprentice. By means of a precious salve one of them takes out the other's eyes without pain or injury, puts them on the table, and replaces them with the same ease. The other wants to perform the same feat too, and extracts his rival's eyes by means of his salve, and puts them on the table. But just as he is preparing to put them in again, a raven comes through the open window, snatches up one eye and devours it. The operator is in great distress, for if he is not able to replace the eye, he will have to be the servant of the other physician. So he looks around, sees a goat, hastily takes one of her eyes, and gives it to his companion in the place of the one which is lost. When he asks his patient how he feels, the latter answers, that he had felt no pain or injury, but that one of his eyes was always looking up at the trees (as, in fact, goats do look at the foliage), and the other down below him.

Walther. (Zeigt nach dem Bannberg.)
Vater, ist's wahr, dass auf dem Berge dort
Die Bäume bluten, wenn man einen Streich
Drauf führte mit der Axt—
Tell. Wer sagt das, Knabe?
Walther. Der Meister Hirt erzählt's—Die Bäume seien
Gebannt, sagt er, und wer sie schädige,
Dem wachse seine Hand heraus zum Grabe.

Allied to this is an old German story, *wie ein künic isan einer katzen ouge gewan* (*Pfälz. MS.*, No. 341, folio, 274, 275). It is also in a MS. in Vienna, see Schlegel's *Museum*, 4. 416, No. 138. The King has lost one eye, and a wise man offers to replace it with the eye of some animal. The king chooses a cat's eye, which can see both by day and night. The wise man puts it in very skilfully, and is richly rewarded. But now when the king is sitting at table, or wherever he may be, the cat's eye will only peer about in the corners or under the benches in search of mice, and will not look at human beings, which makes the king very angry. In Icelandic a similar cat-eyed man is called freskr from fres, he-cat (see Biörn Haldorson for freskr und ófreskr). There is a remarkable instance of putting in other eyes and another heart in the ancient Scottish ballad, *Young Tamlane* (*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 2. 200). When he is delivered from her power the witch says to him, "Had I but known this, I would have taken out thy two grey eyes, and put in two eyes of tree; and I would have taken out thy heart of flesh and put in a heart of stone." This reminds us of Hrugnir's heart of stone, and of the horse's heart which was put into his brother Mokurkalfr, and also of the Devil's putting out the eyes of the goats and replacing them by his own (see *God's Animals and the Devil's*, No. 148); finally we must mention a counterpart in Wolfram's *Wilhelm* (1. 146), when Venus cuts out Tibald's heart and puts in that of Arabella. Hans Sachs (2. 4, 148, *Kempt. edit.*) has a comical tale which bears some resemblance to ours, but is somewhat boorish. A peasant's stomach is being cleansed by the doctor, and is carried off unawares by a raven. The doctor repairs the loss by putting a pig's stomach in his patients' body. Compare Fischart's *Geschichtsklitterung* (1590), p. 74.

119.—The Seven Swabians.

From a story in Kirchhof's *Wendunmut* (1. St. 274), and a Meistersong in the MS. which formerly belonged to Arnim (compare the ballad in the *Wunderhorn*, 2. 445, which had its origin in this). In both of these there are nine Swabians. Lastly, from a Nuremberg chap-book, by Fr. Campe, in which the seven Swabians are portrayed, and their discourse is given in rhyme. Eyering relates the affair with the hare in his *Sprichwörter*, 2. 227. It runs across the field in front of them, and they present their spear at it. The one in front is called Ragenohrlin, and the last of the seven encourages him to advance, but he answers,

"Ja stündestu he forn als ech,*
du würdest nichten also sprech

* "Did'st thou but stand in front with me,
Be sure thy cry would then not be

'Gangk, Ragenohrlin, gangk ran',
ich must gleichwol zum ersten dran
und wann er mich dan brecht umbs Leben,
So würd ir all die Flucht thun geben."

Three of them are painted on a house in Vienna, pointing their long spear at the hare, together with the somewhat altered inscription,

"Veitla, gang du voran,*
denn du hast Stiefel an,
dass er dich nit beissen kann."

See Falk's *Tartarus and Elysium*, 1806, No. 10. *The History of the Seven Swabians* has recently appeared, with ten lithographical illustrations, Stuttg. 1832, 4. Compare the old English poem, *The Hunting of the Hare*, Weber, 3. 277–290. There is also some similarity to this in the poem called *Von drei stolzen Westphälingern*, in an old Dutch popular book. They went forth and heard a humble-bee humming, and thought it was the drums of the enemy which they heard, and began to fly. During their flight the one who was last stepped on a hop-pole which was lying in the way, and the point of it hit against the tip of his ear. Then he cried in a fright, "I surrender." When those who were running before him heard that, they also cried, "So do we! Quarter! Quarter!"

120.—The Three Apprentices.

From a story heard in Zwehrn and another current in the Leine district. In the latter the innkeeper buries the murdered man, but a friend of his comes and discovers his horse in the inn-stable, and his dog scratches under the eaves, where the murdered man, whose clothes it recognizes, is lying covered with earth, but with one arm out. There is a Swabian story in Meier, No. 64, and one from Holstein in Müllenhoff, No. 22. Another from the Hartz is in Pröhle's *Märchen für die Jugend*, No. 169. Bonaventure de Periers (d. 1544) wrote a collection of stories, probably from oral tradition, which first appeared in Paris in 1558, then with notes by de la Monnoge in 1568, and at other dates. In the edition which appeared in Amsterdam in 1735 (*Contes et nouvelles récréations et joyeux devis*, 3 vols. 8vo), in No. 22, 1. 229–232, *De trois*

"Advance! advance! No turning back!"
'Tis mine to make the first attack,
But if my life he takes, straightway
You, one and all will run away."

*Veitla, go first, for thou wearest boots, so he cannot bite thee.

frères qui cuidèrent être pendus pour leur latin, we find our story. They constantly repeat the words, "nos tres clerici; pro bursa et pecunia: dignum et justum est." In *Pfaffe Amis* there is a jest founded on the fact that he persuades a certain man to make no other answer to everything than, "that is true." A Hungarian story, in Stier, p. 25, is allied to this.

121.—The King's Son who feared nothing.

From the neighbourhood of Paderborn, but the tradition is already confused or obscured. The whole reminds us a little of the exploits of Hercules. The release of the maiden is told in much the same way in a story from Thuringia. See Sommer, p. 122. No. 11, in Müllenhoff, is also allied to this group.

122.—Donkey Cabbages.

From German Bohemia. The changing human beings into asses which we are already familiar with from Apuleius, is remarkable. A popular story which Prätorius has very frequently heard, and which he has given in the *Weltbeschreibung*, 2. 452, 455 (compare *Zeileri epistolæ*, 2. 956, and following pages, ep. 575), is much more closely related to this. A burger's son from Brück, in Saxony, goes among the Swedes, and for some time occupies a Silesian town where he has an intrigue with the beautiful daughter of a poor widow, and betroths himself to her. When he goes away, and is trying to console the mother and daughter by promising to come back for them, the former sees that he does not sincerely mean this, and says, "Thy betrothed intends to desert thee; so I will change him into an ass." The daughter replies, "If he intends to act so unfaithfully, he deserves no better fate." The trooper goes away, but when he is riding a little behind the others and comes to a thicket, he dismounts, and no sooner has he done so, than he is turned into an ass, and remains standing by his horse. And now some other troopers come who keep the horse, and sell the ass to a miller to carry sacks. But he is mischievous, and throws off all the sacks, so the miller sells him to another miller, with whom, however, the man-ass behaves no better; nay, once when the miller is going to kiss the maid, the ass even cries aloud and kicks, and is again sold, and to a man in the very town where he had been turned into an ass. Once when he with his sacks is passing by the witch's house, just as the mother and daughter are standing at the door, the latter says, "Oh, mother, look! there is our little ass! Will he never be able to become a man again?" "Yes," answers the mother, "if he eats some of the lilies when they are in flower, he can do so." The ass hears that

and when the lilies are in flower, and a pot filled with some of them is standing rather high up in the chemist's shop, he throws down his sack as he is passing by, leaps on it, snatches at the lilies, and instantly becomes a man again, but stands there naked. And now we will leave this story, which varies much, and follow that from Zwehrn. Three soldiers were so old and weak that they could no longer even eat pap, on which the King dismissed them without allowing them anything to keep themselves on, and they had to beg. They passed through a great forest, and at night two of them lay down to rest, and the third had to keep watch that they might not be torn to pieces in their sleep by wild beasts. As the latter was standing there, a little dwarf clad in red, came, and cried, "Who's there?" "A good friend," replied the soldier. "What kind of a good friend?" "Three discharged old soldiers who have no longer anything to live on." Then the dwarf gave him a cloak which looked old, but if any one put it on and wished for anything, his wish was fulfilled immediately; only he was not to tell his comrades about it till day. Next night the second received in the same way a purse full of money which would never become empty, and the night after, the third received a horn which, when blown, made all the people throng together. And now they travelled about for a while in luxury, but at length they wished for a castle, and then for a carriage with three white horses. When they had all these things, they drove to a King who had only one daughter, and gave out that they were King's sons. One of them was playing with the maiden, and when she saw that he had a wishing-purse, she made him so drunk that he fell asleep, and then she made a purse which looked exactly like his, and exchanged the two. Next morning the soldiers drove away again, and the deception soon came to light. "Alas!" one cried, "now we are poor people!" "Don't grow any grey hairs about that," said one of the others, "I will soon have the purse back," and he put on his cloak, and wished himself in the princess's chamber. She was sitting there, counting out gold from the purse. When she saw a man she was terribly alarmed, and screamed, "Robbers! robbers!" till the whole court came running thither, and was about to seize him. In his haste he leapt out of the window, and left his cloak caught fast, so when he went back to his comrades they had now nothing left but the horn; with that, however, they were resolved to regain their property. They blew the horn till they had gathered together a whole army; and with that they marched to the kingdom, and informed the King that if he did not deliver up the purse and the cloak, not one stone of his palace should be left standing on another. The King spoke to his daughter, but she was determined to use stratagem, and dressed herself like a poor

girl, took a basket with a handle on her arm, and went forth to the camp to sell all kinds of drinks. She took her waiting-maid as a companion. When she was there, she began to sing so beautifully that the entire army ran out to hear her, and the tents were all emptied, and the soldier who had the horn came too. Then she made a sign to the waiting-maid, who stole into his tent, took the horn, and ran away to the palace. When she had the horn, the King's daughter was able to overcome the army quite easily; and now she had all three wishing-gifts in her possession. When the three comrades were once more alone together, the one who had had the purse said, "We must separate; do you go that way, and I will go this." So he went away alone, and came to a forest, and lay down beneath a tree to sleep, and when he awoke again he saw that it was an apple-tree covered with magnificent fruit. He was so hungry that he plucked an apple and ate it, and then he ate another. Hereupon his nose began to grow, and it grew so long that he was no longer able to stand up, and it grew till it stretched all through the forest, and sixty miles further still. His two companions, however, were walking about the world in search of him, and suddenly one of them stumbled against something soft, and trod on it. "Oho!" thought he, "What can that be?" Then it moved, and he saw that it was a nose. So they said, "We will follow the nose," and thus they at length came to the forest to their companion, who was lying there unable to stand up or move. They took a pole, wound the nose round it, and tried to lift it up, but it was too heavy. Then they searched the forest for an ass, and put him on it, and the long nose on two poles, and thus they carried him away, but when they had gone a short distance the burden was so great that they were forced to rest. Then they saw very near them a tree with beautiful pears, and the little red dwarf came out from behind it, and said to the long-nosed one, "Eat one of the pears and your nose will fall off." He obeyed, and the long nose fell off, and he was left with no more nose than he had had before. Then the little man spoke again, and said, "Prepare a powder from the apples, and one from the pears, and then if any one eats of the former his nose will grow, and if he eats the other it will fall off again. Then go to the princess, and first give her some of the apples, and then some of the powder made from the apples, and her nose will grow twenty times as long as thine; but be firm." Then the soldier followed the dwarf's advice, and went as a gardener's boy to the King's court, and said that he had finer apples than any which grew in that region. The princess bought some, and ate two with great satisfaction. And now her nose began to grow, and with such rapidity that she could not rise from her seat, but fell back. Her nose grew sixty ells round the table, sixty round her wardrobe, a hundred round the

castle, and twenty leagues more in the direction of the town. The King caused it to be proclaimed that whosoever would cure her should be made rich for life. Then the old soldier presented himself disguised as a doctor, and gave her some of the apple-powder, and her nose began to grow once more, and became twenty times longer still. When her anxiety was at its highest point, he gave her some of the pear-powder, and her nose became a little smaller. But next morning in order to make the treacherous woman really miserable, he again gave her some of the apple-powder so that her nose grew again, and gained much more than it had lost the day before. He told her that she must at some time have stolen something, and that if she did not restore it, no medicine would do her any good. She denied this, and he threatened her with death. Then the King said, "Give up the purse, and the cloak, and the horn, which thou hast stolen." The waiting-maid was sent for the three things, and when the physician had them, he gave the princess the right quantity of the pear-powder: the nose fell off immediately, and two hundred and fifty men had to come and cut it in pieces. He, however, went back home to his comrades, in great delight with the wishing-gifts which he had recovered. There is another story which is allied to this in Kleist's *Phœbus Journal*, 1808, pp. 8–17, and one with many variations in Pröhle's *Märchen für die Jugend*.

Here we most distinctly have the saga of Fortunatus, which also proves itself to be a German one, for this story is clearly not taken from the popular book, where it is much more ancient and simple; compare Nos. 36 and 54. The wishing-cloak and horn do not appear at all there, but a hat and a purse. The *Gesta Romanorum* (Latin edition, chap. 120, German do., chap. 8) has everything in a still more simple form; instead of a nose, horns grow on Fortunatus, and leprosy ensues.

Two apple-trees appear also in Helwig's *Jüdische Geschichten*, No. 38, and the fruit of one of them causes leprosy, and that of the other cures it. As the ancients had, like ourselves, many sayings about long noses, they too may have been familiar with a fable of the like kind; in Martial, for instance, there is "nasus qualem noluerit ferre rogatus Atlas." *Doctor Faustus* may be founded on a real person, round whom many older sagas have grouped themselves, but his name is mythical, and as he possesses the wishing-cloak, he is called the gifted, the child of fortune, wishing-child, *faustus*, and likewise *fortunatus*. The materials for the printed book were first put in writing in the 15th century, probably from Spanish popular stories, as is proved by the proper names Andolosia and Ampedo which appear in it.

The Little Bird with the Golden Egg, in the *Erfurt Collection*,

is a cognate story. Compare Thomas Decker's *Fortunatus and his Sons;* translated from the English, and with an essay on the story of this group, by Fr. Wilh. Val. Schmidt, Berlin, 1819. There is also said to be an old French Fabliau.

123.—The Old Woman in the Wood.

From Paderborn. The whole has some resemblance to *Jorinde and Joringel* (No. 69). The old woman is the witch of the story of *Hänsel and Grethel* (No. 16) a Circe, who entraps human beings, and transforms them into beasts. The idea of a tree which comes to life occurs also in a song of Dürner's (MS. 2. 209*a*).

"Mir getroumte ein troum,*
des ist nicht lanc;
kunden gesten disiu mære diu sag ich.
Wie ein rôseboum
hôch unde kranc
mit zwein blüenden esten umbe vienge mich.
Dar under vant ich viôl und der rôsen smac.
daz erschein ich mir,
Sô sie nù mac,
daz ir umbevanc mich bindet halben tac,
gestate ichs ir."

124.—The Three Brothers.

From the district of Schwalm; it is heard elsewhere in many other forms; but this is the most complete. It is an old jesting and lying tale, and apparently very widely spread. It is known in Bavaria also, as may be seen in Schmeller's *Bairische Mundarten* (pp. 484, 485). In the 16th century a collection of jests of this kind by Philipp d'Alcripe (Picard), Herr von Neri (rien), in Verbos (Vertbois), appeared in France, in which among others this story may be found. A number of these exaggerations are gathered together in the *Neu eröffnete Schaubühne menschlicher Gewohn- und Thorheiten* (without place or year, probably soon after the Thirty Years' War). Therein we find, "that I here make no mention of that child of four years old which could fight in such a masterly manner with a heavy broadsword that in the heaviest rain not a single

* "I dreamed a dream that is not long: let me tell you my dream, and how a rose-tree, tall and delicate, clasped me with two blooming branches. Beneath it I found violets and the scent of roses, and it seemed to me that it held me enfolded half the day. Shall I confess it to you?"

drop fell on his head." "Item, that goldsmith who shod a gnat on each foot with a golden shoe which had four and twenty nails in it." Compare the story of *The Four Skilful Brothers* (No. 129).

125.—The Devil and his Grandmother.

From Zwehrn. A story from German Bohemia varies. During their flight, the three soldiers had gone beneath a pear-tree, where one of them cried in his sore need, "I wish the Devil would take us!" On this the Devil appeared immediately, closed with the proposition, and helped them out of their difficulty. And now they were compelled to remain in hell for the space of one year, until the time came when the Devil should set them the riddles; but they were occasionally allowed to take a walk in the neighbourhood. Lucifer (who always stays at home, and only sends out his emissaries the devils) was however not quite at ease, for he thought the Devil would not set the fellows good riddles, and would be cheated by them. One day the three soldiers went out walking, and were very sad, and the two who had not spoken, upbraided the other for having brought them into this trouble by the rash words which had escaped from him. "And thou must help us out of it now," said they, "or it shall be the worse for thee!" "Good gracious!" he answered, "we shall at all events, certainly be able to guess one of the three riddles!" Then he walked on alone for a short distance to consider the matter in private, and when he saw a tall pear-tree he climbed it, and looked on the country round about. Just at this moment he perceived Lucifer and the Devil, who were also taking a walk, and seated themselves under this very pear-tree to rest. "Hark you," said Lucifer, "what riddles are you going to set them? I am afraid they will guess them; discharged soldiers are as sharp as devils!" "You may be quite easy," answered the Devil, "they will never guess them. In the first place I'll give them a goat's skin, but will turn it into Dutch cloth; secondly, I will come riding on a he-goat, which will seem to them to be the most beautiful horse; thirdly, I will show them a cup made of pitch, which they will believe to be a cup of the purest gold." Hereupon the soldier in the pear-tree thought, "Now it's all right," but said nothing about it to the two others. On the day appointed the Devil came, and the two others were properly befooled by him, but the third said boldly in his face, "Thy Dutch cloth is a stinking goatskin; thy horse is an old he-goat, good enough for thee, but too bad for us; thy gold cup is an old pitch-pot and nothing better. And now I require thee to give me money enough for the rest of my life." Then to his great wrath the Devil was forced to bear the consequences, and to carry as much money as they chose to have to the place where the bargain had first been made. Compare with

this, No. 19, in Pröhle's *Kindermärchen*. The groundwork of the story resembles *The Devil with the three Golden Hairs* (No. 29), where the secret is learnt by listening, as from *Rumpelstilzchen* (No. 55) and the fisherman in the *Hervarar Sage*, p. 182. The whip is a wishing-rod which strikes gold. The whole has something Norse in its substance; the Devil is represented as a clumsy over-reached Jote; the riddle is remarkably Norse, and the concealment of the human stranger by the giant's wife or daughter is an old incident (see *Hymisquida*, Str. 8, Note 20).

126.—Ferdinand the Faithful, and Ferdinand the Unfaithful.

From Paderborn; but this beautiful story seems to be imperfect. The incident at the end, of the white horse becoming a prince, ought to have some connection with the rest of the story. Ferdinand the Unfaithful may be compared with the faithless Sibich of the old German saga, who causes ruin by his false counsels; and on the other hand, Ferdinand the Faithful resembles the son of Ermenrich whom Sibich, with evil intentions, sends to fetch his father's betrothed bride. The bride, too, prefers him to the old King. The Jewish story in the note to *The Queen Bee* (No. 62) should be read in connection with the conclusion of the story. The red line on the throat of the man who is restored to life is quite in keeping with sagas of this kind, see *Der arme Heinrich*, p. 192. For the incident of seeking a godfather, see *Godfather Death* (No. 44). The flute which saves him is like Arion's lute; the faithful horse is like Bayard; Falada is like Schemik (old German *Sheming, Schimmel*; Icelandic, *Skemmingur*) of the Bohemian saga, and Grani of the Norse. We must not fail to observe the Queen's writings (*Schriften*), which are either embroidered garments, as *Script* and *bökur* in Icelandic are books, drawings, embroideries; or runic wands; at all events the pen which is found is certainly one of these. Verses, and generally too the speeches of noble persons, are in High German, and when he understands both languages, as is frequently the case in the neighbourhood of Paderborn, the narrator of the story almost always maintains this distinction, and then the higher form of speech serves to distinguish the language of the nobles and of poetry. *Corvetto* in the *Pentamerone*, 3. 7; *La Belle aux cheveux d'or*, No. 2, in D'Aulnoy; and *Fortunio*, in the *Tabart Collection*, 2. 148, are allied.

127.—The Iron Stove.

From Zwehrn, and another variation of the story comes from Cassel. A girl is once on a time quite alone in a great forest, and a

swan comes and gives her a ball of yarn, and says, "I am a bewitched prince, if thou canst unwind this yarn as I fly away, thou canst deliver me, but beware of letting it break." The girl begins to unwind it, and the swan rises up in the air. The livelong day she unwinds the yarn and the end of it is already visible, when unluckily it is caught in the branch of a thorn, and breaks. The maiden weeps, and as night is falling, she becomes alarmed, begins to run, and at length reaches a house where she had seen a light shining. She knocks, and an old dame comes out, and says, "Alas, my child, whence come you at this late hour?" She begs for food and lodging. "That is difficult to give," says the woman; "my husband is a man-eater, and if he comes home, he will devour you, but if you stay in the forest the wild beasts will devour you, so come in, and I will see if I can help you." She gives the girl a small loaf, and hides her under the bed. Before midnight when the sun had quite set, the man-eater always came home, and he went out again before sunrise. When he comes in, he at once says, "I smell, I smell man's flesh," feels beneath the bed, pulls out the maiden, and says, "This is a dainty mouthful!" "Oh, do keep it for your breakfast," says his wife; "after all, it is a mere nothing!" He lets himself be persuaded to do this, and falls asleep. Before sunrise the old woman comes to the maiden and says, "Be quick, and run away; there, I present you with a golden spinning-wheel, my name is Sun." The maiden walks onwards the whole day until night, and then she comes to another house where another old woman and a man-eater are living, and where all happens as on the preceding night. On her departure, the old woman gives her a golden spindle, and says, "My name is Moon." On the third night the same events are repeated, and the old woman presents her with a golden reel, and says, "I am called Star." And she also tells her that though the yarn had not been quite unwound, King Swan was nevertheless so far delivered from the spell as to have received his human form again, and was imprisoned on the Glass Mountain in his own kingdom, and living in great magnificence, and that he had there married. She tells the maiden also that she will reach the Glass Mountain that evening, but that a lion and a dragon lie before it, and that she must pacify them with bread and bacon, which things the old woman gives her. And now the maiden walks on until she reaches the mountain, then she throws the bread and bacon into the monsters' jaws, and they suffer her to pass, and thus she reaches the gate of the palace, but that the watchman refuses to open to her. She sits down outside it, and spins with her golden spinning-wheel, and the Queen watches her from above, and would fain have it. In return for it the maiden requests to be allowed to pass one night near the King's bed-chamber. When the King is lying in bed, she sings,

"Thinks not King Swan
Of his bride Julian?
Who traversed the sun and the moon and the stars,
Who lions and dragons has braved for his sake,
King Swan, King Swan, wilt thou never awake?"

But the King does not hear, for the crafty Queen has prepared a sleeping-drink for him. The maiden gives her spindle for a second night, and for a third she gives her golden reel; but as she has discovered the treachery, she this time asks the servant to substitute another drink for the sleeping-drink. So now when she begins to sing once more, the King hears her, recognizes the maiden's voice, and next morning has himself separated from his wife, sends her back to her father, and marries the faithful maiden who has set him free. This tale contains that part of our story where it is allied with *The Singing Soaring Lark* (No. 88), with the conclusion of *The Two Kings' Children* (No. 113), and with *Pintosmauto*, in the *Pentamerone*, 5. 3; on the other hand, a story from the district of the Maine, contains, in a varying form, the beginning of our story. A certain King loses himself when he is hunting. A little white dwarf appears and points out the way to him, in return for which the King promises him his youngest daughter. "In a week," cries the dwarf when he takes leave, "I will come and fetch my bride." The King repents the promise given in his distress, and when the appointed day arrives, the cow-herd's daughter, arrayed in royal apparel, is placed in the royal apartment. A fox comes, and says to her, "Seat thyself on my bushy tail, and hurly burly, we will out into the forest." The girl obeys, and the fox carries her away on his tail. When they reach a green place where the sun is shining delightfully warm, he says, "Get off and clean my coat for me." The girl obeys; and as she is doing it, she says, "It was beautiful in the forest this time yesterday." "How did you happen to be in the forest?" says the fox. "Oh, I was there, tending my father's cows." "Then, you are not the King's daughter! Seat yourself on my bushy tail, and then hurly burly back to the palace." And now the fox demands the true bride from the King, and says he will return in a week's time. But they give him the goose-herd's daughter, dressed like the princess; she however betrays herself, while she is cleaning his coat, by exclaiming, "I wonder where my geese are now?" She has to go back again on the fox's tail, and he threatens the King if he does not give him his bride in a week's time. Then in their fear they give her to him. When she is in the forest and has to clean his coat, she says, "I am a King's daughter, and yet I have to do this for a fox! If I were but sitting at home in my own room, I should be able to see the flowers in my garden." Then the fox knows that she is the

King's daughter, and changes himself into the white dwarf, and she has to live in a small hut with him, and to keep his house, but he does all he can to please her. One day he tells her that three white pigeons will come flying up, and that she must seize the middle one and cut its head off, but it must be the middle one. She does this, and the pigeon is instantly changed into a handsome prince, who says that for the space of seven years he has been deprived of his human form, and has only been able to obtain his deliverance in this way. Other stories are to be found in Müllenhoff, No. 2; Colshorn, No. 20; and in Pröhle's *Märchen für die Jugend*, No. 4. The fraud of the false bride, who is too quick at remembering her father's unkingly trade, has appeared before in the *Volsunga sage*, chap. 21, comp. *Altd. Wälder*. 1. 71. The dark and fiery stove in which the King's son is bewitched, doubtless betokens hell, the nether world, Orcus, where dark Death dwells, but where is also the chimney of the forge. This story serves to explain the common forms of speech, "to tell a secret to the stove," "to beg something from the stove." In other sagas people disclose a secret to a stone or a stone pillar (see Büsching's *Volkssagen*, pp. 66 and 363), or a man digs a hole in the earth, and says it inside that (see Eyering's *Sprichwörter*, 1. 290; compare Wuk's *Servian Tales*, p. 227. Thus too the Ancients swore by the nether world where dwell the just judges of the dead and of hell. For this reason the goose-girl speaks to the stove (No. 89, compare *The Elves*, No. 91), and reveals to it the deed which has been done, which she is not permitted to reveal to any human being. The very word *Eisenofen* (iron stove) is ancient, and does not so much point to an iron stove as lead us back to the old *eitofan*, fire-oven, fire-place (from eit, esse, fire). In a Hungarian story a bridge of razor-blades is crossed, in the same way that in our story, sharp swords are passed over; Mailáth, 2. 189.

128.—The Lazy Spinner.

From Zwehrn. There is a similar idea in the *Pentamerone* (4. 4), and in an old German Story, *Die Minne eines Albernen* (*Altd. Wälder*, 3. 160–163; in Hagen's *Gesammtabenteuer*, 2. 141. Compare *The Three Spinners* (No. 14), and chap. 125, in Pauli's *Schimpf und Ernst* (1535 fol.). The tree in the forest is a spindle-tree (Spill-Spulbaum); Latin, fusarius; French, fusain, from fuseau, spindle, euonymus (*Gerbert's Gloss:* theotisca, p. 139. Graff. *Sprachsch.* 5. 334); it is also a magic tree which prognosticates good or evil fortune; comp. *hesputré* and *hespulägt-tré* in Biörn's *Icelandic Dictionary*.

129. The Four Skilful Brothers.

From the neigbourhood of Paderborn. It is allied to the story of *The Three Brothers* (No. 124) though the incidents vary. The

Italian Stories (5. 7) in the *Pentamerone*, Morlini, No. 80, and Straparola (7, 5) come much nearer to it. A Hungarian story in Stier, p. 61, and a Russian in Dieterich, No. 3, also belong to this group.

The Parrot, which is the fourth story in the Persian *Touti Nameh*, bears some resemblance to this. There are three youths, the eldest of whom is endowed with the gift of knowing where anything which has been lost is to be found, and also of foreseeing the future; the second has made an artificial horse of wood on which he can ride about in the air at will; the third is an archer, and his arrow never misses its mark. By their arts they discover the beautiful maiden whom an enchantress has set on a high, inaccessible mountain, and they carry her away, but then a dispute arises as to which of them she belongs to. Compare *Ssidi Kur* and a Negro story in Kölle, p. 145.

[The following passage, from the preface to one of the many editions of Grimm's *Hausmärchen*, explains a singular expression in this story. "I am constantly endeavouring to record popular sayings and characteristic forms of speech, and am always on the watch for them. I will give an example, especially as it needs explanation. When a countryman wishes to express his satisfaction with anything, he says, 'I admire that more than green clover!' a thickly-grown, flourishing clover-field being a sight which gladdens his heart. Even old German poets celebrate it in the same way. MS. Hag. 2, 66^{b}, 94^{b}."]

130.—One-eye, Two-eyes, and Three-eyes.

From Upper Lusatia. This beautiful story was communicated by Th. Pesheck, in Büsching's *Wöchentliche Nachrichten*, 2. 17–26, from whence we have borrowed it, but have given it in our own words. It is also told on the Rhine, where however they tell it of eight sisters each having one eye more than the other. Two-eyes is the Cinderella, and the wise woman who takes pity on her sufferings, is probably her own departed mother. The story is clearly related to Cinderella all through; there is the tree from which gold and silver is shaken, and the wooer whose request can only be granted by the true bride. A magic tree springing from the entrails of the goat which is buried, is like the heart which is taken out of the bird in the *Gold Bird* (No. 60) and in *Donkey Cabbages* (No. 122), and brings riches. The idea of a person with only one eye occurs frequently, and is familiar to us from the story of Polyphemus. Odin is one-eyed, and the Greek myth has a Jupiter with three eyes.

131.—Fair Katrinelje.

From the neighbourhood of Paderborn. It is somewhat differently told in Bremen. Father Bürstenbinder (brushmaker) is

called Ohnethee. The bridegroom Pichelpachelpaltrie, the mother Dorothee, the brother Ohnestolz, sister Kieseltraut, and the bride is Katherliese. The greetings, questions, and answers are the same as in our story, but the rhymes are rather different,

"Wo ist denn die Mutter Dorothee?"
"Sie ist in der Küche und kocht den Thee.'
"Wo ist der Bruder Ohnestolz?"
"Er ist im Stall und hackt das Holz."
"Wo ist die Schwester Kieseltraut?"
"Sie ist im Garten und hackt das Kraut."
"Wo ist die Katherliese?"
"Sie ist im Hauf und pflückt Radiese."

After this the mother goes to the godmother and says, "I wish you good day, Mrs. Gossip." "Many thanks, Mrs. Gossip, where are you going?" "To Witzenhausen (in Hesse), Mrs. Gossip." "What are you going to do there, Mrs. Gossip?" "Fetch some rosemary, Mrs. Gossip." "What are you going to do with that, Mrs. Gossip?" "Don't you know my daughter is betrothed?" "Who has she got then, Mrs. Gossip?" "Just guess, Mrs. Gossip." "A doctor?" "Far better." "A Professor?" "Far better." "Perhaps even a broom-maker?" "You have guessed it." "What do you give with her, Mrs. Gossip?" "A peck of dried pears, a peck of sliced apples, and one farthing in hard cash. Isn't that enough, Mrs. Gossip? Does not a daughter cost one a great deal when she marries?" In Bremen too there is the rhyme,

"The Brushmaker's daughter and Broommaker's son,
They have promised each other that they will be one;
The mother came running and loudly she cried,
'Victory! victory! my girl is a bride!'
And if when they're married a home they're without,
Let them get in a basket and take a look out."

A popular song from the Kühländchen, Meinert, 1. 241, is conceived in the same spirit. Compare also No. 2. in Kuhn.

132.—The Fox and the Horse.

From Münster. The whole is allied to *Old Sultan* (No. 48). The 7th Fable, *The Wolf and the Ass*, in Steinhöwel's *Extravaganten* (1487, folio, 50, 51), which is printed in *Reinhart Fuchs*, 424, also belongs to this group.

133.—The Shoes which were danced to pieces.

From Münster. The incident of the soldier fastening a sponge beneath his chin into which he lets the sleeping-drink run down,

is taken from another story from Paderborn, which has also the following variations. There are only three princesses whose shoes are every morning found in holes. Whosover can discover the cause of this, is to have the youngest to wife, but if he is not able to find it out, must lose his life. Twelve have been hanged already, when the soldier presents himself as the thirteenth. At night he steals through the secret passage after them (he has not yet got the cloak which makes him invisible). The three maidens walk till they come to a lake where three tall giants are standing, each of whom takes one of the maidens on his back, and carries her through the lake to a castle of copper. The soldier is not able to follow them, but he perceives a lion and a fox with a cloak and a pair of boots, which have the property of carrying any one who wears them whithersoever he wishes to be. The two are quarrelling as to which of them shall have the magic possessions, on which he says, "Go thirty paces away from me, and then begin to run, and the one who is first here again shall have them." They are hardly gone before he puts on the boots, throws the cloak around himself, and wishes to be with the three princesses. Without being seen he seats himself by the eldest, and eats everything just as she is putting it into her mouth. After they have eaten, the dance begins, and they dance until their shoes are in holes, and then the giants carry them back again across the lake. He wishes himself in his bed so that they may seem to find him fast asleep. On the second night all happens just the same, only the castle is silver, and the soldier sits down beside the second; on the third night, the castle is golden, and he sits by the third, his promised bride. On the third day, the soldier discloses all these things to the King, and receives the youngest of the sisters in marriage, and after the King's death inherits the kingdom. A third story from Hesse contains much that is characteristic. A King's daughter dances twelve pairs of shoes into holes every night, and every morning a shoemaker has to come and measure her for twelve pairs of new ones, which are sent to her at night; and in order to do this, he has to keep twelve apprentices. No one knows how the shoes are worn into holes at night, but one evening, when the youngest apprentice is taking the shoes to her and the maiden happens not to be in her apartment, he thinks, "I will discover how the shoes are worn out," and gets under her bed. At eleven o'clock at night, the trap-door opens, and eleven princesses come up who kiss each other, put on the new shoes, and then descend together. The apprentice, who can make himself invisible, follows; they come to a lake where a boatman takes them into his boat. He complains that it is heavier than usual. The twelve maidens say, "Oh, indeed we have brought nothing with us: no handkerchief and no little parcel." They

land, and go into twelve different gardens, one of which belongs to each of them, and there they pluck the most beautiful flowers, with which they adorn themselves. And now they go to a castle where twelve princes receive them, and dance with them; all are merry but one princess, who is melancholy (it seems as if she had seen the handsome apprentice and had fallen in love with him). They go home again, because their shoes are worn out. When they are once more up above, they throw the shoes out of the window, where a whole heap of shoes are already lying. The apprentice steals away, and next morning his master goes to measure the princess for new ones, but she is still in bed, and bids him come later. When he returns, she says she will have no more shoes; she only requires one pair, and he is to send them to her by his youngest apprentice. The latter, however, says, "I will not go; it is the turn of the eldest." The eldest dresses himself smartly and goes, but she will not have him; but will have the youngest. Again he says, "I will not go until it is my turn." So the second goes, and the third, and all of them one after the other until she has sent away the eleventh as well. Then the youngest says, "If I am to go, I will go just as I am, and will put on no better clothes." When he gets there, she throws her arms round his neck, and says, "Thou hast delivered me from the eleven who have had me in their power, and have so tormented me; I love thee with all my heart, and thou shalt be my husband." Compare the note to *The Golden Mountain* (No. 92) for the dispute about the magic possessions. For failure in the performance of the appointed tasks being followed by the punishment of death, see *The Riddle*, (No. 22) and *The Six Servants* (No. 134). This story is also known in Poland (see further on). In Hungarian, see Stier, p. 51.

134.—The Six Servants.

From Paderborn. See the note to *How seven Apprentices got through the world*, No. 71.

In connection with the servant whose eyes shatter all he looks on, see a remarkable passage in the *Hymisquida* of the *Edda*, (St. 12), "the pillars were rent asunder by Joten's glance." In Villemarqué's *Contes Bretons*, 2. 120, there is a man who can hear the grass growing.

135.—The White Bride, and the Black One.

From Mecklenburg and Paderborn. According to one of the stories, the brother is not only thrown among the snakes, but actually killed by them and buried in the stable among the horses.

At night the duck comes swimming up to the grating and sings,

> "Open the door, that I may warm myself,
> My brother lies buried among the horses.
> Cut off the duck's head."

This gives a reason for the head being cut off, as her deliverance from the spell depended on it. In the end the brother is disinterred from his grave in the stable, and laid in the earth with much pomp; compare *The Singing Bone* (No. 28). The entire story forms the groundwork of a bad modern reproduction, in the *Sagen der böhm : Vorzeit*, Prag, 1808, p. 141–185). The beginning treats of flowers and combs of pearl in the usual style. It is a peculiar feature that the beauty with which the girl is endowed must be guarded from the open air and sunshine. On the journey therefore, the wicked witch breaks the carriage window, and the air and sunlight force their way in, on which she is transformed into a golden duck. It is the same in the collection made by Gerle. In D'Aulnoy (see *Rosette*, No. 6), the story appears with a number of beautiful incidents. On the other hand, *Blanchebelle* has only a weak foundation, see the collection, *Les illustres Fées* (*Cabinet des Fées*, vol. 5). The *Lai le Freisne* (see further on), by Marie de France, is allied to this. Bertram's *Finnisches Mädchen aus dem Meer*, is the most valuable and characteristic. In the *Pentamerone* (4, 7) there is a story compounded half from this of ours, and half from the *Goose girl* (No. 89), which, like the one before us, recalls the fable of Queen Bertha.

The simple contrast of black and white, to express ugliness and beauty, sinfulness and purity, should be specially observed, as it reminds us of the myth of day and night (and Night's daughter), and the very word Bertha (the white, biort), signifies day or day-break.

When the maiden who is pushed into the water rises up as a snow-white duck, and continues to live, she appears as a Swan-maiden. In the same way the Norse Schwanhild is white and fair as day, in opposition to her raven-black step-brothers; there is also an old German story of a white Dieterich and a black one, who are twins, and a black daughter and a white one, appear in a Swedish popular ballad (Geyer and Afzelius, 1. 81). The name Reginer was probably an old one even at the time of this story; modern popular opinion has turned the marshals, equerries, and charioteers into coachmen, just as the heroes have been turned into soldiers. The brother being with the horses, and being buried among them, reminds us of the steed Falada, whose place in the story he fills. The scullion represents the herd-boy. The bride falls into the water, is drowned, and comes back by night to warm herself at the kitchen fire as she is wet, just as the drowned

people in the old Norse saga return home at night in their wet garments, seat themselves by the fire, and turn their spinning-wheels. *Eyerbiggia Sage*, pp. 274, 276.

136.—Iron John.

From a story current in the district of the Maine, and No. 17, in Arnim's *Märchen*. In our earlier editions it is called *The Wild Man*, and is from a tradition current in the province of Münster. Here we have a genuine male Aschenputtel, of whom mention has been already made in No. 21. His wretched smock-frock which makes him like *Allerleirauh* (No. 65), have to sleep alone, and even the menial kitchen-work appears, and in the same way after living most royally, he secretly resumes his former mode of existence, and can only be recognized by an external mark. In Austria there is a story of a certain Stiefelstoss, who is transformed into a bear, and lies under the stairs. Everyone who enters the house kicks him, steps on him, and cleans his boots on his hide. According to the Jewish saga (Majer, *Mythol. Wörterb.* 1. 119, 120), Aschmadai is by a stratagem, chained fast, just as the wild man is here. In German we find the story in the collection made by Vulpius; in Müllenhoff, No. 12; in Wolf's *Hausmärchen*, p. 269, in Sommer, pp. 86, 133, 135; in Zingerle, Nos. 28 and 33, p. 198. In Norwegian see Asbjörnsen, p. 74. In Danish, Winther, p. 31. In Italian, see Straparola, 5, 1. In Russian, see Dieterich, No. 4. In Bohemian, Milenowski, No. 6. A story which is startlingly like ours is told of the renowned Norwegian King, Harald Harfager. It is not in Snorri, but in the *Flatöbuch*. In his father's court a Jote was kept imprisoned, because he wanted to steal the king's treasure. Harold, then a child of five, set him free; in return for which the Jote took him away, and brought him up until he was in his fifteenth year (P. E. Müller, *Ueber Snorris Quellen*, p. 13). The story may have an ancient basis, and tell of a higher and semi-divine being, who fell into the power of a spirit of the nether world, and had to do servile work until he once more regained his higher place. The shining golden hair points to this.

137.—The Three Black Princesses.

From the province of Münster. Magic, if disturbed during its development, or when it is coming to its appointed close, by the attack of something stronger, is followed by ruin or total annihilation. See note to *The Donkey* (No. 144). It likes to remain secret, and shuns light; for this reason the three are black, and gradually become white. Compare also the varying story of *Our Lady's Child* (No. 3). It also shuns all discourse, and it is just the same when at the raising of a treasure, the first word which is uttered makes it sink seven times deeper than before.

138.—Knoist and his three Sons.

From Sauerland,* and in that dialect. It should be sung, and with very long-drawn syllables. Werrel (Wérl) is a place of pilgrimage in Westphalia; Soist is Soest. It is also set as a riddle, and when people have been guessing for a long time and enquire what is the answer; the answer is, "a lie." According to another story, after the naked man has put the hare which has been caught into his pocket, they go into a church, where the box-wood parson and the beach-wood sexton give out holy water. "Then they come to a great piece of water that is so broad that a cock can step across it, on which are three boats; one has a hole in it, the other has a hole in it, and the third no bottom. They all three get into the one which has no bottom; one is lost in the water, the other is drowned, the third never gets out again."

The Quails, a lying tale, bears a remarkable resemblance to our story. See W. Wackernagel's edition:

die hunde sint mit muose behuot,†
dâ sint die kirchtüre guot
gemûrt ûz butern, got weiz!
und schînet diu sunne alsô heiz,
daz schadet in niht umbe ein hâr,
ein eichîn pfaffe, daz ist wâr,
ein büechîn messe singet.
swer dâ ze opfer dringet
der antlaz im geben wirt,
daz im der rücke geswirt,
den segen man mit kolven gap,
ze hant huop ich mich herap:
von dem antlaz ich erschrac,
siben wachtel in den sac!

There are other references to it elsewhere,

"mîn houpt wart mir gezwagen ‡
mit hagenbuochner lougen."
Liedersaal, 3. 553, 80.

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* In Westphalia.—Tr.

† The dogs there are cautious about taking food, and there the church doors are soundly built of butter, and if the sun does shine warm, that hurts them never a jot. An oaken priest, that is true, says a birchen mass. Whosoever goes in to join the service will receive an absolution that will make his back ache. The blessing is given with clubs. In a moment I hurried off, I shrank from his absolution,—Seven quails were in the sack!

‡ "my head was washed for me with soap suds,"
(or an alkali made by burning white beech-wood.)

"drî knütele eichen *
ze guoter mâze wol gewegen,
die wâren dô der beste segen."
Hagen and Büsching, *Grundriss*, p. 345.

See also Chaucer's *Poetical Works*, vol. 4. *The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*, v. 996.

"Gamelyn sprenith holi watir
All with on okin spire."

The quails (Wachteln) signify lies; even at this day we hear "he lies in his sack;" see Haupt's *Zeitschrift*, 4. 578. *The Story of Schlauraffenland*, and *The Ditmars Tale of Wonders* (Nos. 158 and 159), should likewise be compared.

139.—The Maid of Brakel.

From the neighbourhood of Paderborn. St. Anna is in fact the patron Saint of Brakel, and her chapel is near the town. "Mudder" (mother) has come from High German, but "Möhme" is the common expression. Another mocking verse is current there,

"O hilge Sünte Anne,
help mie doch bald tom Manne!
O hilge Sünte Viet,
et is iez die hogeste Tied!"†

St. Vitus is the patron Saint of Corvei, which lies very near. In Hanover it is told that as the girl was praying to God to give her some sign, a shepherd who had been listening to the whole prayer behind a hedge, threw an old shoe over it, for which she thanked God in great delight. A similar story is told of a sexton in Wormer, a North-Dutch village, near Zaanland, Stavoren, Vronen in Waterland, communicated by Hendrik Soeteboom (Amsterdam, 1702), 1. 376, 377.

A certain baker living in this village was notorious for making his bread too light in weight, and for this reason could not earn enough to keep him. So he often went to the church and prayed to the Virgin Mary, whose image stood on one of the pillars with the infant Jesus in her arms, and begged her to give him a better livelihood. The clerk who had observed this, once placed himself

* "Three oaken cudgels,
Well chosen according to their good size,
Were there the best blessing."

† "Oh holy Saint Anne,
Help me soon to a man (husband);
Oh, holy saint Vitus,
It's time to unite us!"

behind the pillar, and one day when the baker was preferring his requests very zealously, cried in a soft child's voice, "Baker, you must give better weight." Thereupon the baker quickly answered, "Silence, boy, and let thy mother speak!" and left the church. A similar story is told of St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux (*Vorzeit, Taschenbuch*, 1819). Once when he was at Spire, he went into the cathedral to pay his devotions to the image of the Virgin. He fell thrice on his knees before it, and full of fervour uttered the words "Oh, gracious, mild, and highly favoured mother of God!" Hereupon the image began to speak, and said, "Welcome, my Bernard!" But the saint, who was displeased by this, reprimanded the Queen of Heaven for speaking, in these words, "Silence! No woman is to speak in the congregation!" The image is still to be seen in the cathedral, and so are the three metal plates which mark the three places where St. Bernard knelt. A saga from Westphalia also belongs to this group.

There was once a girl in Sauste (Soest) who every morning, as soon as all the people had gone out of the church, knelt down and prayed to the great stone image of our Lord. The clerk was curious, and went one day and stood behind the image. Then the girl said,

> "O du graute, leiwe Gott von Sauste,*
> Bescher mie doch usen Knecht den Jausten (Jost)."

So the clerk said, "Girl, thou wilt not get him." Then the girl said, "Oh, great and beloved God, do not bite me."

140.—Domestic Servants.

From the neighbourhood of Paderborn. To cite the numerous variations of this old story, which are like a conversation and its echoes, would be much too prolix, and it would be still more out of place to give their names, which are always very poetical, and often go back to the ancient language and times of fable. The hall of Hell is in the *Edda*, called Eliud, its table Hungur, its knife Sultur, its serving-man Gangläti, its maid Ganglöt, its threshold Fallandiforrad, its bed Kaur, its coverlid Blikandibaul, its field Hnipinn. In the *Gothrek's Sage* there are other family names which are significant, the father Skapnartungur, the three sons Fiolmodi, Ymsigull, Gillingr; Mother Totra with her three daughters Snotra, Hiotra, Fiotra; and in another saga, the man Stedie, the wife Brynia, the daughter Smidia, and the son Thöllur; in the mythical names of races we find some which are closely related. Thus in the *Lied von Riese Langbein*, Str. 8, 19, 20,

* "Oh great and beloved God of Soest,
Do give me our man-servant Joseph."

Vidrich enumerates the names of his father, mother, shield, helmet, sword, and horse. In an old German poem on household furniture the dog is called Grin, the cat Zise, the man Wise, the horse Kerne, the maid Metze. Musäus (*Volksm.* 5, 130) has preserved the following beautiful passage from a popular pilgrim's song: "From what region dost thou come?" "From sunrise." "Whither wouldst thou go?" "To sunset." "In which kingdom?" "Home." "Where is it?" "A hundred miles inland." "What is thy name?"* In the *Kinderlieder* (Appendix to the *Wunderhorn*, pp. 41–43), we find, "My poor little hen is called Bibberlein, my duck Entequentlein, my goose Wackelschwänzlein,

* In answer to this question follows a rhyming enumeration of the whole of the speaker's property, which would lose all point and etymological value, if rendered into English. "Springinsfeld grüsst mich die Welt, Ehrenwerth heisst mein Schwert, Zeitvertreib nennt sich mein Weib, Spätestagt ruft sie die Magd, Schlechtundrecht nennt sich der Knecht, Sausewind tauft ich mein Kind, Knochenfaul schalt in den Gaul, Sporenklang heisst sein Gang, Höllenschlund lock ich den Hund, Wettermann kräht (heisst) mein Hahn, Hüpfinsstroh heisst mein Floh. Nun kennst du mich mit Weib und Kind und allem meinem Hausgesind." This, with some variations, is to be found also in the *Kinderlieder*, edited by F. Pocci and Karl von Raumer, pp. 10, 11. "Widewidewenne heisst meine Putthenne, Kannichtruhn heisst mein Huhn, Wackelschwanz heisst meine Gans, Schwartzundweiss heisst meine Geis, Dreibein heisst mein Schwein, Wettermann heisst mein Hahn, Kunterbunt heisst mein Hund, Ehrenwerth heisst mein Pferd, Gutemuh heisst meine Kuh, Guckheraus heisst mein Haus, Schlupfheraus heisst meine Maus, Wohlgethan heisst mein Mann, Sausewind heisst mein Kind, Sammettatz heisst meine Katz, Hüpfinsstroh heisst mein Floh, Leberecht heisst mein Knecht, Spätbetagt heisst meine Magd." In a song in Pröhle's *Märchen für die Jugend*, No. 57, we find, "Unverzagt heisst meine Magd, Leberecht heisst mein Knecht, Schütteling heisst mein Kind, Zeitvertreib heisst mein Weib, Hinundher heisst mein Pferd, Ruhruh heisst meine Kuh, Jägerlein heisst meine Schwein, Trippeltrappel heisst mein Schaf, Langhals heisst meine Gans, Kückelhahn heisst mein Hahn." The following is current in the neighbourhood of Paderborn, "Wie heisst der Wirth?" "Schmuckelbart, er steht vor 'm Spiegel, putzt seinen Bart." "Die Frau?" "Juckelpelz, sie steht hinterm Ofen und laust ihren Pelz." "Der Koch?" "Smorlilus, er steht in der Küche und rührt sein Mus." "Der Soldat?" "Reicherheld, er sitzt im Wirthshaus und hat viel Geld." "Der Schreiber?" "Federkiel, der sitzt am Tisch und schreibt nicht viel." "Der Knecht?" "Kinkelwurst, er steht im Keller und löscht seinen Durst." "Die Tochter?" "Agnes, sie sitzt in der Kammer und macht die Käs." "Die Magd?" "Flederwisch, sie steht in der Stube und scheuert den Tisch." "Der Junge?" "Galgenstrick, er steht im Stall, und streicht sein Vieh." Schütze, in the *Holstein. Idiotikon* (2, 117, and 4, 156) quotes, "Hebberecht so heet min Knecht, Snakfordan so heet min Man, Tiedvördrief so heet min Wif, Luusebung so heet min Jung."

my pig Schmortopf, my goat Klipperbein, my cow Gutemuh, my house Guckheraus (peep out of it), my husband Kegelbahn, my child Goldenring, my maid Hatergsagt, my man Haberecht, my cock Wettermann, my flea Hüpfinsstroh (hop in the straw). Jung Stilling only quotes one line (*Jugendleben*, 1, 62), "Gerberli hiess mein Hüneli;" and a Dutch popular song begins, "Koekeloery heet myn haan, prys heet myn hennetjen." Compare also Schottky's *Oestreichische Lieder*, p. 40. When Tannhaüser (MS. 2, 67) calls his people Zadel (Blame?), Zweifel (Doubt), Schade (Injury), and Unbereit (Unready), it marks the transition of the epic names into conscious allegory, as, for instance, in the saying, "Much borrowing had a step-mother called Sell-what-thou-hast, who brought forth a daughter called Give-it-cheap; this same daughter had a brother called Out-of-doors." The well-known saying, "Sparebread (father) is dead; Schmalhans (a half-starved creature) is head of the kitchen," is intermediary. There are many instances of single names, such as that of Zeitvertreib or Leidvertreib, for the wife, occurring in old works, viz. in *Morolf*, 159, 1145. The "Ruprecht mein Knecht" of the *Wartburger Krieg*, also belongs to this group. Compare the names which occur in *Fair Katrinelje* (No. 131).

141.—The Lambkin and the Little Fish.

From the principality of Lippe. The end is imperfect, and it only dimly appears that the step-mother believes that she has eaten the little lamb, and orders the cook to cook the fish also. But when the fish begins to talk and to bemoan its lot, the cook does not kill it, but takes it to the lamb, and again deceives the step-mother, whose wickedness comes to the father's ears, and she is punished. Compare *The White Bride and the Black One* (No. 135), and the notes to it. The counting out, in the beginning, occurs also in the ballad *Gräfin* * *Orlamünde*, in the *Wunderhorn*.

142.—Simeli Mountain.

It is remarkable that this story, which is told in the province of Münster, is told also in the Hartz, about the Dummburg (Otmar, pp. 235, 238) or Hochburg, and closely resembles the Eastern story, *The Forty Thieves* (1001 *Nights*, 6, 345), where even the rock Sesam, which falls open at the words Semsi and Semeli, recalls the name of the mountain in the German saga. This name for a mountain is, according to a document in Pistorius (3. 642), very ancient in Germany. A mountain in Grabfeld is called Similes, and in a Swiss song (Kuhn's *Kühreihen*, Berne, 1810, p. 20, and Spazier's *Wanderungen*, Gotha, 1790, pp. 340, 341) a Simeliberg is

* Herzogin Orlamünde?—Tr.

again mentioned. This makes us think of the Swiss word "simel" for "sinbel," round. See *Stalder's Wörterbuch.* In Meier, No. 53, we find "Open Simson." In Pröhle's *Märchen für die Jugend*, No. 30, where the story is amplified, it is Simsimseliger Mountain. There is also a Polish story which is very like it (see further on).

143.—Going a-travelling.

From the province of Münster. Another story current in the district of Paderborn contains new jests. There was once a stupid youth who always did what his mother bade him, but always did it wrong. When he was hired, his master told him to go to the field and sow, and while he was doing it, to say, "May this bear fruit every year a hundred-fold." He went thither, and at that very time some people came with a corpse, so he said, "May this bear fruit every year a hundred-fold." When the people heard that, they gave him a good beating. He went home and said to his mother, "Oh, mother, what has happened to me, and I only did what my master bade me." Then his mother said, "Thou shouldst have said, 'May he rest in peace.'" He went back again, and then came a knacker with a dead horse, so he said, "May he rest in peace." The knacker took that amiss, and gave him a beating. He went home again and complained to his mother, and she said, "Thou shouldst have said, 'Away with the carrion.'" He once more went to the field just as a wedding party was coming by, so he said, "Away with the carrion." They gave him a thorough beating. "Oh, mother," said he again, "what has happened to me?" and told her. She replied, "Thou shouldst have said, 'Here is mirth and gladness.'" He went back, and on his way saw a house burning, so he said, "Here is mirth and gladness!" He got another beating for it, and when he had complained to his mother, she said, "Thou shouldst have taken a bucketful of water, and have poured it on the fire." He thought of this as he passed a bee-hive, and poured a bucketful of water over it. The owner of the bees took a stick, and beat him till he ran away. "Oh, mother, what bad luck I have had." She said, "Thou shouldst have said, 'Give me some of it away with me.'" Then he passed by a cow-byre which was just being cleaned out, and took off his cap and said, "Give me some of it away with me." The stories of the deaf man who misinterprets everything, and the tailor's wife who purposely misunderstands her husband's words, and buys cakes (fladen) instead of thread (faden), a pear (birn) instead of twine (zwirn), &c., all of which are related in the *Rollwagenbüchlein* are like this. We must also mention the English Jann Posset, who did not serve his master better (see a Shrove-Tuesday play in Ayrer, folio 106–114). The tricks which are played on the Indian Guru Nudle by his

scholars, are remarkably like this story. There are five of these, Blockhead, Dullard, Simpleton, Dunce, and Fool. Once when they have crossed a river with their master, one of them counts the party, and as he forgets to include himself, he can only make five, and they believe that one is drowned. A traveller gives each of them a blow on the back, and bids them count, and then the six reappear. Just in the same way the six Lalenbürgers, who are sitting in a circle, cannot find their own legs until they feel a blow on them. Guru loses his turban, and is indignant with his scholars for not having picked it up. "People ought to pick up everything," says he. One of them runs back, fetches the turban, but finds some refuse in the road as well, and picks it up and puts it in the turban. On this Guru gives his scholars a list of the things which they ought to pick up. Soon afterwards he falls into a hole, and they will not pull him out because he is not named in the list, and he has to write his name at the end before they will do it, just as in Jann Posset.

144.—The Donkey.

From a Latin poem in elegiac verse, of the second half of the 15th century, which is to be found in a Strasburg MS. (MSS. Johann, c. 105, 5 folios) under the title *Asinarius*. The story is as in *Raparius* (No. 146), broad, but not disagreeable. It begins thus,

"Rex fuit ignotae quondam regionis et urbis,
Sed regis nomen pagina nulla docet,
Is sibi consortem regni talamique sodalem,
Sortitus fuerat nobilitate parem,"

and concludes,

"post haec preterea patris sortitur honorem
Sicque regit regum rex duo regna duum."

For its contents compare the notes to *Hans the Hedgehog* (No. 108). The lying in wait to espy the mysterious enchantment ought properly to have been followed by some misfortune, or at all events by the interruption of earthly happiness, such as ensues after Psyche has cast the light upon Love, and in *Melusina*, the *Swan Knight*, and other stories. In *Hans the Hedgehog* we have a suggestion of misfortune in that he becomes black, and has to be cured; here we recognize it by the fact that the youth anxiously endeavours to fly:

"ergo gener mane surgit somno satiatus,
pelle volens asini sicut et ante tegi;
quam non inveniens, multo stimulante dolore,
de sola cepit anxius esse fuga;"

and when he answers the old man,

"iter faciam tecumque manebo,
et precor ut finem dent bona cepta bonum."

In Servian, see Wuk, No. 9, where it is a snake which strips off its skin every night. In another story of the same kind which is to be found in Wuk (No. 10), misfortune actually arises from burning the snake-shirt. An Indian story which altogether resembles ours is given in the *Altd. Wälder* (1. 165–167). It is likewise known in Persia, as is shewn by Firdusi. (Görres, 2. 441, 442).

145.—The Ungrateful Son.

From *Schimpf und Ernst*, chap. 413. This is quite in the same style as *The Grandfather and the Grandchild*, No. 78. The story is given in an older and more legendary form by the Dominican Thomas of Cantimpre, from an oral tradition of the 12th century; compare Büsching, who, in Schlegel's *Museum* (4. 32, 33), names another book in which it appears. See also Geiler von Kaisersberg's *Euangelia mit Usslegung* (Strasburg, 1517), folio 195, 196.

146.—The Turnip.

From its external form this is an old story; it is, in fact, translated from a Latin poem of the middle ages, and indeed from the 15th century manuscript now in Strasburg (MSS. Johann, c. 102), which contains 392 elegiac lines, and is entitled *Raparius*; another of the same period is preserved in Vienna (Denis, II., 2, p. 1271, Cod. DLXII. R. 3356). The poem itself may however have been composed in the 14th century, and, without question, from some popular story learnt by word of mouth, perhaps in Alsace itself, for the great turnip is one of the popular jests there; and Fischart, in his preface to the *Ehzuchtbüchlein*, has already mentioned the turnip of Strasburg. In the *Volksbuch von dem lügenhaften Aufschneider* (also translated into Swedish, Lund, 1790), we find, "Now, when I had travelled farther and came to Strasburg, I there saw such a great turnip in a field as I had never seen the like of before, and I really believe that a man on horseback would not have been able to ride round it in three long summer's days." The Strasburg vegetable is also extolled in the *Pfingstmonat*, a comedy in the Strasburg patois (p. 177). "Kruttkiph vierdels zentnerschwer und zwölfpfündje Retti." The story itself does not lack noticeable features. Other stories as well as this tell of the unsuccessful attempts of one man to outdo another in the acquisition of wealth when single-heartedness is wanting. The deliverance from the sack closely resembles that from the bucket in the animal

fable, where the fox enveigles the stupid wolf into descending to the kingdom of heaven, so that he himself may be drawn up. As they meet in the buckets half-way, the fox uses the familiar words of mockery, "This is the way the world goes, one is up and the other down." Furthermore, the sack and the bucket are equivalent to the barrel in which the crafty man is going to be drowned by the stupid peasants (see No. 61, and *Scarpafico* in Straparola); he however, makes a shepherd who is passing by, believe that whosoever gets inside it will be carried away, and be married, and receive great possessions; just as the cunning thief Cassandrin, disguised as an angel, holds out the sack of fame and bids Severin creep into it (Straparola, 2. 2). In all these stories the magic sack, or fortune-barrel, is presented from the comic side, for the saga willingly turns seriousness into a jest. *Raparius*, however, reminds us of the serious side most distinctly; as in our story, the man who is hanging in the tree learns wisdom, so the Norse wise man hovers in the air and learns all knowledge (*Runacapituli*, 141, 144):

"veit ek at ek hêck vindga meidi â.*
natur allar nîo,
thâ nam ek fravaz ok frôther vera."

Odin seats himself beneath the gallows, and enters into conversation with the hanged man, and for this reason is called "hangagod" (fyrdrottinn.) On account of this mythical importance it might be well to quote the passage of the original referred to, which will at the same time give a specimen of the style,

"tunc quasi socraticus hunc laeta voce salutat
et quasi nil triste perpatiatur ait
'salve, mi frater, hominum carissime, salve!
huc ades, ut spero, sorte favente bona.'
erigit ille caput stupidosque regirat ocellos,
ambigit et cujus vox sit et unde sonet.
dum super hoc dubitat utrum fugiat maneatve,
huc movet ire timor et vetat ire pudor.
sic sibi nutantem solidat constantia mentem,
dixit 'item resonet vox tua, quisquis es hic?"
de sacco rursus auditur vox quoque secundo
'Si dubitas quid sim, suspice, tolle caput;
in sacco sedeo, sedet sapientia mecum,
hic studiis didici tempore multa brevi.
pape! scolas quaerunt longe lateque scolares,
hic tantum veras noveris esse scolas

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* "I know that I hung on a wind-swept tree,
For the space of nine long nights,
And then I began to be famed and wise."

hic, phas si sit adhuc hora subsistere parva,
omnia nota dabit philosophia michi,
ac cum prodiero, puto me sapientior inter
terrigenas omnes non erit unus homo.
pectore clausa meo latet orbita totius anni,
sic quoque siderei fabrica tota poli,
lumina magna duo complector vi rationis,
nec sensus fugient astra minora meos.
sed neque me signa possent duodena latere,
quas vires habeant, quas et arena maris.
flatus ventorum bene cognovi variorum,
cuilibet et morbo quae medicina valet;*
vires herbarum bene cognovi variarum,
et quae sit volucrum vis simul et lapidum,
septem per partes cognovi quaslibet artes;
si foret hic Catho cederet atque Plato.
quid dicam plura? novi bene singula jura,
caesareas leges hic studui varias.
qualiter et fraudes vitare queam muliebres,†
gratulor hoc isto me didicisse loco.
hic totum didici, quod totus continet orbis,
hoc totum saccus continet iste meus;
nobilis hic saccus precioso dignior ostro,
de cujus gremio gratia tanta fluit.
si semel intrares, daret experientia nosse
hic quantum saccus utilitatis habet."

In a negro story, wisdom is shut up in a sack which is tied fast; a weasel opens it and takes some for himself (Kölle, No. 10.)

147.—The Old Man made Young again.

Told by Hans Sachs, (4. 3. 152, 153, Kempt. edit.). It verges on the popular jests. The rejuvenation of aged people as well as the unsuccessful attempts to imitate it, forcibly recalls the Greek fable of Medea, Æson, and Pelias. The story is also in Hans Folz. See Haupt's *Zeitschrift*, 8. 537. In Norwegian, see Asbjörnsen, p. 537.

148.—The Lord's Animals and the Devil's.

Related by Hans Sachs in the year 1557. (Kempt. edit. 1. 5. 1006–1007). The wolves as God's dogs coincide strikingly with the dogs of Odin (Vidris, grey), which are likewise wolves. For putting in other eyes, comp. *The Three Army Surgeons* (No. 118). The marking the time by the phrase, "when the leaves fall," viz. in autumn, is still usual in Switzerland; there they say, "until the

* See *Runacapituli*, 9.
† See *Runacap.* 24, 25.

leaves drop from the trees," (Stalder's *Idiotikon*, 2. 159). A primeval foundation can be traced in every part of this fable.

149.—The Beam.

Related by Fr. Kind (Becker's *Taschenbuch* for 1812), in a poem; but we also know it as an oral tradition from the neighbourhood of Paderborn, in which however the magician's revenge is wanting. According to it, he had tied a straw to the cock's leg, and to men's eyes it appeared to be a large piece of wood. But a girl who had a load of clover on her head, saw that it was nothing but a straw, for a double leaf was among the clover, which kept her free from the power of all enchantment. The whole resembles the mockeries of Rübezahl. Compare a Swabian story in Mone's *Anzeiger*, 1835, p. 408. The highest beam in the roofing is called the cock-beam, because the cock is in the habit of sitting on it. ("hanboum," *Parzival*, 194, 7). For swimming through flax-blossom, see *Deutsche Sagen*, 2, 33.

150.—The Old Beggarwoman.

A fragment and confused. It is told in Stilling's *Jünglings jahren*, but appears to be an old popular tale, in the telling of which the mother or nurse perhaps shewed the listening children how the crooked, bent old woman walked with the stick in her trembling hand. The end is wanting; probably the beggarwoman revenges herself by wishing an "ill wish," as there are several stories of wandering female beggars who enter houses, and who are not offended without punishing the offenders. See *The Beggarwoman of Locarno*, in Heinrich Kleist's *Erzählungen*. It is noteworthy that Odin, under the name of Grimnir, goes disguised in the garb of a beggar, into the King's hall, and his clothes begin to burn at the fire. One of the young men brings him a horn to drink; the other has left him in the flames. The latter discovers the pilgrim's divinity too late, and wants to pull him out of the fire, but falls on his own sword.

151.—The Three Sluggards.

From Pauli's *Schimpf und Ernst*, chap. 243. It is told in the same way in Fyering's *Sprichwörter*, 2. 615. The *Gesta Romanorum* (German edition, chap. 3, Latin, chap. 91) changes the order, so that the one who would rather be burnt comes first, the one who would rather let himself be hanged comes second, but the third says, "If I were lying in my bed, and drops of water from the ceiling were falling into both my eyes, I would rather let the drops beat my eyes out than turn on my side."

In the *Bürgerlust*, part 1. Str. 48, there are still more examples. Three lazy apprentices laid a wager with each other as to which of them was the laziest. The first said, "If my dinner were set on the table, I would not care to eat." The next said, "And if any one put it into my mouth and chewed it for me, I should not care to swallow it." The third was so idle he would hardly open his lips, but said, "How can you care to speak!" and this one, as was just, won the wager. The same story is told by Abraham a St. Clara (*Auserlesene Gedanken*, Vienna, 1812, part 1. 150), only the second says, "Even if the food were put into my mouth by force, I would still not swallow it." We have also heard it narrated as follows: "Three idle girls were sitting under a nut-tree, and the first said, "Even if all the nuts that are ripe would fall down, I would not shake a twig." The second said, "Even if they were lying there, I should like to know who would pick them up?" The third said, "Ah, who cares to talk about it?" Abraham a St. Clara has however written the story again, and quite differently, and much more like ours (1. 40, 41). A sluggard had three sons, and in his last will declared, that the one who was the laziest should be his principal heir. After the early death of the father, they were summoned before the court and examined as to their idleness. The first confessed that, even if his foot were on red-hot coals, he would not so much as draw it back; the second declared that he would remain standing on the ladder which led to the gallows, and would not even cut the rope which was round his neck, simply because he was too idle to get a knife out of his pocket. The third said that he was too lazy to shut his eyes, much less to cover them with his hand, if it were raining needles, and he were lying on his back. In Keller's *Fastnachtspiele*, p. 86, the one is to be the heir who tells the most lies, and is the idlest. When he is lying under a spout, he lets the drops run in at one ear and out by the other. There is a passage in Fischart's *Flohhatz*, 48*, where it is said of a sluggard, "She does not move a hair's breadth, like the man who let the water drop in his ear." Straparola has also a good story of three sluggards, which however is only to be found in a complete edition; it is communicated by Rumohr in the *Sammlung für Kunst und Geschichte*, 2. 171, and following. See No. 83, in Colshorn. An Indian story of four Brahmins who quarrel about which of them is the most foolish, is allied to this. See Schlegel's *Indische Bibliothek*, 2. 265–268. A Turkish story, which Moritz Hartmann heard told in Constantinople (*Kölnische Zeitung*, 1854, No. 175), also belongs to this group. There was a certain man to whom work had become so distasteful that at last he could not bring himself to raise his arm. He lay in the street, let the sun shine on him, and hungered. As he was poor, and had no slave to put a morsel of food in his

mouth for him, he saw that he must perish miserably from hunger, but he preferred death to work. Through the street where he was lying the executioner came every day on his way to the place of execution. More than once the sluggard wished to speak to him, but he was too idle even for that; at length he made an effort, and said, "Dear executioner, I do not like to work, and would rather die; do take me with you to the place of execution and execute me." So the executioner had pity on him, and took him with him. When they came to the gate, they met the Kapudan Pasha. "Executioner," said he, "what has this man whom thou art conducting to the place of execution done?" "He has done nothing," answered the executioner, "but he is too idle to work, and as he must die of hunger, he has entreated me to take him away and execute him. I am doing it to please him, for I am acquainted with his family." "Release him!" said the Kapudan Pasha. "At home I have a great magazine full of biscuits, take him in there, and let him eat as much as he likes." "Yes, but are the biscuits already softened;" said the sluggard. "No," replied the Pasha. "Then let us go on," said the sluggard to the executioner. Fischart tells another incident relating to Lazy Harry, see *Gargantua*, 79^{b}, "Just like that fellow, who, when they awoke him betimes, with 'Oh the birds are already singing in the trees,' said, "Let them sing, let them sing, the birds have small heads and can soon sleep their sleep out, but my head is twice too large for me to be able to get my sleep out in one night.'" Compare notes to No. 32.

151*.—The Twelve Idle Servants.

From Keller's *Fastnachtspiele des 15ten Jahrh.* pp. 562, 566. Compare also the *Two Servants*, a story from the Bukowina, in Wolf's *Zeitschrift*, 1. 49.

152.—The Shepherd Boy.

From Bavaria. There are questions of the same kind in Stricker's Old-German poem, *Pfaffe Amis* (98–180). The bishop asks, (1.) "How much water is there in the sea?" "A tun." "How can you prove that?" "Just order all the streams which flow into the sea to stand still, and then I will measure it and tell you." (2.) "How many days have passed by, since Adam lived?" "Seven, and when they come to an end, they begin again, and thus it will go on as long as the world lasts." (3.) "Where is the centre of the earth?" "Where my church stands; let your men-servants measure with a cord, and if there is the breadth of a blade of grass more on one side than on the other, I have lost my church." (4.) "How far is it from earth to heaven?" "Heaven is just so

far from earth as a man's voice can be easily heard ; climb up, and if you do not hear me calling, come down again and take my church back." (5.) "What is the breadth of Heaven?" "A thousand fathoms and a thousand ells, then take away the sun, and moon, and all the stars in heaven and press all together, and it will be no broader." In the *Büchlein für die Jugend*, pp. 91–94, the questions and answers are different, and so they are in a Swabian story in Meier, see the note to No. 28. In *Eulenspiegel* which, apart from this, is connected with *Pfaffe Amis*, there are (chap. 28, in Lappenberg) the same questions and answers; the former are propounded to him by the rector of the university. The old English ballad of *King John and the Abbot of Canterbury*, Percy Collection, 2. 305–311, is allied to this. The King puts three questions to him which he has to answer in three weeks, or lose his life and land. (1.) The exact value, within a penny, of himself the King with his golden crown on his head? (2.) How long a time it would take him to ride round the whole world? (3.) What he is thinking of at that moment? The Abbot does not know what to do, but a shepherd promises his aid, dresses himself like the Abbot, goes to the King, and gives these answers. (1.) As the Lord Jesus was sold for thirty pieces of silver, the King is only worth nine-and-twenty. (2.) If he sets out with the sun and rides with him he will get round the whole world in four-and-twenty hours. (3.) The King thinks he is the Abbot of Canterbury, and he is only a poor shepherd. In Pauli's *Scherz und Ernst* it is related that the following questions are put to the Abbot by his patron. (1.) What value he set on him? (2.) Where the centre of the earth was? (3.) How far fortune was removed from misfortune? The shepherd comes in the Abbot's clothes and answers. (1.) Eight-and-twenty pieces of silver, for as our Saviour was sold for thirty, he valued the emperor at nine-and-twenty. (2.) In his house, as in *Pfaffe Amis*. (3.) There was only one night between them, for yesterday he was a shepherd, and to-day he was an Abbot. The story in Eyering's *Sprichwörter*, 1. 165–168, 3. 23–25, tallies with this. We have also read the history of a King of France, in which the first and third questions were the same as in the English ballad, but the second was like that in our story—how many stars there were in heaven? A miller who gives the answer in this, names a certain very large number, and orders the King to count them. Finally, the story is also to be seen in the Jewish *Maasäbuch*, chap. 126 (No. 39) in Helwig's *Judische Historien*. The three questions (of which the two first vary a little) are put to the King's counsellor, 1. Where the sun rises? 2. How far it is from heaven to earth? (as in *Amis*). Then follow the weak answers made by a shepherd. The sun goes up in the morning and down in the evening, and it is just as far from heaven to

earth as it is from earth to heaven. The *Gesta Romanorum* contain two stories conceived in a similar spirit (see the extract, No. 14, further on). There is another in the *Kurzweilige Zeitvertreiber*, by C. A. M. von W. (1668), pp. 70, 71. The story also appears in Franco Sacchetti's *Novelle* (about 1370), No. 4; see F. W. Val. Schmidt, in the *Wiener Jahrbuch*, 1822, vol. 22, *Anzeigeblatt*, pp. 54–57. Compare Holzmann's *Indische Sagen*, 3, 109, and following, and *The Thousand and One Nights*, 15. 245. In the *Untersuchungen über Saxo Grammaticus*, p. 145, P. E. Müller writes on the custom of telling three truths to save yourself from peril. In a Servian story, see Wuk, No. 45, a shepherd outwits the king by cunning replies, compare Schmidt's *Taschenbuch der Romanzen*, p. 83, and following.

153.—Star-Money.

Written down from a somewhat hazy recollection, I trust that some one will complete and correct it. Jean Paul mentions this story in the *Unsichtbare Loge*, 1. 214. Arnim, too, has used it in his Tales, pp. 231, 232.

154.—The Stolen Farthing.

From Cassel. Compare *Altdeutsche Blätter*, 1. 181.

155.—Brides on their Trial.

From Switzerland: given by Wyss in his *Volkssagen*, p. 321. There are Swabian versions in Meier, No. 30, and Müllenhoff, p. 413. There is something rather like it in Schütze's *Holst. Idiot.* 1. 334, 335. A young man visited three sisters and found their distaffs full of flax. He secretly put a key in the eldest sister's flax-bag, and next day found it was still among the flax. It was the same with the second sister; but when he did this to the third, she said to him next day, "You put a key among my flax." "Thou art the right one," said he, and took the industrious maiden to wife. The way in which four girls are proved in a Persian story (*Reise der Söhne Giaffars*) is quite different. The lover throws rose-leaves into the bosom of one of them, and as a rose-branch is among them which hits her face, she pretends to faint. The second pretends to be coy, and covers her eyes with her hands that she may not see the image of a man. The third cries, "Lord, depart, for the hair of your fur wounds me!" The fourth covers her face when she sees some fishes leaping in the sea, because there might be some little men among them.

156.—Odds and Ends.

From Mecklenburg. Belongs to the class of stories which convey an old lesson in a simple form, like *Brides on their Trial* (No. 155).

According to ancient custom, spinning is the proper occupation of a housewife, nay more, her very life and being.

157.—The Sparrow and his Four Children.

From the works of Schuppius (*Fabelhans*, pp. 837, 838. It is in Wackernagel's *Lesebuch*, 2. 210), but occurs still earlier in *Froschmeuseler*, (Magdeb. 1595, A. a. V.). Further information about cognate stories is to be found in the *Abhandlung über Thierfabeln bei den Meistergesängen* (Berlin, 1855).

158.—Schlauraffenland.

The fable of the apes, or *Schlauraffenland* (see Glaraff, in Stalder, 1. 451; the cunning, prudent apes are opposed to the stupid ones, apar ósvinnir) unquestionably dates from remote antiquity, for even the present story is taken from an old German poem of the 13th century (*Fragmente und kleinere Gedichte*, p. xiv. Compare *Liedersaal*, 2. 385. *Altd. Blätter*, 1. 163–167. Haupt's *Zeitschrift*, 2. 560). It is generally told jestingly as here, but in the story of the little sugar-house (No. 15), whose roof was made of cakes, and whose rafters of sticks of cinnamon, it, though still the same, is told with all the believing earnestness of childhood, and links itself to the still deeper myth of the lost paradise of innocence where milk and honey flow. The well-known jest by Hans Sachs is simply in the former manner (see *Häsleins Auszug*, p. 391); and so is the allusion in Fischart's *Gargantua*, p. 96ª. "I can no longer stay in the country, the air drives me to Schlauraffen, three miles behind Christmas, where the walls are made of gingerbread, the rafters of roast-pork, the wells of malmsey, the rain of milk and cream, the hail of sugar-plums; there you are paid for playing, and rewarded for sleeping; there you see hedges made of sausages, plaster of honey, and roofs of cakes." There is an old French Fabliau of the same kind, *Le pays de Cocagne* (Méon, 4. 176). In English the land is called Cockney; see *Altd. Blätter*, 1. 369-401. In the Sicilian patois there is *La Cuccagna conquistata*, of Basile, Palermo, 1674. The description of the alma città di Cuccagna begins thus,

> "Sedi Cuccagna sutta una montagna
> di furmaggiu grattatu, et havi in cima
> die maccaruni una caudara magna."

Compare Fr. Wilh. Val. Schmidt's *Beiträge zur Geschichte der romantischen Poesie*, p. 85. In Austria the story goes that people have to creep through an enormously long intestine; he who sticks fast is lost, but he who can work his way through safely and perseveringly will reach a country where he has nothing to do

but live in luxury and enjoyment (Höfer, 3. 92). On the other side the story has some affinity with many sagas about impossible things (No. 159), and the equally old story *Der Finkenritter*, which Fischart frequently mentions, and on which he himself was perhaps a fellow-labourer (for the popular book compare Koch's *Grundriss*, 2). In the *Bienerkorb* (St. 4, chap. 4), we find among other things, "At that time houses flew, beasts talked, streams were on fire, and people extinguished the flames with straw; peasants barked, and dogs ran about with spears in the time of the valiant Finkenritter." In the juxtaposition of these impossible things there is much that points to a mysterious affinity between them which has been lost sight of, and here as in the explanations of dreams, we ought to separate this array of words, so significant in their connection, from the rough, coarse lies. A Dutch popular song *De droomende Reyziger*, though modernized, has still many old strophes, and a considerable resemblance to the old German poem, compare the *Toverlantarn Sammlung*, pp. 91–92. To this group belong the *Ditmars Tale of Wonders* (No. 159). Walafried's Strabo *Similitudo impossibilium* (Canis. 2. 2. p. 241). Parts of the *Tannhaüser*, 2. 66; Marner, 2. 172; Boppo, 2. 236; Reinmar von Zweter, MS. Hag. 2. 206ᵇ; and *Die Verkehrte Welt*. in Görres' *Meisterlieder*, p. 221. We will add one more story which belongs to this group. It is from Paderborn. One day I went out walking and came to a great forest, and a great big thing met me that had a long long tail hanging quite ten ells behind him, and I was bold enough to lay hold of a thick tuft of his hair and let him drag me along after him. It was not long before we came to a great castle and the thing went inside it. I said nothing, and stayed where I was, and it went through a great number of rooms dragging me into every corner behind it, until I was covered with cobwebs. All at once I stuck fast in one of these corners, and when I looked I had a great tuft of hair in my hand which I had torn out of the creature; so I put it down beside me, and stayed where I was, and suddenly all the doors were shut, and I did not know what had become of the thing. Then all at once I saw a little dwarf standing before me, who said, "I wish you good evening;" so I said, "I am much obliged to you." "Why have you come here?" I said, "For my own pleasure." Then the dwarf said, "What have you done; you have taken away our master's strength?" "I!" said I, "and I will not give it back; I have torn out a bit of his tail." "That will cause a great misfortune, he is lying there struggling for life, and is perishing before one's very eyes!" "What do I care for that; all that I care for is to get out of this place again." Then the dwarf said, "I am king over sixteen dwarfs, what will you give me if I have you taken out again? They have all been at school, and have learnt everything."

So I said, "My mother has a cow and I have a goat, you shall have one of them." So eight dwarfs went with me, and as we got outside the door a great dog was lying there, and they made a stick of frog's teeth, and struck it on the mouth and made it go back. Then we went a long way onwards and came to a great piece of water, and the dwarfs made a rope of womens' beards, and fishes' hair, and with that they drew me over. We walked for a long time through the great forest, and they exactly knew the way along which the creature had dragged me. We went along the same road until we came to my mother's door, and I told her where I had been. She gave me the goat, and I set the dwarfs on in turn, the biggest first, and the smallest last; there they sat in a row like the pipes of an organ, and then I gave a push to the goat and it ran away, and as long as I have lived I have never seen them again. The journey into Schlauraffenland is also to be found in a collection of Swiss *Kühreihen** (3rd edition, Bern. 1818, p. 77). The flea goes into Schlauraffenland, and cows walk on stilts, goats wear boots, an ass dances on a tight-rope, peasants sell their wives from Christmas till May, and cows fly up to the storks' nests and hatch the eggs. It is a hot summer and yet everything is frozen. Chairs and benches beat each other, the cupboard screams violently, the table is terrified; the stove says to the door, "Would that we were outside."

159.—The Ditmars Tale of Wonders.

From Vieth's *Chronik*. Compare *Alterthumszeitung*, 1813, No. 6, p. 29. An old poem about a liar, in a manuscript at Vienna (No. 428, St. 181), is quite in this spirit. Compare Keller's *Fastnachtspiele*, p. 93, and following. There is a lying-tale from the Odenwald, in Wolf's *Hausmärchen*, p. 422; and one from Holstein, in Müllenhoff, No. 32; a Swabian in Meier, No. 76; and variants are to be found in Pröhle's *Märchen für die Jugend*, No. 40, and in Kuhn und Schwartz, No. 12. Compare No. 138.

160.—The Riddling Tale.

From a popular book on riddles of the beginning of the sixteenth century, communicated in Haupt's *Zeitschrift*, 3. 34. Being changed into a flower in the field occurs also in *Dearest Roland*, (No. 56). The deliverance here reminds us of the *Queen of the Bees*, who discovered the maiden who had eaten honey by lighting on her mouth (No. 62). There are other riddling-tales in Müllenhoff, pp. 503, 504.

* Ranz-des-vaches.

161.—Snow-white and Rose-red.

I have used Caroline Stahl's story, *Der undankbare Zwerg*, the contents of which will be given afterwards, but I have told it in my own fashion. The saying—

> "Snowy-white, rosy-red,
> Will ye strike your lover dead?"

which is taken from a popular song, is to be found in a child's story in the *Taschenbuch Minerva*, for the year 1813, p. 32, and may refer to this story. Here the malicious nature of the dwarf is predominant, and the bear appears to take revenge on him for his own transformation into the shape of that animal, of which the dwarf seems to have been the cause.

162.—The Wise Servant.

The origin of this is "*The* 101 *Psalm expounded by Martin Luther*," Wittenberg, 1533, 4to, ending with "by Hans Lufft, 1535," folio G. 111[b]. Luther no doubt knew the story by oral tradition.

163.—The Glass Coffin.

From a romance, *Das verwöhnte Mutter-söhnchen*, or Polidor's strange and most amusing life at school and the university, by Sylvano, Freiburg, 1728, p. 22. The substance is not altered, but we have told it in rather a different manner. Though this is overworked, and has some additions, it has some affinity to a genuine saga.

164.—Lazy Harry.

The ground-work of this story is taken from *Proverbiorum copia*, a collection of some hundreds of Latin and German sayings by Eucharius Eyering, Eisleben, 1601, vol. 1. pp. 70–73. There is a still more circumstantial story in vol. 2. 392–394. The bit about the slow snail at the end, occurs in the letters of Elizabeth of Orleans, with which Keller's *Altdeutsche Erzählungen*, p. 584, should be compared. A similar story is to be found in the *Zeitvertreiber* (1668), p. 466, 469. But the story was also known in the East; compare *Pantscha Tantra*, p. 210, and *Bidpai* (in Philip Wolf's translation, 2. 3), from whence Hans Sachs has taken it (Nuremberg edition, 4. 3, 54), there it is told of a monk, or hermit, with different details. The man intends to buy ten goats with the money which he has got for the honey he has collected, and so on from one thing to another until he has gained great wealth, and then he will take to himself a beautiful wife, and will chastise the son which she will bear him with his stick if the boy is not obedient.

165.—The Griffin.

We owe this excellent version to Friedrich Schmid, a Swiss, from whom we have received it by the intervention of Wackernagel. Its contents are peculiar to itself, and yet it resembles *The Devil with the Three Golden Hairs*, No. 29. No. 13, in Müllenhoff, is still more nearly related to it, and so is a Danish story in Etlar, p. 129. In Holstein there is, as Etlar remarks, a characteristic tradition of a boat which can sail both on water and land; but in Finland, too, we hear of a golden boat which sails of its own accord over land and sea, see Schiefner, p. 611. Perhaps this was originally intended to point out the course of the sun.

166.—Strong Hans.

Written down by a Swiss named Hagenbach, and communicated by Wackernagel. It is allied to the Elves (No. 91), and also to a story from Lusatia in M. Haupt's *Zeitschrift*, 2. 358–360, and in Leopold Haupt's *Lausitzische Magazin*, 19. 86–90; here the strong man carries a large smith's hammer instead of the iron bar. It is a widely-spread tradition, and is found in Sommer, p. 108; in Stöber's *Alsatia*, 1852, p. 77, 88; in Meier, No. 1; in Müllenhoff, No. 16; always with variations in some particulars, but the supernatural strength, and the higher nature is, as with Siegfried, never to be mistaken. In a Wallachian story, Schott, No. 119, the woman falls into the power of a bear. A part only of a Slavonian story, No. 6, in Vogl, is like ours.

167.—The Peasant in Heaven.

Taken down by Friedrich Schmid, in the neighbourhood of Aarau, and excellently told.

168.—Lean Lizzie.

From Kirchhof's *Wendunmut* (Frankf. 1581), p. 131ᵇ–132ᵇ. Allied to *Lazy Harry* (No. 164).

169.—The Hut in the Forest.

This story was taken down from oral tradition by Karl Gödeke, at Deligsen, near Alefeld, and communicated by him to us. The picture so often set before us in the old animal stories, of human beings and domestic animals dwelling together under the same roof, is here well painted. The animals are regarded as part of the family, and cared for as such. That this should be done because it was seen that they were transformed human beings, was a motive which only had weight afterwards, and the old man who plays the

part of Frau Holle only wanted to try the goodness of the girls' heart.

170.—Sharing Joy and Sorrow.

From Wickram's *Rollwagen* (1590), folio, 30ᵇ–31. It is rather different in the *Zeitvertreiber* (1668), p. 415, 416. It is a humourous popular jest like the story of the *Wise Servant* (No. 162).

171.—The Willow-wren.

From a story picked up by Pastor Musäus, which is printed in the *Schriften des Meklenburger Vereins*, and also from another heard by K. Gödeke in Lachendorf. The story is widely distributed and frequently told; see *Büchlein für die Jugend* (1834), p. 242–248. It is related by Halling, in Mone's *Anzeiger*, 1835, p. 313; by Firminich in the patois of the Principality of Calenberg, 1. 186; by Pröhle, in the *Kindermärchen*, No. 64; by Woeste, in the *Volksüberlieferungen aus der Grafschaft Mark*, p. 93. See also Kuhn's *Sagen und Märchen*, p. 293, 294. Compare the beginning of this story with the *Neue preussische Provinzialblätter*, 1. 436, and following. It is proved in Wolf's *Zeitschrift*, 1. 2, that the story appeared as early as in the second half of the thirteenth century in Barachja Nikdani. But its antiquity is much greater, as is shown by a passage in Pliny, 10, 74, which has been pointed out by Massmann (*Jahrbücher der Berliner Gesellschaft für deutsche Sprache*, 9, 67), "dissident aquila et trochilus, si credimus, quoniam rex appellatur avium;" and in Aristotle we find τροχίλος ἀετῷ πολέμιος. Here by his cunning the smallest bird gains the mastery over the eagle, just as dwarfs and crafty little tailors triumph over strong giants. In a negro story (Kölle, p. 168) a bird is victorious in a contest with an elephant.

172.—The Sole.

Like the preceding story, but with a change to the realm of fishes.

173.—The Bittern and Hoopoe.

Also from Musäus.

174.—The Owl.

From Kirchhof's *Wendunmut*, p. 161–163, with which the story *Courage*, 2. 217, in *Simplicissimus*, should be compared. It is a good piece of fun of the Lalenbürger kind.

175.—The Moon.

From Kirchhof's *Wendunmut*, p. 176. As however it is derived from *Bidpai* (Ph. Wolf's translation, 1. 5), the story of *The Moon*

(No. 182), in Pröhle's *Märchen für die Jugend*, will in our next edition be substituted for it. This breathes the spirit of primeval times, and might occur in the Finnish epic *Kalevala* (Rune 47). Lousi, who also concealed sampo in the Kupferberg, captures the sun and moon, and in a story from the neighbourhood of Archangel (Rudbek, 2. 1, 28, Schiefner, 605), the sun, moon, and dawn have for three years been in the power of three dragons. They only shine while those who have stolen them come on shore to receive a king's daughter. The three dragons are killed one after the other by three brave youths, assisted by wolves, and thus the dawn, moon, and sun are given back to the world.

176.—The Duration of Life.

This story was told at Kassel auf dem Feld, by a peasant from Zwehrn, in the year 1838. Strangely enough it also occurs with some variations in Babrius (No. 74), *Furia*, 278, *Coray*, 149. The ass, dog, and ape do not appear there, but the horse, the bullock, and the dog. Trembling with the frost, they come to the man's house. He opens his door, and lets them warm themselves by his fire. He gives barley to the horse, pulse to the bullock, and food from his own table to the dog. Grateful for the kindness which has been shown to them, they make a present to the man, by giving up to him a portion of the time allotted to themselves to live. The horse does it at once, and this is why man is so extremely gay in his youth; then the bullock, and that is why in the middle of his life man labours so hard to accumulate wealth. The dog gives the last years, and for that reason old people are always cross, only pleased with those who give them their food, and have little regard for hospitality. Our story is more significant, and has more internal consistence than the Greek story; there is a better reason for the transfer of the years, for in the Greek story we do not know how the man, whose age we do not gather, but who does not seem to lack vigour and cheerfulness, is to make use of the horse's gift. Gödeke zu Gengenbach, p. 588, points out a Hebrew story in a poem of Jehuda Levy Krakau Ben Sef (in the *Zeitschrift Hamassef*, Königsberg, 1788, 2. 388), in which an ass, dog, and ape likewise appear, and surrender a portion of the amount of life which has been assigned to them, to satisfy the still not satisfied man.

177.—Death's Messengers.

From Kirchhof's *Wendunmut*, 2, No. 123; Colshorn, No. 68, from the same source. See also Pauli's *Schimpf und Ernst*, chap. 151. Hulderich Wolgemut's *Æsopus*, fable 198, and a Master song in the Colmar MS. (von der Hagen's *Sammlung für altdeutsche*

Literatur, 187, 188). The last part is likewise in the Latin *Æsop* of Joach. Camerarius (1564), p. 347, 348, and in Gregor Bersmann's (1590), but neither Greek nor Roman fable-poets are acquainted with it. The story was known as early as in the 13th century, for Hug von Trimberg tells it in the Rener 23666–23722.

178.—Master Pfriem.

From a story in *Neust's Kinderbibliothek* (Hildburghausen, 1827), 2, 143, 144. Compare L. Wiese's *Märchenwald* (Barmen, 1841). I am able to point out an embodiment of the idea which is at least three hundred years older. Martin Heineccius wrote a Latin comedy in verse, which he afterwards translated into German. It appears under the name of *Hans Pfriem oder Meister Kecks*; nothing is said about the place of publication, 1852 (*sic*), is at the end of the preface, and it was reprinted at Leipzig in 1603, and at Magdeburg in 1606 (See Gottsched's *Nöthiger Vorrat zur Geschichte der deutschen dramatischen Dichtkunst*, 1. 119, 2. 244). In his preface the author relates the story on which his poem is founded, and observes in the conclusion, that Dr. Luther knew and enjoyed it, as may be seen by his *Sermon on the 15th chap. of the First Epistle to the Corinthians.* Long ago there was a waggoner called Hans Pfriem, who was a very extraordinary old fellow, proud of his head, and thought every one was to take advice from him, but that he was to take it from no one. But as Hans Pfriem was so entirely unbearable and fidgetty, and so desperately overwise, he was not wanted in Paradise, and orders were given not to let him in if he should die. He did die, and slipped in as best he could before any one was aware. When they were about to drive him out he spoke them fair, and promised to behave well, so they let him stay. But in a very short time, when he saw all kinds of things, and the way people managed them in Paradise, where everything was done in a peculiar heavenly way which he did not understand, and could not bring his mind to grasp, he was secretly exasperated, and on the point of wishing that he had never got in at all. For such people are enraged when things are not done in their own way. However he stifled much of what he felt, and let nothing of it be seen, but could not help being secretly astonished when he saw the maidens drawing water in the rooms; some carried it in old casks full of holes, which always remained full though the water ran out of them. This he could not comprehend, and it seemed most strange to him. He saw much more of the same kind, and yet dared not criticise it. Once he saw them trying to go through a narrow alley with a long squared beam laid athwart their shoulders. It nearly killed him, but he dared not let a word slip. At length he came across a waggoner who, having

stuck fast in the deepest mire with horses and cart in a pool, and being unable to move either backwards or forwards, harnessed two horses behind, and two in front, and urged them on. This Hans Pfriem could not endure, because driving was his own occupation; so in a fury he cried to the waggoner, and reproved him for his foolish project, as it seemed to him, bade him harness the horses together and drive them on. This was his ruin, for so soon as it became known that he had broken the agreement, and forgotten his promise, they sent directly and reminded him that he would have to quit Paradise. At first he was in despair, but speedily took heart again, and was rude and insolent to all the spirits of the saints who came to show him the way out. He upbraided them one and all with the sins for which they are decried in the world. He twitted the two thieves who had been crucified by the side of Christ, with the gallows; Mary Magdalene with unchastity, and with the seven devils; Zachæus with his falseness, thieving, and skill in finance; St. Peter with his denial of Christ, his oath, perjury, and other things; St. Paul with persecutions and blasphemy; Moses with the want of faith and doubt, by which he forfeited the promised land, and even with the fact that God would not allow the place of his grave to be known. In this way did Hans Pfriem protect himself, and cover all the saints with shame until no one ventured to drive him out, inasmuch as they all felt that they had been quite as great sinners as he. What then did they do? They sent to him the innocent children whom Herod had murdered, and as they had died in child-like innocence, and were without any former sins, Hans Pfriem was unable to accuse them of anything; but he very soon thought of a trick by which he could protect himself from them too, and divided among them gingerbread and apples with which people do pacify children, and then took them out for a walk and shook down apples, pears, and other fruit for them, played with them, and amused them until they too forgot to turn him out. Here also Pfriem refuses to leave Heaven, and contrives to protect himself skilfully and cunningly, but his spirit of resistance is seen in the reproaches which he makes to the saints. He is here not a shoemaker, but a waggoner, and is described in the dramatis personæ of the Comedy as Fuhrpech; Schusterpech would be more suitable. The name of Pfriem suits his trade too (subula, awl). In Wolf's *Zeitschrift für deutsche Mythologie* (2. 2–7), it is proved that in reality he belongs to the stormers of heaven.

179.—The Goose-Girl at the Well.

From a story by Andreas Schuhmacher, in Vienna, which is to be found in Kletke's *Almanach*, No. 2.

180.—Eve's Various Children.

From Hans Sachs, who has thrice treated this tradition—twice dramatically in the year 1553 (Nuremberg edition, 3. 1. 243, 1. 1. 10), and once as a jest, 1558 (2. 4. 83), and in this last best. On the whole, they tally with each other; but the dramatic poems are planned and carried out more circumstantially. The variations are specified in Haupt's *Zeitschrift*, 2. 258–260, where other information is to be found. Hans Sachs names a Latin poem of Philip Melancthon's as the origin of the story, but it did not originate with him; it is told, and apparently from a Latin source, by Wied, in a letter to Count Johann IV. His version differs slightly in some particulars from that of Hans Sachs. The message that God is intending to pay a visit is not brought by an angel, but Eve looks out of the window and sees him approaching with the angels. She had just begun to wash the children for a festival which was drawing near, but had not washed them all. So she ordered those who were still unwashed to conceal themselves in the hay and straw, but sent those who were ready to meet the Lord. And now God catechised them most strictly. Abel repeated the whole of the Creed, and after him Seth and his sisters were examined, and all acquitted themselves excellently, but then the Lord commanded Cain and the others, whose absence had not escaped the knowledge of the Almighty, to be summoned. Cain came sulkily out with bits of straw and hay-seeds sticking in his uncombed hair. He said the Creed all wrong, left bits out, and spoke very rudely. Thereupon the Lord bade Abel come forward, laid his hands on him and ordained him as a priest; Seth was to be a king, but the clownish Cain was only to be a servant. When Eve lamented, God comforted her, gave his right hand to the children when he departed, and the mother accompanied him a great way from her own house, until he bade her return home, and, concealed in a cloud, ascended to heaven. A story in Agricola's *Sprichwörter* (in the Low-German Magdeburg edition, folio, 127ᵇ, No. 264), which more nearly resembles the jest than the dramatic poems and Melancthon's version, is older, and dates from the year 1528. A less valuable rendering of the story is to be found in George Rudolf Widmann's *Wahrhaftige Historien von den grewlichen and abschewlichen Sünden, so D. Joh. Faustus hat getrieben* (Hamburg, 1799), i. 237, 238; nevertheless some variations prove that Widmann neither derived it from Hans Sachs nor from Melancthon, but followed some other written or oral account. The Lord finds the house shut up, and knocks. Adam and Eve perceive him through a chink. In Melancthon's version also Eve looks through the window and sees God from afar, whereas, according to Hans Sachs, a message by an

angel announces him. The motive given by Widmann and Agricola for Eve's hiding some of her children, viz. that she was afraid that God would reprimand her for having such a number, is ignored by Melancthon and Hans Sachs, it is much more mother-like that she should pick out the pretty and hide the ugly ones. But Agricola and Melancthon's stories agree in this, that Eve, while washing her children for a festival, was surprised by a visit. In Hans Sachs it is only after receiving the message that Adam gives orders to clean the house, to strew it with green boughs, and dress up the children. The last presentation of the story entirely lacks the catechising, but the hiding-places of the children and the various offices they are to fill, are described more fully one by one. The story in Eyering's *Sprichwörter*, I. 773–74, corresponds on the whole with the jest of Hans Sachs. But there is a still more ancient testimony to the existence of the story. In the year 1509, a dramatic performance was given at Freiberg in Saxony, entitled *The History of Adam and Eve's Children, and how the Lord God spoke to them, and examined them.* There is a full account of it in Haupt's *Abhandlung.* There the story is linked with the *Lied von Rigr dem Wanderer* in the *Edda*, in which the god Heimdallr goes to the three couples and establishes difference of rank. The ancient saga transferred itself finally to Adam and Eve.

181.—The Nix in the Mill-Pond.

From a story current in Upper Lusatia, in Haupt's *Zeitschrift*, 2. 257, 267. Here again we have a malicious Nix, while in other stories of this kind, as in No. 34, the Devil takes her place, but the benevolent old woman who helps the unfortunate is not lacking.

182.—Little Folks' Presents.

This was picked up by Sommer in Halle, pp. 81–86. The shaving the hair and beard by spirits occurs elsewhere, among other places in a story by Musäus. The elves, especially when angry, like to bestow a hideous form on a man and disfigure him. Just as in this story, the goldsmith receives as a punishment for his greediness a second hump in front on his breast, so in the *Irische Märchen* (3), mischievous Jack Madden has one given him in addition to that which he has already, and it presses him to death. In a story from Brittany (Souvestre, p. 180) which on the whole tallies with the Irish one, the covetous man is after all only punished by having a single hump given him. In our previous edition there is the trial by means of peas, but we have omitted it in this, as it is apparently derived from Andersen (see p. 42). It also occurs in Cavallius, p. 222.

183.—The Giant and the Tailor.

In Ziska, pp. 9-13, and belongs to the same group as *The Valiant Little Tailor*, No. 20.

184.—The Nail.

From a story in the *Büchlein für die Jugend*, pp. 71, 72. A similar thought occurs in a saying in Freidank 79. 19-80. 1.

ich hore sagen die wîsen *
ein nagel behalte ein îsen
ein îsenz ros, ein ros den man
ein man die burc, der strîten kan:
ein burc daz lant betwinget,
daz ez nâch hulden ringet.
der nagel der ist wol bewant
der îsen ros man burc unt lant
solher êren geholfen hât
dâ von sîn name sô hôhe stât.

185.—The Poor Boy in the Grave.

From a story in the *Büchlein für die Jugend*, pp. 71, 72. *Hans at School*, pp. 100-103, in Vogl's *Grossmütterchen*, should be compared.

186.—The True Sweetheart.

From Upper Lusatia. See Haupt's *Zeitschrift*, 2. 481-486.

187.—The Hare and the Hedgehog.

Written down from oral tradition in the neighbourhood of Osnabrück; for more particular information, see Wolf's *Zeitschrift für deutsche Mythologie*, 1. 381-383. Firminich has included it, see 1. 210, 211. *Het Wetloopen tüschen den Haasen und den Swinegel up de Buxtehuder heid*, in Bildern von Gustav. Sus. Düsseldorf (no year). A translation of the Low-German text is added in High-German. *De Swienegel als Wettrenner*. A Low-German story, newly illustrated and provided with a short epilogue by J. P. T. Leyser, Hamburg (no year). Klaus Groth relates it in a beautiful poem in *Quickborn*, pp. 185-189. The extreme antiquity of the story is incontestable, for in Haupt's *Zeitschrift*, 398, 400, Massmann has published an old German poem containing a 13th century version of it, in which the cunning fox is deceived by

* I hear wise folks say that a nail may save a horse-shoe—a shoe a horse; a horse a man; a man who can fight,—a fortress; a fortress may compel a land to sue for mercy. The nail therefore is well spent, which helped the shoe, the horse, man, fortress, and land to such honour, so its name should stand high.

the little crab. This, though varying a little, agrees in the main with the Low-German stories. The fox seeing the crab lying on the grass ridiculed its slow way of walking, and said, "When will you get across this meadow? You could walk backwards better than forwards." The crab haughtily replied that he could run better than the gods, and offered to run a race of one mile with him from Lune to Toskan. The fox consented, and a stake was agreed on. The crab wished to give the fox the start, and to run behind him. So the fox turned his back on the crab, and the crab, without his adversary being aware of it, seized hold of his tail with his claws. The fox ran as fast as he could, and when he reached the goal turned round and cried, "Where is the crab now?" The crab was standing before him, and replied, "Here am I, how slowly you have run!" So the fox lost the wager. A story from the neighbourhood of Mark, Kuhn, p. 243, is almost the same, only the conclusion is differently told, viz. that when the fox is very near the goal, the crab nips his tail so hard that the fox flings it round in a fury, and the crab is thrown to the winning-post and cries as victor, "Huzza for the crab!" (Krebsjuchhe). A village was afterwards built on the spot, and received the name of Krebsjuchhe, which was corrupted into Krebsjauche. Here we ought to quote the saying, mentioned by Eyering, 2. 447, "A crab may outstrip a hare." A Wendish story (see Leop. Haupt, 2. 160) is very like this. A fox came to a pond and was about to drink. A frog croaked at him, and the fox said menacingly, "Go away, or I will swallow thee!" "Don't be so arrogant," replied the frog, "I am nimbler than thou." The fox laughed at him, and said, "We will run into the town, and then we shall soon see." The fox turned round, and the frog jumped on his tail. Reynard then began to run, but when he was near the gate, he turned round to see if the frog were following, and in an instant the frog leaped down from his tail, and went in by the gate. When the fox had turned round again and came to the gate, the frog was already at the goal, and cried to him, "Art thou here at last? I am just on my way back home, I thought thou wouldst never come at all."

Burkard Waldis gives the story another but a good form in his *Æsopus*, p. 172*b* (Book 3. Fab. 76), and from it Eyering has taken the race between the hare and the snail in his *Sprichwörter*, 3. 154.

Waldis probably did not derive the story from oral tradition, but from some old writer of fables. The incident of the swift hare being misled by its own indifference and natural inclination for sitting quiet and falling asleep, and leaving the slow snail time enough to reach the goal before him, is excellent.

In another story (Waldis, p. 306^{b} 4. 79), which is rather different in its development, the crab reappears, and is ridiculed

by the pike for its ungainly walk. A race between a fox and bear, in which the fox uses a stratagem of the same kind, is spoken of in the notes to No. 48.

188.—The Spindle, the Shuttle and the Needle.

From the *Büchlein für die Jugend*, pp. 160-166. These are implements which are used by industrious people, which here like good spirits, show their gratitude, and try to bring good fortune on the girl.

189.—The Peasant and the Devil.

From the *Büchlein für die Jugend*, pp. 249-251. We have omitted a bad ill-conceived ending in which the Devil and the peasant try which of them can endure the greatest heat; on the other hand a better conclusion to the story is to be found in Müllenhoff, p. 278. When the Devil sees that he is betrayed, he threatens to come the next day but one, when the peasant and he will have a scratching-match with each other. The peasant is afraid, but his wife encourages him, and says that she will soon manage the Devil. The peasant goes away, and when the Devil comes, she says to him, "Just look! my husband has made this great scratch right across my beautiful oak-table with the nail of his little finger!" "Where is he then?" says the Devil. "Where should he be but with the smith? He is having his nails sharpened!" Whereupon the Devil quickly makes off. For a Danish story, see Thiele, 2. 249, where a miner appears. On the other hand, in an Esthonian story (*Reinhart Fuchs*, cclxxxviii), it is a bear which is betrayed by the peasant; and here we have quite a different and characteristic conclusion, according to which the fox contrives by his cunning that the bear, who wants to take away the man's oxen, shall be bound by him and killed. In Danish, see Thiele, 2. 249, *The Peasant and the Forest.* In French, see Rabelais, 4. chap. 45, 47. See a poem of Rückert's, p. 75, in which the story has been taken from an Arabian source. There is a popular superstition that fruits which grow above ground should be sown in light that is increasing, and those which grow underground in that which is decreasing. In Normandy, even at this day, they tell how St. Michael and the Devil disputed with each other as to which could build the most beautiful church. The Devil built one of stone; Michael put together one more beautiful still made of ice. Afterwards, when this melted, both of them wanted to cultivate the ground; the Devil chose as his own what grew above ground, and Michael retained for himself what was hidden in the earth. Compare *Deutsche Mythologie*, 678, 980, 981.

190.—The Crumbs on the Table.

From the Swiss, communicated by W. Wackernagel in Haupt's *Zeitschrift*, 3. 36, 37.

192.—The Master-Thief.

Taken from a story picked up by Friedrich Stertzing in Thuringia, which is given in Haupt's *Zeitschrift*. Thieving tricks of this kind which are pardoned because of the clever stratagems by means of which they have been performed, are related in many different forms. For other stories belonging to this group, see Kuhn and Schwartz, p. 362; Wolf's *Hausmärchen*, p. 397; Zingerle, p. 300; Meier, No. 55; In Norwegian, Asbjörnsen, p. 218; and in Italian, Straparola, 1. 2. The well-known story in Herodotus, (2. 121) of the Egyptian king Rhampsinitus, whose treasure-chamber was robbed by the sons of his late architect, is nearly related to this. Information as to the different renderings of the story is to be found in Dunlop (see Liebrecht's translation, pp. 63, 64), also in Keller's introduction to the *Sept Sages*, cxciii., and in Bühel's *Diocletian*, p. 55. There is also an old Netherlandish poem, *De deif van Brugghe*, in Haupt's *Zeitschrift*, 5. 385-404.

192.—The Drummer.

From a story heard by K. Gödeke, in the Eichsfeld, which he has communicated to us. It ends much in the same way as one in Kuhn and Schwartz (No. 11, p. 347). The shirt found on the shore which is re-demanded during the night is the dress of a swan-maiden.

194.—The Ear of Corn.

From the *Zeitschrift des Vereins für hessische Geschichte*, 114. Compare Bechstein's *Märchenbuch*, p. 113, and Vonbun, p. 23.

195.—The Grave-mound.

From the *Zeitschrift des Vereins für hessische Geschichte*, vol. 4. There is another version from Hesse in Wolf's *Zeitschrift*, 1. 246, and one, which again differs, in Pröhle's *Kindermärchen*, No. 18.

196.—Old Rinkrank.

From the Frisian *Archiv von Ehrentraut*, 1. 162.

197.—The Crystal Ball.

After Friedmund Arnim, p. 92. Another story, see Pröhle's *Kindermärchen*, No. 1, is more like the form of the story given by

Musäus in part 1, *The Three Sisters*, the notes to which should be consulted. See *The Three Enchanted Princes*, *Pentamerone* (4. 3).

198.—Maid Maleen.

From Müllenhoff, No. 5, p. 391. This is an excellent tale, both as regards matter and completeness. The oft-told recognition of the true bride is beautifully described. In Swedish, see Cavallius, p. 320; in Danish, Molbech, p. 88.

199.—The Boots of Buffalo Leather.

From Friedmund Arnim, p. 22. Another but inferior version is to be found in Wolf's *Hausmärchen*, p. 65, *Die schlechten Kameraden*.

200.—The Golden Key.

From Hesse. There is a similar story from the neighbourhood of Bernburg, in Adolf Gutbier's *Deutsches Sprachbuch*. (Augsb. 1853), 843. The little hen finds a little key among the cinders, and the little cock finds a little box. They open it, and a small red silk fur-coat is inside it. If the fur-coat had but been longer, the story would have been longer too.

NOTES TO THE CHILDREN'S LEGENDS.

Of these stories the first seven were obtained from the neighbourhood of Paderborn through the kindness of the Harthaus family, to which we are indebted for so much that is contained in this collection. They are stories applied to sacred history, which, like many folklore rhymes have grown into popular beliefs. Thus, for instance, it is believed that on every Saturday the sun shines once; for every Friday the Mother of God walks through Purgatory, and then the unhappy souls come and kiss the hem of her robe, and weep so much that it is quite wet. Therefore on Saturday the sun shines once to dry it again. Also that when the Virgin Mary crosses the mountains, small flowers of a particular kind spring up in great profusion. These are called the Virgin's slippers (Lady's slippers) because she has crossed the mountains in them. Every year God looks down from Heaven three times, and if he then sees any one sitting idle, that man may sit idle as long as he lives, and yet have enough to live on, and no need to provide for the morrow, but he who happens to be working just then, will have to work all the days of his life. This is why

people say, "Whatsoever God sees us doing, that we shall have to go on doing."

1. *St. Joseph in the Forest* is in reality the story of the *Three Little Men in the Wood* (No. 13).

2. *The twelve Apostles* is allied to the saga of the hero who lies sleeping inside the mountain, and will only awake again at the appointed time. Compare *Die drei Telle*, in the *Deutsche Sagen*, 1. 297.

3. *The Rose.* A rose, especially a white one, is elsewhere also regarded as the emblem of death, and its opening as that of everlasting life; compare *Die Sage von dem Dom zu Lübeck*, in the *Deutsche Sagen*, 1. 24.

4. *Poverty and Humility lead to Heaven.* The patient drudge who lies beneath the stairs gains for himself the eternal happiness of heaven. This story is framed on the legend of St. Alexis, which can best be learnt from Massmann's *Zusammenstellungen.*

5. *God's Food.* This reminds us of the ballad, *Von zwei unbarmherzigen Schwestern in Brabant.* Similar stories are to be found in *Deutsche Sagen*, No. 240; Wolf's *Niederländische Sagen*, Nos. 153, 362, 363; and in Müllenhoff, p. 145.

6. *The three green Twigs.* According to the well-known poem, Tannhäuser also was to have expiated his sins when a white wand began to cover itself with foliage.

7. *Our Lady's little Glass.* Here, as in many other stories, we see love and kindness rewarded.

8. *The aged Mother.* From Hesse, it is allied with the story of the *Geisterkirche* (*Deutsche Sagen*, 1. 175).

9. *The Heavenly Wedding.* From Mecklenburg; but it is also known in the province of Münster. It has a remarkable resemblance to an Indian saga of an image which ate what an innocent boy set before it (Polier, 2. 362, 303). A similar story is told in Switzerland of a pious boy who served in a monastery. He was ordered to carry water in a sieve, and, as he was innocent, he did it without a single drop falling through. In the same way the Indian Mariatale, as long as her thoughts are pure, carries water without any vessel whatsoever, but rolled up in the form of a ball.

10. *The Hazel-Branch.* From Vonbun's *Volkssagen aus Vorarlberg*, p. 7.

FRAGMENTS.

1.—The Man on the Gallows.

Some visitors came to an old woman's house late in the evening, and she had no food left, and did not know what to cook for them, so she went to the gallows where a dead man was hanging, cut out his liver, and roasted it for the strangers, who ate it.

At midnight there was a knock at the door; the woman opened it, and a dead man was standing there with bare head, no eyes, and with a wound in his body.

"Where is thy hair?"
"The wind has blown it away."
"Where are thine eyes?"
"The ravens have picked them out."
"Where is thy liver?"
"Thou hast devoured it."

2.—The Louse.

There was once a Princess who was so clean that there certainly could not be a cleaner person in the world. She could not endure to have the smallest speck of dirt or stain upon her. But in spite of all her cleanliness it came to pass that a louse was once found on her head. Every one exclaimed, "This is a miracle; the louse must not be killed, it must be fed up with milk." So it was taken away with the greatest care. The good food made it grow, and it grew much bigger than any louse had ever yet been, nay, at last, it was as big as a calf. When it died, the Princess had its skin taken off, dressed, and prepared, and a dress for herself made out of it. When a wooer came she set him to guess what animal's skin she was wearing as a dress. As however, none of them were so fortunate as to be able to do this, they all had to depart one after the other. At length one came who after all did penetrate the mystery. There can be no doubt that this is from a story which is allied to the Italian one, *The Flea*, in the *Pentamerone*, 1. 5.

3.—Strong Hans.

Strong Hans goes to the Devil in hell, and wants to serve him, and sees the pans in which souls are imprisoned standing beside the fire. Full of pity, he lifts up the lids and sets the souls free, on which the Devil at once drives him away. Compare No. 52, *Deutsche Sagen*.

4.—Puss in Boots.

This story is generally told like the French version in Perrault, but there is a very good and characteristic one in Transylvania (See *Der Federkönig* No. 13, in Haltrich's *MS. Collection*). The idea also occurs in an Austrian popular song, see Schottky and Ziska, p. 12:

Hop, hop, Heserlmann,
Unsre Katz hat Schtiferln an,

---

* Leap, Mannikin, leap,
Our cat has boots on his feet.

Rennt damid af Hollabrun *
Findt a Kindl in de Sunn.
Wiä soll's hoassen
Kitzl oda Goassl?

See the story of *Puss in Boots* as treated by Straparola, Basile, Perrault, and Ludwig Tieck, with twelve etchings by Otto Speckter, Leipzig, 1843, 4to. Straparola, 11. 1. *Pentamerone*, 2. 4. In Norwegian, Asbjörnsen, p. 200. In Swedish, Cavallius, No. 12.

5.—The Wicked Step-mother.

There was once on a time a wicked old queen, who, while her son was at the wars, caused her daughter-in-law and her two children to be imprisoned in a cellar. Then one day she said to the cook, "Go and kill one of the children and cook it for me, I want to eat it." "What kind of a sauce will you have?" "I'll have a brown one," said the wicked woman. The cook could not find it in his heart to kill the lovely child, and its mother begged so piteously that he took a little pig and cooked it, and the old woman ate the food with great relish. Not long afterwards, she again summoned the cook and said, "Child's flesh tastes so delicate, do cook the other child for me." "With what kind of sauce?" "With white sauce," said the woman. The cook, however, did as he had done the first time, and set a sucking-pig before her, which she ate with still greater pleasure. Finally, the old woman wanted to eat the young queen as well, and the cook killed a hart in her stead.

And now the young queen had hard work to keep her children from screaming so that the old woman might not hear that they were still alive.

The Italian and French stories of *Briar-Rose* in Perrault and Basile (*Pentamerone*, 5. 5), have the same conclusion as this, but the German story lacks it. Comp. Notes to No. 50.

And runs in them to Hollabrun
And finds a baby in the sun.
What kind of name shall we give to it,
Shall it be cat, or shall it be kit?

* A market-town in Lower Austria.

6.

FRAGMENTS OF POPULAR SONGS, WHICH ARE STORY-LIKE IN CHARACTER:

"Wickerlein, Weckerlein,*
wilt mit mie essen?
bring mie ein Messer,
Wickerlein, Weckerlein
laüf über's Aeckerlein,
Hat mehr Bein als meiner Hund kein."

Fischart's *Gargantua im Spielverzeichnis*, chapt. 25.

"Die Finger krachen,†
Die Männer wachen." *Ibid.*

"Mathes, gang ein! Pilatus, gang aus!‡
Ist eine arme Seele draus.
Arme Seele, wo kommst du her?
Aus Regen und Wind
Aus dem feurigen Ring."
Poems of Andr. Gryphius, p. 768.

VARIOUS TESTIMONIES TO THE VALUE OF FAIRY TALES.

1. In the *Lysistrata* of Aristophanes the chorus of old men begins with, "I will tell ye a story" (*μῦθον*), and they tell of Melanion, who had not loved women, but had only taken pleasure in going hunting on the mountains. In the antistrophe of the women, where the expression is repeated, the story of the misanthrope Timon is related.

2. Strabo, i. 2 (p. 51, ed. Siebenkees). We tell children pretty stories to gladden them (*τοῖς τε γαρ παισὶ προσφέρομεν τοὺς μύθους εἰς προτροπεῖν*); but to restrain them, we tell them terrible ones like that of Lamia, the Gorgon, Ephialtes, and the Mormolukê).§

* Caterpillar, caterpillar, wilt eat with me?
Bring me a knife; caterpillar, run across the little field,
No dog has more legs than mine!

† The fingers crack, the men are watching.

‡ Matthew come in! Pilate go out! Is an unhappy soul outside? Poor soul whence comest thou? Out of the rain and out of the wind, and out of the fiery circle.

§ Lamia was a woman who devoured children. The Gorgon was a woman with snakes for hair, with brazen hands, and teeth as large as boar's tusks; her aspect killed and turned to stone. Ephialtes was a heaven-storming giant who placed Ossa on Olympus, and Pelion on Ossa. The Mormolukai are ghosts and goblins.

3. Plutarch, *Theseus.* All kinds of stories (*μῦθοι*) were told at the festival Oschophoria, as the mothers related such things to their children before their departure (to Crete, and decided by lot), to give them courage.

4 Quinctilianus (*Instit.* 1. 9).

Igitur Aesopi fabellas quae fabulis nutricularum proxime succedunt, narrare sermone puro et nihil se supra modum extollente . . condiscant.

5. Apuleius (*Metamorph.* iv.).

Sed ego te narrationibus lepidis anilibusque fabulis protinus evocabo.

6. Tertullianus (*adversus Valentinianos* liber. Paris, 1566, 1. 644). Jam etsi in totam fabulam initietur, nonne tale aliquid dabitur te in infantia inter somni difficultates a nutricula audisse, lamiae turres et pectines solis?

The story of the maiden who is imprisoned in a tower by a witch, and who lets her golden-yellow hair hang down that the sun may shine on it (bestrahlen, i.e., *strählen*, comb it), as in the story of *Rapunzel*, No. 12.

Ibid. p. 589: fabulae pueriles apud Carthaginem.

7. Odofredus (*Summa codicis*, Lugd. 1519, fol. 134 c.). In lege ista ponitur quaedam fabula quae esset dicenda apud ignem cum familia sua de sero.

8. *Aniles veterunarum fabula*, Perz, Monim. 6, 452.

9. *Gudrun*, 1126, 3–1130 (4515–24).

The Hegelings arm themselves to liberate Gudrun, the daughter of their Queen Hilda, from her captivity in Normandy. Horand of Denmark is their leader, old Wate and Frut are guides. When they are on the voyage, winds arise which drive the ships northward into the Dark Sea to Givers, near the lode-stone rock. The people bemoan themselves, but Wate says encouragingly:

ich hôrte ie sagen von kinden für ein wazzermaere*
daz ze Gîvers in dem berge ein wîtez künîcriche erbûwen waere..
Dâ leben die liute schône, sô rîche sî ir lant:
dâ diu wazzer verliesen (l. verloufen,) dâ sî silberîn der sant;

* From childhood have I heard a sailor's story that at Givers, in the mountain a great kingdom is established, where the people live splendidly for their country is so rich; there the sand beneath the waves is silver, and they use it as lime for their fortifications, and the material they use for building their walls, and call stone, is the finest gold; there they have very little poverty. Furthermore I have heard—God's works are manifold—that he whom the magnet brings to the mountain, if he will but wait for the winds (that blows from the shore), he and his shall be rich forever.

dâ mite mûrens bürge. daz sie dâ habent für steine,
daz ist golt daz beste; jâ ist ir armuot . . . . kleine.
Unde sagent mêre (got würket manegiu were,)
swen die magnéten bringent für den berc,
daz lant hât die winde, swer ir mac erbîten,
der ist iemer rîche mit allem sînem künne nâch den zîten.

According to this, Givers lay in the Dark Sea, but was under the dominion of Horand, as is shown by verse 2257. It is further related in the poem that the mist lifted itself, and that the sun burst through the darkness, whereupon a wind from the west liberated the vessel, and carried it safely to Normandy.

10. *The Younger Titurel.*

Der sol von eime tursen hoeren spil,*
Und mac sîn zit vertriben. 3254.

11. *Laber's Jagd.*

Der tocken wol mit im ze spilen waere,†
Als ie diu kint erdenkent
Durch zîtvertrîben gemelîcher maere. 351.

12. *Des Spiegel's Abentheuer* (MS. poem of the 14th century.) In the beginning we find,

die tumben hôrten lieber ein maere‡
von eime tursen sagen,

and towards the end,

Von enten swarz unde grâ§
kan ich nit vil sagen.

13. Luther says, "I would not for any money part with the wonderful stories which I have kept in my memory since my earliest childhood, or have met with in my progress through life."

14. Patre frai Luis de Leon (born 1527, died 1591, comp. Rotermund, 3. 1628), *La perfecta casada.* § 6.

Y verá que estandose sentada con sus mugeres volteando el huso de la mano y contando consejas—se texe la tela y se labra el paño.

15. Joachim Camerarii, *Fabulæ Æsopicæ* (Lips. 1570), p. 406:

* He should hear of a giant's combats
And that might pass the time.

† It were well to play at dolls with him whenever he thinks of the child, and to pass the time by telling many stories.

‡ The young (folks) liked better to hear a story told of a giant.

§ Of tails black and gray
I have not much to say.

Hoc autem fabularum genus quale sit, optime poterit intelligi exemplo et comparatione veterum fabularum nationis et gentis teutonicae, quas plerasque jam oblivio obruit, nam et in illis expositionem ad abhorrentem quendam modum deflexam, et repugnantem sensibus, usurpari solitam fuisse scimus, atque meminimus narrationum portentosarum, quibus vulgi et puerorum mentes terrore, formidine, spe, laetitia, opinionibus aptis quieti, denique religione quadam inbuerentur: unde superstitione postea nocente et intolerabili, cum haec minus scite et gnaviter tractarentur, omnia compleri coepta.

16. Cervantes *Colloq. entre Cip y Berg.*

—y aquellas (cosas) que à ti te deven parecer profecias, no sino palabras de consejas, o cuentos de viejas, como aquellos del cavallo sin cabeça y de la varilla de virtudes, con que se entretienen al fuego las dilatadas noches del invierno.

17. Kirchhof's (*Wendunmut.* Frankf. 1581, p. 178).

Note for this the fable (*The Three Wishes*, No. 87), which I used to hear the spinning-girls relate when I was a child.

18. Fischart (*Gargantua*, 131a).

Tells *The last year's snow*, and how he heard it from Grandfather Hackleback (riding on his grandfather's leg). He makes many other allusions to familiar stories, viz., *The Valiant little Tailor*, No. 20; *The Tailor in Heaven*, No. 35; *Rumpelstilzchen*, No. 55; and *Brother Lustig*, No. 81.

18*b*. Eyering's *Sprichwörter.*

Drumb ist der Mensch hie selig gnug,*
der aus des Andern Schaden klug
hie nach der Kinder Märlein versteh, 1. 135.

Ein Märlin man eh lernen thut †
dann ein Gebet löblich und gut. 2. 503.

19. Rollenhagen, in the preface to *Froschmeuseler*, says, "We can best learn what the teaching of ancient German paganism was from the wonderful household stories which tell of the despised but pious Aschenpössel and his proud mocking brothers, of Foolish Lazy Harry, of Iron Henry, of the Envious old Woman, and others of the same kind. These were unwritten, but were handed down by the people to their descendants by word of mouth, and we generally find that they inculcate fear of God, diligence in business, humility and hope, for in them the most abject person of all generally becomes the greatest." Compare the notes to Nos. 1, 21, 27, 66.

* Therefore the man is sufficiently happy who knows how to learn wisdom from the loss of others, as may be seen by this nursery-tale.

† A fairy-tale is sooner learnt than a good and reverent prayer.

20. *Reime dich* (Nordhausen, 1673), p. 74.

Pretty and witty fables, which you can remember when the nurse insists on keeping silence.

21. Quevedo (born 1570, died 1647). *Obras.* (Brussels, 1660, 1. 570). Sino llegara una pobre muger, cargada de bodigos y llena de males y plañiendo, quien eres muger desdichada? la manceba del abad, respondio ella, que anda en los cuentos de niños, partiendo el mal con el le va a buscar; assi dizen empunadoras de las consejas, y el mal para quien le fuere a buscar y para la manceba del abad.

22. The works of Schuppius, 1677, *Fabelhans*, p. 530. "Dr. Luther had taken much trouble with the old and unexpurgated Æsop, and wished to prepare a new and enlarged book of stories, a project which at that time gave great pleasure to many good people .... but as the beloved man was toiling hard at the Bible, together with many sermons and writings, this book which he had begun was laid on one side, though Magister Georg Rörer brought it out afterwards in the ninth part of Luther's German books. In the beautiful court-psalm the Doctor alludes to the ape which went to split some wood, and forgot his wedge, and was laughed at when he pulled out his axe. He likewise mentions the frog which sat upon a farthing, and boasted of the honour paid to wealth. I have heard several good fables from him at meal-times, as for instance, that of the crow which punished the apes which wanted to blow the fire of a glowworm,* and lost their heads in doing it."

Ibid. p. 789.

"Your old folks can remember how in the olden times it was customary at vespers on Easter Day to tell some Easter-tidings from the pulpit. These were foolish fables and stories such as are told to children in the spinning-rooms. They were intended to make people merry."

23. *Jucundus Jucundissimus*, 1680, pp. 106, 107.

"Thus we arrived at this place together, where the people were in the habit of spinning up the tow. It was an enforced custom with them that each in turn should relate some little tale, or history, and to tell the truth, not only the noble women, but also myself and my friend, found our entire pleasure in such stories, and we often used to stop old beggars and give them a trifle more for telling us them."

24. Ernest Joach. Westphalii *De consuetudine ex sacco et libro tractatio* (Rostochii, 1726, 8), pp. 224, 225.

Etenim simulac puellae balbutire incipiunt, nihil magis cura est mulierculis quibus educatio commissa est quam mentem et animum

* A not unknown fable, which, for example, is to be found in Walch's *Decas. fabb.*

puellarum, naturali facultate ad audiendum fabellas promtissimarum, imbuere omni genere superstitionis et commentorum. narrant multo verborum apparatu historiolas of *The Blocksberg; The Black Witch; The Rascal who puts Children in his Sack; Dummling; King Bluebeard; Cuckoo's-soup; The Pentagram; Old Eten Inne; The Princess in the Blue Tower*, et infinitas fabulas.

In Schmidt's *Fastelabendsgebräuchen* (Rostock, 1752), p. 22, the following are with some variation named as old wives' tales. 1. *The Story of the Black Witch;* 2. *The Rascal who puts Children in his Sack;* 3. *Dummling;* 4. *King Bluebeard;* 5. *Cuckoo's-soup;* 6. *The Pentagram;* 7. *The Haunted Castle;* 8. *The Princess in the Blue Tower;* 9. *Old Arden Inn;* 10. *Horny Sigfried.* See Büsching's *Wöchentliche Nachrichten*, 1. 143, 144.

25. *Der Leipziger Avanturier*, 1756), 1. 14.

"Stories and histories are related to him in his youth."

26. Rabener mentions the word *Märchen* several times, and seems to be perfectly familiar with it. We find in a letter, written January 7th, 1758, in Weisse's edition, "The story of the old hermit who was seen in two places at one and the same time." "I see that I am growing just as restless and uneasy as a child on a long winter's night when people are sitting in a dark room and telling the story of Mum Mum." (Letter of the 26th May, 1759, p. 18.) "My dear nurse, I still think with pleasure of the long evenings when I was a little boy and sat on your knee, and threw my trembling arms round your neck in terror when you told us the awful story of the *Sea Dog*, or the sad one of the *Enchanted Prince who had no Head*, or the pious tale of *The Lame Ass* . . . the story of *The Ape which could Speak* . . . or the merry tale of *The Enchanted Castle in the Air*" (an appropriate story for the 1st of April).

27. Goethe mentions in *Werther*, p. 60, the story of *The Lodestone Mountain*, and *The Princess who was served by hands.*

28. From *Der Hausstand* (an 18th century romance).

"When a day comes when everything goes wrong, and in the evening my spirit is as dull as this autumn day, then I tell my boy some stories, and while I am looking at his happy face, a new firmament full of encouragement reveals itself to me. O what magic lies in the happy face of a child!"

29. *Allgem. deutsche Bibliothek*, vol. 63 (Berlin, 1785), p. 129, review of the third vol. of Musäus. "The critic has always compared our genuine popular stories with the mythology of the Greeks."

30. Johannes Müller, *Histor. Critik*, 1. 245, says,

Everyone ought to search out and give currency to the wisdom of the people among whom he lives, in whatsoever form it is expressed, not forgetting even their songs,

quas ad ignem aniculæ
narrant puellis.

31. See Akenside's *Pleasures of Imagination*, Book I. line 255.

"Hence, finally, by night
The village-matron, round the blazing hearth,
Suspends the infant-audience with her tales,
Breathing astonishment! of witching rhymes,
And evil spirits; of the death-bed call
Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet souls
Risen from the grave to ease the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of shapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of hell around the murderer's bed.
At every solemn pause the crowd recoil
Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd
With shivering sighs: till eager for the event,
Around the beldame all arrect (sic) they hang,
Each trembling-heart with grateful terrors quell."

32. Sir Walter Scott says in his notes to *The Lady of the Lake* (Edinb. 1810, p. 392.), "A work of great interest might be compiled upon the origin of popular fiction and the transmission of similar tales from age to age and from country to country. The mythology of one period would then appear to pass into the romance of the next century, and that into the nursery-tale of the subsequent ages. Such an investigation, while it went greatly to diminish our ideas of the richness of human invention, would also show that these fictions, however wild and childish, possess such charms for the populace, as to enable them to penetrate into countries unconnected by manners and language, and having no apparent intercourse to afford the means of transmission. It would carry me far beyond my bounds, to produce instances of this community of fable among nations who never borrowed from each other anything intrinsically worth learning. Indeed, the wide diffusion of popular fictions may be compared to the facility with which straws and feathers are dispersed abroad by the wind, while valuable metals cannot be transported without trouble and labour. There lives, I believe, only one gentleman whose unlimited acquaintance with this subject might enable him to do it justice; I mean my friend, Mr. Francis Douce, of the British Museum, whose usual kindness will, I hope, pardon my mentioning his name, while on a subject so closely connected with his extensive and curious researches."

33. Eloi Johanneau, in the *Mémoires de l'Académie Celtique*, 1. 162, says, "On connaît aussi les contes de fées, du Chat Botté,

et du Petit Poucet avec ses bottes de sept lieues, contes populaires de la plus haute antiquité, qui ne sont point de l'invention de Perrault.

34. A. Bruguière de Sorsum, *Lao-Seng-Eul*, a Chinese comedy (Paris, 1819), p. 158, 159. "Les contes naïfs avec lesquels les nourrices de nos jours bercent encore leurs innocens nourissons, se sont transmis de génération en génération depuis les premiers âges du monde et ils ont suivi à l'occident la migration des peuples de l'Asie. L'histoire du *Petit Poucet* et des *Bottes de Sept Lieues*, celle de la *Belle au bois dormant*, tous ces récits d'ogres et de géans qui, lors des premiers progrès de notre intelligence, nous inspirent aux approches du sommeil une si charmante terreur, se répètent presque identiquement depuis les confins le plus reculés de la Tartarie, jusqu' aux extrémités septentrionales et méridionales de l'Europe. Ils semblent particulièrement avoir voyagé avec les tribus scythiques, et ils doivent, à l'égard des peuples modernes chez lesquels on les trouve, fournir des inductions d'une origine commune, ou du moins d'une ancienne relation intime aussi bien qu'on peut les tirer d'une conformité dans les racines, les élémens et le mécanisme du langage."

35. Francis Cohen writes in the *Quarterly Review*, 1819, May, No. 41, p. 94. *Kinder und Hausmärchen*, a collection of German popular stories singular in its kind, both for extent and variety, and from which we have derived much information.

36. *The New Monthly Magazine*, London, 1821, August, No. 8, p. 148, says, "Among the most venerable remains of ancient Teutonic literature we should rank the abundant stores of popular legends and traditions, which often preserve most curious illustrations of heathen mythology, and still more frequently exhibit it in a most incongruous combination with the Christian faith. Under this last head we may also notice the beautiful collection of Nursery Literature, which has lately been edited with so much care by Messrs. Grimm. These too have attracted great attention; though we have long left our nurseries, we retain our best relish for these tales, and hardly know whether to admire most their interest as works of fiction, or their literary value as bearing on ancient mythos and superstitions."

37. In *Le Globe*, 1830, No. 146, there is an essay in the feuilleton, signed C. S., in which the story of the *Machandelboom* (No. 47) is given, and is thus introduced: "La France n'a point, comme l'Allemagne et l'Italie, une littérature populaire écrite; mais les habitants de Languedoc et de la Provence se sont transmis, depuis un laps de temps, qu'il serait peut-être difficile à préciser, des chansons et des contes qui présentent quelquefois des idées grandes et morales, et dont le style est toujours pittoresque et expressif. Ma mère avait une vieille domestique forte complaisante et qui

avait bien dans son mémoire autant de récits qu'en contiennent *Les Mille et une Nuits*; elle aurait lutté contre Schéhérazade."

LITERATURE.

Straparola's Nights.

In the year 1550, appeared in Venice, the first part, and in 1554, the second, of a collection of stories, jests, and riddles linked together in a fashion similar to that used by Boccaccio, and bearing the title, *Thirteen Delightful Nights* (*Tredici piacevoli notti*). This has since been frequently reprinted. It contains in all 74 pieces (among which there are twenty-one stories) divided into thirteen *Nights*. The author, Giovanni Francesco Straparola, of Caravaggio, in the Milanese, must have lived from the end of the 15th to the middle of the 16th century, for an edition of his poems appeared in Venice, even as early as in the year 1508. It is impossible to speak with more precision, as neither the year of his birth nor of his death is known, nor has any other event of his life been noted. He gathered together the materials for his *Nights* from various places, information about which may be found in Dunlop, (Liebrecht's translation, 283, 284, 494-497), but it was not so with the stories, which were gathered from oral tradition One of them (12. 3) is however taken from Morlini, and left unaltered; another (5. 7) betrays some affinity to it. In the frequently coarse stories composed in Latin, which have just been republished (*Novellæ, fabulæ, comœdia*, Paris, 1855), there is nothing else that is story-like. Compare Liebrecht's translation of Dunlop, 494-498. Straparola's writing is very unequal both in style and power of delineation, nor is it unusually good even in his best pieces, but many things are told agreeably, naturally, and not ungracefully, while, on the contrary, others are told not only indecently, but with such shameless obscenity, that we are unable to excuse it on the score of the natural and free manners of the Italians, and of the period. On this account the book was included in the list of forbidden works in Rome, 1605, and an abridged and expurgated edition was prepared elsewhere. The stories, however, are tolerably free from this taint, and they constitute the greater part of the entire work. Straparola, as we read in the preface to the second edition (before the 6th *Night*), "wrote them down from the lips of ten young girls," and he expressly declares that the stories are not his property. The best literary information is furnished by a German translation (*Die Nächte des Straparola von Caravaggio*,

Vienna, 1791, 8vo, two parts), in the preface to which is printed a dissertation on Straparola found among the MSS. left by the learned Mazzuchelli, for the continuation of his great work, and we likewise find in the same place what Quadrio (in his *Storia d' Ogni Poesia*) and others say of the author. With regard to editions and translations, Bartol. Gamba's *Delle Novelle italiane in prosa Bibliografia* (Florence, 1835), p. 160, and following, and Ebert's *Bibliogr. Lexikon*, 2. 847, should be consulted. There was probably a German translation of Straparola in the 16th century as Fischart mentions "the stories of Straparola" in *Gargantua*, p. 7. Bretschneider speaks of one of 1679, 8vo, in the announcement of a new edition of *Gargantua*. It is unnecessary to give an example of the stories as they have been made accessible by means of a good translation, with careful and valuable notes, by Friedr. Wilh. Val. Schmidt (*Märchen-Saal*, 1st vol. Berlin, 1817). It far excels the Viennese translation which only contains six stories. It is a pity that he has without knowing it used an expurgated edition (Venice, 1608). We will content ourselves therefore with adding a list of the stories in their original order which Schmidt disregarded, and with giving an epitome of those which are omitted in his work. We have the complete edition (Venice, 1573) before us, and a French translation of it (Lyons, 1611, and not known to Mazzuchelli) which exactly corresponds with it, but is more perfect as it contains the short preface to the second part.

I. 1. *The Father's three Prohibitions.* Schmidt, p. 70.

2. *The Knave.* He performs three hard tasks. First he steals from the provost the bed on which he is lying. Then he carries away the horse on which the stable-boy was sitting, without his observing it. Finally, he brings an ecclesiastical personage in a sack. This is in the Viennese translation p. 32, but it is imperfect. Improperly omitted in Schmidt, for it is in the expurgated edition, though abridged. Compare the German story of the *Master-Thief*, No. 192.

3. *Master Scarpafico* (Schmidt, p. 133) is cheated, and cheats in turn. This resembles the German story *The Little Peasant*, No. 61.

4. *The Girl in the Press* (Schmidt, p. 115). A peculiarly pretty story, which has only one or two features in common with other German or Italian stories. But compare Hagen's *Gesammtabenteuer*, 3. CLVI.

II. 1. *King Swine* (Schmidt, p. 249). German, *Hans the Hedgehog*, No. 108.

III. 1. *Stupid Peter* (Schmidt, 231. *Peruonto*, No. 1, 3, in the *Pentamerone*, has more of the characteristics of a story.

2. *The Magic Horse* (Schmidt, 1.) In German, *The White Snake*, No. 17, is allied to this.

3. *The Snake* (Schmidt, 24).
4. *The Gift of the Three Beasts* (Schmidt, 158).
5. *The Faithful Man* (Schmidt, 147).

IV. 1. *The Princess as Knight* (Schmidt, 195).
3. *The Three Kings' Children* (Schmidt, 44). In German, *The Three Little Birds*, No. 96.

V. 1. *The Wild Man in the Forest* (Schmidt, 92). In German, *Iron Hans*, No. 136.
2. *The Doll* (poavola). Omitted by Schmidt. In the Viennese translation, 2. 97-105. Here, however, the doll is turned into a magpie, which seats itself on the king's shoulder, and holds so fast with its bill that no one but the youngest sister can take it off. In the *Pentamerone*, there is a goose instead of a doll, but in other respects the story is the same.

VII. 5. *The Three Brothers* (Schmidt, p. 262), in Morlini, No. 79. *The Five Sons*, in the *Pentamerone*, (5, 7), is better and more perfect. In German, see *The Four Brothers*, No. 129.

VIII. 5. *The Scholar in Magic.* In German, the *Master-Thief*, No. 68. This is omitted in the expurgated edition of Straparola, and consequently in Schmidt also, where the jest of the *Two Physicians* directly follows; in the complete edition, it is the sixth Fable. Lactantius, who is secretly a magician, to outward appearance carries on the trade of a tailor; his apprentice stealthily espies what he does, and then has no longer any fancy for tailoring, so his father takes him home. The magician allows him to come back again, but makes him perform menial offices, so the father himself takes him away. As they are poor, the youth says, "Father, I will transform myself into a beautiful horse, sell me, but keep the bridle yourself, and do not give me away with it on, or I shall not be able to return." Lactantius recognizes the horse, buys it of the father, and cajoles him into letting him have the bridle too. Then he mocks, beats, and ill-treats the horse. One day, however, the magician's daughters take it to the water, whereupon it instantly changes itself into a little fish, and dives down below. The magician hastens after it, transforms itself into a voracious fish, and chases the little one. The latter however leaps, in the shape of a ruby set in a gold ring, into the basket of the king's daughter, who is picking up pebbles just there. She carries it away with her, and he shews himself to her in his true form as a handsome young man. She takes a great liking to him, and keeps him with her in the form of a ring. The old king becomes ill. Lactantius assumes the form of a physician, cures him, and, as a recompense, will have nothing but the Princess's ruby ring, for he well knows who it is. She refuses to give it up, and at length, when she is compelled to do so, the youth tells her to throw it against the wall in the physician's presence. As soon as the ring falls to the

ground, it is changed into a pomegranate which bursts, and scatters its seeds in every direction. The master transforms himself into a cock, in order to pick up the seeds, but one of them hides itself and is not observed by him. This one little seed changes itself into a fox which seizes the cock by the throat and kills him. Thereupon the king gives the youth his daughter to wife.

X. 3. *The Faithful Animals* (Schmidt, 215). The German version of this, see *The Two Brothers*, No. 60, is more complete. No. 7 in the *Pentamerone* has some affinity to it.

XI. 1. *The He-cat* (Schmidt, 180). See No. 4 in the *Fragments*. *Gagliuso* in the *Pentamerone*, 2, 4. *Le Chat Botté* in Perrault.

2. *The Simpleton.* Omitted in the expurgated edition, and in Schmidt.

Bertuccio, a simpleton, is not to receive what he has inherited from his father, until his thirtieth year, but his mother is to give him three hundred ducats whenever he demands them. He gets one hundred from her, and goes away and finds a man who is still striking a dead man whom he has murdered In his compassion, the simpleton gives this man eighty pieces of gold, rescues the corpse, and spends the remaining twenty pieces in having it honourably buried. His mother is vexed at his stupidity, but he asks for the other two hundred ducats, goes away, and with the money rescues the king's daughter from some robbers. Afterwards when she is taken away to her father's court again, she tells him that she will marry none but him, and that when he comes to court he is to hold his right hand on his head, and by that she will recognize him. He rides thither on a sorry beast, and on the way meets a knight, who gives him his beautiful horse and magnificent apparel, in return for which the simpleton has to promise that when he comes back he will share with the knight all that he has gained. The handsome knight pleases the King, so Bertuccio obtains his beloved. On the way home the knight meets him, and demands half of everything. The simpleton at once divides everything which he had received on his marriage. But then the stranger knight demands half of his wife also. "How can that be done?" enquires Bertuccio. "We must cut her in two." "Nay, rather than do that, take the whole of her!" said the simpleton, "I love her far too much to consent to that." Then the stranger knight said, "Keep the whole, and take everything back again; I am the ghost of that murdered man, and I desired to repay thee for what thou didst for me."

XII. 3. *Good Counsel* (Schmidt, 188). A cock is beaten in order to cure a froward woman of her obstinacy. This story is borrowed from No. 71 in Morlini. It is also told in *The Thousand and One Nights*, but with a different beginning (1. 36, and follow-

ing). The very characteristic Servian version (Wuk, No. 3) is better still, but the simplest of all is an African one in Kölle, p. 143. See further on.

XIII. 6. *Good Times* (Schmidt, 246). This has some affinity to the German story, *Doctor Know-all*, No. 98.

THE PENTAMERONE OF BASILE.

In the following century (the 17th) a collection of stories in the Neapolitan dialect appeared in Naples, by Giambattista Basile, which, in imitation of the *Decamerone*, was entitled *Il Pentamerone*. It is a book which is almost unknown in other countries, and was first brought into notice in Germany by Fernow.* The author, who by the transposition of the letters of his name, is also called Gian Alesio Abbatutis, lived in the beginning of the 17th century.† After he had spent his early youth in the island of Crete, he became acquainted with the Venetians, and was received into the Academia degli Stravaganti. He followed his sister Adriana, who was a celebrated singer, to Mantua, and entered the service of the Duke, whose favour he enjoyed. He travelled a great deal in Italy, and again went to Naples, where he must have died about the year 1637.

The first known edition of the *Pentamerone*, may, as it appeared in this very year, 1637, have been preceded by an earlier, which was entirely sold out. The number of editions through which the book has passed since then‡ is presumptive evidence of its

* *Römische Studien*, 3. 316, 317, 462, 475, 476, 536, 539. The various rare editions collected by Fernow, are now in the Grand-Ducal library at Weimar.

† Eustach. d'Afflitto, *Memorie degli scrittori del regno di Napoli*. Nap. 1794, 1. 68–72. According to Liebrecht 2. 322, his correct title was Giovanni Battista Basile, Knight, Count of Torrana and Pfalzgraf. Mazzuchelli says that his portrait is to be found in *Le glorie degli incogniti*, p. 209.

‡ According to Fernow and Galiani (*Del dialetto napoletano*, Nap. 1779), it was republished in Naples in 1645, 1674, 1714, 1722, 1728, 1788 (*Collezione di tutti li poeti in lingua napoletana*, T. 20 and 21), to which should be added one as yet unnoticed of the year 1749, which was in the possession of Cl. Brentano. Compare Bartol. Gamba's *Delle novelle italiane*, pp. 171–172, and Brunet's *Manuel du libraire* (Paris, 1842), 1. 260. According to Fernow, it appeared in Rome in 1679, and subsequently in Naples in 1754, complete in 12mo., with engravings after Brunet, and Ebert. Besides these editions there appeared an abridged. and in Liebrecht's opinion, very bad translation in ordinary Italian, Naples, 1769, 1794, and another in the Bolognese dialect, Bologna, 1742.

possessing a certain value, but this collection of stories was for a long time the best and richest that had been formed by any nation. Not only were the traditions at that time more complete in themselves, but the author had a special talent for collecting them, and besides that an intimate knowledge of the dialect. The stories are told almost without any break, and the manner of speaking, at least that of the Neapolitans, is perfectly caught, and this last constitutes one superiority over Straparola, who only strove for the customary educated method of narration, and did not understand how to strike a new chord. We may therefore look on this collection of fifty stories (including the introduction and conclusion with their valuable material) as the basis of many others; for although it was not so in actual fact, and was indeed not known beyond the country in which it appeared, and was never translated into French, it still has all the importance of a basis, owing to the coherence of its traditions. Two-thirds of them are, so far as their principal incidents are concerned, to be found in Germany, and are current there at this very day. Basile has not allowed himself to make any alteration, scarcely even any addition of importance, and that gives his work a special value. He has made no use of what was done by his predecessor, Straparola, probably was not even aware of it. The two writers have only four pieces in common, Nos. 3, 14, 41, 45 in Basile, and 3, 1. 10, 1. 5, 2. 7, 5 in Straparola), and from a comparison of these it is evident that Basile wrote independently. In this respect the story of *The Doll* is curious 5, 1. (in Straparola, 5, 2). Basile tells it of a goose which is less appropriate, otherwise the stories somewhat resemble each other. It is manifest that Straparola gives it more correctly, besides having two more incidents. The strange variation is, however, explained by the resemblance between the sound of the words papara (goose), and pipata (doll), which have been confused by oral tradition.*

Basile has told his stories altogether in the spirit of a lively, witty, and facetious people, with continual allusions to manners and customs, and even to old stories and mythology, a knowledge of which is usually tolerably diffused among the Italians. This is

* On the other hand, Liebrecht observes, 2, 260, and in his translation of Dunlop, 517, "I do not maintain that Basile has intentionally altered *pipata* into *papara*; it is much more probable that this was done, as before said, in the transmission of the story by word of mouth. A rag-doll could much more easily be used to clean anything than a great goose, and the restoration of the goose to life after its neck had been wrung, is to say the least, improbable. Rabelais also demands *un oison dumete*; and it is related that Taubmann used a little goose, still covered with down, for this purpose. The doll was a kobold-like being, resembling the well-known ducat-mannikin, and Straparola's version appears to me the most original.

the very reverse of the quiet and simple style of German stories. He abounds too much in picturesque and proverbial forms of speech, and witty turns present themselves to him every moment, and for the most part make their mark. Frequently too his expressions are of the rustic kind, bold, free, and out-spoken, and therefore offend us; as for instance, in this very story of the doll, which could not well be told here in all its details, though we cannot exactly call it indecent, as that of Straparola is. A certain exuberance and flow of language is natural to Basile, for example, in the 23rd story, the complaint of Renza extends over two pages. This, however, is due only to the peculiar pleasure which southern nations take in ever new impressions, and in lingering over the objects which give rise to them, and not to any attempt to conceal poverty in the subject itself. In Liebrecht's opinion (see his translation of Dunlop, 517, 518) Basile has imitated Rabelais in this. As the superabundance of similes is for the most part prompted by fun and wit, the strangest and most laughable expressions may be used without being nonsensical, as for example, in the 23rd story, when the lover cries to his beloved, "Farewell, protocol of all the privileges of Nature, archive of all gracious grants from Heaven, tablet whereon is inscribed every title-deed of beauty." There is some refinement in the 38th. The 32nd is not very story-like, but more resembles a didactic poem. The 20th is a jest, and the matter and execution of the 26th are of the weakest description. The resemblance which the story *Lo Dragone* (4, 5), bears to the Saga of *Siegfried* deserves particular attention. The secret birth of the boy, as well as his humble employment with the cook, remind us of Siegfried's childhood. Then we see him aided by a helpful bird, which recalls the bird whose speech the Norse Sigurd understands, and from which he receives and accepts advice. The angry Queen, too, corresponds with Brünhild, and is at the same time Reigen, the instigator of the combat with the dragon. Here too the dragon is the Queen's brother, and her life is bound up with his. She, too, wishes to be smeared with his blood, just as Reigen strives to obtain the heart's blood of Fafnir. As a valuable translation with learned notes by Felix Liebrecht, has appeared (Breslau, 1846, 2 vols.), and soon after it an English one by John Edward Taylor (London, 1848), there is no need of any extract here, and we shall only give a list of the stories in the *Pentamerone*, and in the German collection, which, on the whole, correspond with each other.

(1, 1.)	1. The Wild Man of the Woods	No. 36.	The Wishing-Table.
(1, 2.)	2. The Whortleberry branch (or Myrtle)	„ 76.	The Pink.
(1, 4.)	4. Vardiello.	„ 59.	Frederick and Catherine

(1, 5.)	5. The Flea.	No.	71. How six Men got on in the World.
(1, 6.)	6. Cenerentola (Cinderella).	„	21. Cinderella.
(1, 7.)	7. The Merchant.	„	60. The Two Brothers.
(1, 8.)	8. The Goat-face.	„	3. Our Lady's Child.
(1, 9.)	9. The Enchanted Doe.	„	60. The Two Brothers.
(2, 1.)	11. Petrosinella.	„	12. Rapunzel.
(2, 5.)	15. The Snake.	„	108. Hans the Hedgehog.
(2, 6.)	16. The She-bear.	„	65. Allerleirauh.
(2, 7.)	17. The Dove.	„	56. Dearest Roland.
(2, 8.)	18. The Kitchen-maid.	„	53. Snow-White.
(2, 9.)	19. The Magic Coffer.	„	88. The Singing Soaring Lark
(2, 10.)	20. The Godfather (or Gossip).	„	61. The Little Peasant.
(3, 2.)	22. The Girl without Hands.	„	31. The Girl without Hands.
(3, 6.)	26. The Serving-maid.	„	67. The Twelve Huntsmen.
(3, 7.)	27. Corvetto.	„	126. Ferdinand the Faithful.
(3, 8.)	28. The Simpleton.	„	71. How six Men got on in the World.
(3, 9.)	29. Rosella.	„	56. Dearest Roland.
(3, 10.)	30. The Three Fairies.	„	13. The three little Men in the Wood.
(4, 1.)	31. The stone in the Cock's Head.	„	104. The Faithful Animals.*
(4, 3.)	33. The Three Enchanted Brothers.	„	197. The Crystal Ball.
(4, 4.)	34. The Seven Bits of Bacon-rind.	„	14. The Three Spinners.
(4, 7.)	37. The Two Cakes.	„	24. Dame Holle, and 135, The White Bride and the Black One.
(4, 8.)	38. The Seven Doves.	„	25. The Seven Ravens.
(4, 9.)	39. The Raven.	„	6. Faithful John.
(4, 10.)	40. Pride Punished.	„	52. King Thrushbeard.
(5, 3.)	43. Pintosmauto.	„	88. The Singing Soaring Lark.
(5, 4.)	44. The Golden Root.		
(5, 5.)	45. Sun, Moon and Talia.	„	50. Briar-Rose.
(5. 7.)	47. The Five Sons.	„	129. The Four Skilful Brothers.
(5, 8.)	48. Nennillo and Nennella.	„	15. Hansel and Grethel.

We must also observe that *Rosella* (3. 9) likewise bears some resemblance to the story *The Three Girdles* in the *Brunswick Collection* (see further on), and that there is a corresponding story to (4, 3) *The Three Beast-Brothers*, in Musäus.

Gesta Romanorum.

This title is borne by a collection of old stories drawn from various sources, and for the most part occupying themselves with the deeds of Roman emperors. They are in Latin, and were pro-

* A story given in an early edition, but omitted in this.—Tr.

bably written in the middle of the 14th century, but it is not known with any certainty by whom. The author may have been an Englishman or a Frenchman, but as German names of dogs occur in the stories, it is most likely that he was a German. A treatise on the writer is found in Grässe's German translation, (Dresden and Leipzig, 2 vols. 1842) where, too, the various editions and translations are carefully pointed out. We shall only concern ourselves with such of the tales as are story-like, and may originally have been derived from oral tradition, though they have undergone slight alterations for the sake of the religious application which is the main object of the book.

1. An Emperor admits into his court a poor humble man, who promises to perform six services for him. The first is to serve him well for the space of one year. He makes his lord's bed, lies armed by his door every night, and has a little dog with him which wakens him with barking whenever he is at all overcome by sleep. The second service is, that for one year he is to watch when others sleep, and sleep when others are awake. The third, that he shall know how to judge a drink. The Emperor causes vinegar, wine, and new wine to be mixed together in a glass, and given to him. He tastes it and says, "It was good, is good, and will be good." That is to say, the new wine will become good, the wine is good, and the vinegar was good. For the fourth he is to go through every kingdom and invite his master's friends. He, however, invites all the enemies, and says, "It is better thus, for they too shall become his friends," and before the feast begins he has turned their hearts. The fifth service is that he shall make a fire without smoke. He lays dried wood in the sun which in the heat kindles of its own accord, without smoke. The sixth service is this, that he shall show those who wish to go to the Holy Land, a good road by which they may safely travel there and back. He takes them all to the sea and says, "A bird is sitting there on a cliff, hatching seven eggs with great care. As long as it sits there, the sea is calm, but if the bird fly away, the sea rages so violently that no one can traverse it. The bird, however, never leaves the nest, unless another bird, which is his enemy, comes and defiles his nest, and injures the eggs, and this he constantly strives to do. He, however, can be kept away if the nest is smeared inside and out with the blood of a lamb." The Pilgrims fulfil these conditions, and travel in safety there and back. The Emperor then rewards the faithful servant. Latin edition of 1489, fol. cap. 17. German edition likewise of 1489, fol. cap. 48 (in which however he only performs five services, on the other hand in the Latin edition, Venice, 1516, in 8vo, there are again six).

2. A story which resembles the beginning of *The Devil with the three Golden Hairs* (No. 29), but also appears as the *Saga of the*

Emperor Henry (*Deutsche Sagen*, 2. No. 480, Latin edition, chap. 20; German edition, chap. 44).

3. A criminal is seized and shall be pardoned if he utters three truths which no one can contest. On this he says, firstly, "I have been a wicked fellow all the days of my life." Secondly, "It has not been agreeable to me to be brought here." Thirdly, "If I can set myself free this time, I will never come back of my own accord." On which he receives his pardon. Latin edition, chap. 58. German, chap. 45. In Roberts's *Cambrian Popular Antiquities* a similar saga is related. Arthur loses his way while he is hunting, and comes to a cave where an old giantess is living with her son and daughter. The mother and son want to kill him, but the daughter prevails so far that the old woman consents to grant him his life if next morning he is able to say three true things. Arthur is well entertained; and the young giant plays on the harp to him. When he has gone to rest, the giant lays such a heavy ox-hide over him that he is unable to stir. Next morning Arthur utters the three truths. First he says to the son, "You are the best player on the harp that I have ever heard." "That is true," says the old woman. To her he says, "You are the most hideous witch I have ever beheld." "That also is true." And thirdly, "If once I were away, I would never come back." That also was admitted to be true, and Arthur was released.

4. The King will give his daughter in marriage to the man who can excel her in a race; he who fails, however, is to have his head struck off. A poor youth undertakes the venture. First, he throws a garland of roses on the course before her; she picks it up, and while she is putting it on her head, he gets before her. On this she hurls the wreath away, and passes her adversary. The second time he throws down a golden girdle; she takes it up, and girds herself with it, but when she sees that she is being left behind, she tears it in three pieces, and again outstrips the youth, strikes him in the face, and says, "Miserable creature, thou shalt never have me for thy wife." Then the third time he throws down a purse in which lies a gilded apple on which is written, "Whosoever plays with me will never weary of playing." Thereupon she begins to play with the apple; the youth arrives at the goal before her, and she is married to him. Latin edition, chap. 60; German, chap. 63. This story at once reminds us of the saga of Atalanta.

5. *The Two Physicians.* Latin ed. chap. 76; German, chap. 37. See note to the German story, No. 118.

6. He who is the idlest is to have the kingdom. Latin ed. chap. 91. German, chap. 3. See note to the German story, No. 151.

7. There are two snakes, one male and one female, on whose lives those of the King and Queen are dependent. Latin edit. 92.

8. The jest of the three hungry men, who only find one loaf, and agree with each other that the one who dreams the best dream shall have it. Whilst the two others are sleeping, the third eats the loaf, and afterwards invents a dream. Latin edit. 106.

9. A proud and overbearing knight falls into a wild beast's pit with his horse, and presently a lion, an ape, and a snake also fall in. A poor woodcutter comes by, and first draws out the animals one after the other, and lastly the man and his horse also. The latter promises great rewards, but afterwards, when the poor man comes to claim them, ill-treats and beats him. After some time the woodcutter is again working in the forest, and the lion drives a richly laden ass into his house. The poor man, however, causes enquiries to be made whether any one has lost these treasures, and some one presents himself and takes them away. Another time he wants to cut some wood, but as he has no axe, the ape gnaws off and breaks a whole load for him. Thirdly, the snake gives him a stone of three colours; black, white, and red, out of its mouth, and this is a luck-stone. The King wishes to buy it, but must give its value or it will return of its own accord to the seller. On this occasion the poor man relates how the overbearing knight, who is in the service of the King, rewarded him for his help, and as a punishment, he is hanged on the gallows, and his post at court is given to the poor man. Latin edition, chap. 119. German chap. 76. Compare the Swabian story, in Meier, No. 14, and 3, 5, in the *Pentamerone*.

10. The story of *Fortunatus*, Latin, chap. 120. German edit. 8. Compare the German story, No. 122.

11. A snake brings good luck, but as it is killed from greediness, the luck vanishes. Latin, chap. 141. German, chap. 88. See note to the *Story of the Snake*, No. 105.

12. A man comes half-riding, half-walking, and brings with him his worst enemy, his greatest friend, and his playfellow. Latin edit. chap. 124. German, chap. 24. Compare the note to the German story, *The Peasant's Wise Daughter*, No. 94.

13. A king covets the estate of a knight. He says to him, "If thou dost not bring me a black horse, a black dog, a black falcon, and a black horn within a week thou shalt forfeit thy land." Full of trouble, the knight goes into a forest, and there a grey-headed man is sitting with a staff in his hand which he gives him with these words, "Go straight forward with this, and thou wilt come to a black castle; demand there in the name of him to whom this staff belongs, a black horse, a black dog, a black falcon, and a black horn. When thou hast all these things, beware of mounting the horse, of blowing the horn, and do not suffer the dog to hunt, or the falcon to fly, howsoever much they may urge thee to do so. Then take them all to thy lord, but bring my staff back to me."

After three days the knight perceived the castle, and all was accomplished. The King rejoiced that he had demanded these things, and presently he heard the hounds barking. His attendants told him that a stag was in sight. Then the King mounted the black horse, called the black dog, took the black falcon on his hand, and hung the black horn round his neck. As soon as he saw the stag he blew the horn, and pursued it with his horse. The stag, however, ran at full speed down a precipice, and the King went after it, and was never seen again. From a Viennese MS. in Latin, of the *Gesta R.* Cod. univ. No. 172, folio 248; and in the German edit. chap. 34. It also occurs in the stories of Nicolaus, 1470; but the *Gesta Romanorum* is the source from whence he took it. Communicated by Hagen in Büsching's *Erzählungen und Schwänken*, pp. 124–126. In Grässe, 2. 208. Compare *Die Sage vom Tode Dieterichs von Bern.*

14. A king has a beautiful daughter, who will only marry the man who can solve three problems. Many present themselves, but are unable to do this. A knight comes likewise, accompanied only by one servant, and with a sick horse. In the first place he is to say how many feet of length, breadth, and heighth there are in the four elements. The knight orders his servant to lie down, measures him from head to foot, and then replies, "Seven feet long and half a foot broad are the four elements which are united in man." Secondly, "What would make the North Wind blow another way?" He sprinkles a powder in the nostrils of his unmanageable horse, which restores him to health again, and then turns his snorting head to the east, and says, "The wind is changed to the east, for the life of a beast is its breath." Thirdly, he is to carry red-hot coals in his breast next to the skin, without burning himself with them. This he is able to perform, because he carries a stone about him which has power to protect him from all danger from fire or water. Hereupon he receives the King's daughter. Chap. 70, according to the MS. in Vienna, folio 249.

The English *Gesta Romanorum* which has been revised and furnished with new pieces, gives another story, differing it is true in some respects, but based on similar incidents, see Grässe's translation, pp. 230, 231. The Emperor Andronicus puts three perplexing questions to a knight who has been unjustly accused, which he is to answer accurately under penalty of death. 1. How far it is from Heaven to Hell?" "As far as a sigh is from the heart." "How deep is the sea?" "A stone's throw." "How many flagons of salt water are there in the sea?" "First tell me how many flagons of fresh water there are, and then I will tell you." The knight is to explain his answers more fully. He says, 1. "A sigh passes from the heart with the rapidity of lightning." 2. "The stone because it is heavy falls at once to the bottom of

the sea." 3. "It will be time to estimate how many flagons of salt water there are, when you have begun to count up the flagons of fresh water." Compare with this the German story, No. 152.

Charles Perrault.

Story-collecting in the true sense of the term did not begin in France until the end of the 17th century (later therefore than in Italy), at which period there was a great fancy for it.* We pass over the commonly received opinion that the origin of these fictions, which is allowedly obscure, is to be attributed to a knowledge of the Arabian Tales, combined with recollections of the poems of the Trouvères and Troubadours.† In opposition to this it is scarcely necessary to say that Galland's translation of *The Thousand and one Nights* only appeared (in 1704) after Perrault's death. The similarity of the French to the Italian and German stories, and at the same time their manifest independence of these, irrefragably proves—what can also be proved by their own peculiar character—that their contents were derived from oral tradition. The charges of plagiarism brought forward by Dunlop (Liebrecht, p. 408) are all unfounded. Of this, by chance, we have external evidence. Scarron (born 1610, died 1660) mentions the *Peau d'âne* in the *Roman Comique*, Paris, 1651, p. 78, and probably before Perrault wrote his. Perrault picked up the story entire, and, with the exception of trifles, added nothing to it; the style is simple and natural, and so far as was allowed by the smooth, polished mode of writing of the period, has caught the tone of childhood. One or two good expressions are preserved, viz., she walked "tant que la terre put la porter;" he comes "de douze mille lieues de là," or there is "Je vais manger ma viande," for I am going to eat; and it is quite certain that the question and answer in *Bluebeard*, "Anne, ma sœur Anne, ne vois tu rien venir?" "Je ne vois rien que le soleil qui poudroie, et l'herbe qui verdoie," was derived from oral tradition. It is to good things like these that the book owes its prolonged existence.

1. *The Fairies* (*Les Fées*) See 3. 10 in the *Pentamerone*, and 4. 7; in our stories, Nos. 13 and 24. The French version is the most meagre.
2. *The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood* (*La belle au bois dormant*). See *The Sun and Moon*, 5, 5, in the *Pentamerone*, and our *Briar-rose*, No. 50.

* Of which Count Caylus makes especial mention in the preface to the story, *Cadichon* (*Cabinet des Fées*, 25, 409).

† See Bouterwek's *Geschichte der Poesie*, 6. 244. Compare Valkenaer's *Lettres sur les contes de Fées attribués à Perrault, et sur l'origine de la Féerie*, Paris, 1826.

3. *Bluebeard* (*La Barbe bleue*). In German, see No. 46, *Fitcher's Bird*, but it is rather different; there is nothing like it in Italian.
4. *Little Red-riding-hood* (*Le petit Chaperon Rouge*). German, No. 26.
5. *Puss in Boots* (*Le Chat botté*). See *Gagliuso*, 2. 4, in the *Pentamerone*, Straparola, 11, 1. *Fragment*, No. 4.
6. *Cinderella* (*Cendrillon*). This is flatter than in the *Pentamerone*, 1. 6, and in the German, No. 21; and how important is the incident, which is altogether absent in the French version, of the King's son being for a short time deceived by the two wicked sisters, who have shortened their feet by force in order to be able to wear their shoes, but are betrayed by the pigeons.
7. *Riquet with the Tuft* (*à la houpe*). At first sight this might be considered a mere invention. It has nothing in it, but that an ugly but clever man can impart his wit to a girl, and a beautiful but stupid girl can give beauty to a deformed man, if they love each other. Here, too, witty epigrammatic turns are to be found, and the dialogue is very pointed. There is not anything like it either in Italian or German.
8. *Little Thumb* (*Le petit Poucet*). For the most part the German story of *Hänsel*, No. 15. In the *Pentamerone*, see 5, 8. The Thumbling himself has not so much character here as in the two German stories, Nos. 37 and 45.

These eight stories were first (?) published by Perrault, in 1697, in Paris, in 12mo., under an old title, borrowed from a Fabliau, of *Contes de ma mère l'oye*, and there was a second, *Histoire ou contes du temps passé*. In the following editions three more stories were added.*

9. *The Ass's Skin* (*Peau d'âne*). In the *Pentamerone*, the *She-bear* (2, 6); in German, *Allerleirauh* (No. 65).
10. *The Clever Princess* (*L'adroite Princesse*). In the *Pentamerone*, *Sapia Liccarda* (3, 4).
11. *The Foolish Wishes* (*Les Souhaits ridicules*), in verse. Contains the last part of the German story, *The Poor Man and the Rich One*, No. 87.

* In some editions there was a fourth as well, viz., *Griseldis*, in verse. In the magnificent edition of Paris, 1782, in 12mo, and in the *Cabinet des Fées*, 1., there are, therefore, twelve pieces. *Griseldis*, however, is not a story, but a well-known *novella* from "Boccaccio," and is, on that account, properly omitted in other editions. Nicheron, in his *Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire des hommes illustres*, 33, 287, accepts as a fact that Perrault was born in the year 1626, and mentions *Griseldis*, nouvelle avec le conte de *Peau d'âsne* et celui des *Souhaits ridicules*, 2nd edition, Paris, 1694, 12mo., with the remark that all are composed in verse.

Countess D'Aulnoy.

Countess D'Aulnoy (born 1650, died 1705), who is likewise known by other works, lived at the same time as Perrault. She must have written her stories, or at any rate a portion of them, after the publication of his, and therefore in her later years; for in *La Chatte blanche*, No. 19, she mentions *Le Peau d'Ane*, *La Belle au bois dormant*, and *Le Chat botté*, and, by the two last, certainly means Perrault's stories.* However, she has not copied from him, for her collection is both worse and better. Worse, inasmuch as in it the traditions are less faithfully adhered to, additions, amplifications, verses, and moral reflexions, are intermingled with them, and the material is freely handled. Tradition however forms the basis of a large number of these stories, as in Perrault's, and the rest, which are pure inventions, are easily distinguishable by their want of intrinsic value. The *Blue Bird*, one of the finest, is a very remarkable proof of this, as it is unmistakably to be found in the poems of Marie de France, who was already living in the beginning of the 13th century. It is the *Lai of Yvenec* (272–313), a Gallic saga, which therefore continued to exist on the soil of France until the 18th century. Only the three last (Nos. 22, 23, and 24) have been borrowed by means of a French translation from Straparola. It is easy to see that they have been altered, and for what reason. D'Aulnoy's style cannot be called unskilful; on the contrary, it evinces a dexterous and already practised hand; much is related gracefully, and many things are naïvely and simply expressed, still these tales could not obtain universal circulation, as they were only adapted to children of the high rank to which the authoress herself belonged. There is too much ornament and sumptuousness, and also too much French sentimentality in them. We are conscious of the over-refined and elegant manners of the age of Louis XIV., while, on the other hand, we feel the want of something natural and fresh, and of the simplicity—and if the expression will not be misconstrued—the homeliness, which in conjunction with wonders of all kinds, always manifests itself in genuine stories. They are, however, better than those of Perrault, inasmuch as they are often founded on a tradition which is rich and beautiful in itself; and we are inclined, especially on first reading them, to regard as an excellence the artistic way in which the author weaves her incidents together, and the skill which she frequently exhibits in shaping her stories and working them up into little romances. If these artistic embellishments had but occurred in a poem it would have been impossible to understand why Perrault, with fewer

* Madame D'Aulnoy is satirized in *Entretiens sur les Contes des Fées*, published in 1699, so her book must have appeared before that date.

attractions, should have obtained the preference. We will enumerate D'Aulnoy's stories one by one,* and note their connection with others. The book has been so often printed that there is no need to give any extract from it.

1. *Graciosa and Percinet* (*Gracieuse et Percinet*). This resembles the Italian story in the *Pentamerone*, 5, 4. Percinet's fairy palace is evidently an invention.
2. *The Fair One with the Golden Locks* (*La belle aux cheveux d'or*). In the *Pentamerone*, *Corvetto* (3. 7); in German, *Ferdinand the Faithful* (No. 126). The white horse which gives good counsel there, appears here as the little dog Cabriolle. The story is elegant, and tolerably free from additions.
3. *The Blue Bird* (*L'Oiseau bleu*). This, as before remarked, is clearly connected with the *Lai d'Yvenec* of the 13th century, and also with the German story, *The Singing Soaring Lark* (No. 88), but only from the part where the King's son, who is transformed into a pigeon, has to fly away.
4. *Prince Kobold* (*Le Prince lutin*). This is well-founded. The prince rescues a snake, not knowing that it is a fairy who has taken that form. She, in her gratitude, bestows on him all the endowments of a kobold. Among other things, she gives him a little red cap (mist-cap), by means of which he can make himself invisible.
5. *Princess Printaniere* (*Printanière*). This is for the most part an invention, but some incidents are genuine, viz., that of the princess who is to live in concealment until she is twenty, but, just before she attains this age, peeps through a chink which is so small that a needle can scarcely pass through it, on which misfortunes befall her. The way in which the trees help her in her need is pretty too.
6. *Rosetta* (*Rosette*). In German, the story of *The White Bride and the Black One* (135), yet very different. The incident of the true bride being thrown into the sea in her bed while asleep is characteristic and fine. She fortunately cannot sink, as her bed is stuffed with magic feathers: but the German story, in which she rises again from the water as a bird, is still more significant. The Anglo-Saxon saga of *King Scyld Scafing* (from sceaf, old High German scoup, schaub, a bundle of straw), who comes floating asleep on a bundle of straw, should be compared, see *Göttinger gel. Anzeiger*, 1823, No. 1.
7. *The Golden Branch* (*Le Rameau d'or*). There is little that is good in this, and a great deal of the fairy life and shepherd life that was in fashion at that period.
8. *The Bee and the Orange-tree* (*L'Oranger et l'Abeille*). The first

* According to the edition in the *Cabinet des Fées*, Paris, 1785, vol. ii.

part containing the residence with the wild man, and the secret love affair, is modern invention, but from the part where the two want to escape, the story is authentic and fine, and is evidently allied to the German story, *Dearest Roland* (No. 56), and to *The Two King's Children* (No. 113). The last of their changes of form, when they are trying to escape, is very characteristic and appropriate. The maiden changes her beloved into an orange-tree, and herself into a bee, by which the witch who is pursuing them is stung, until she goes bleeding away.

9. *The Good Little Mouse* (*La bonne petite Souris*). The way in which the mouse gives assistance and torments the King in this, in other respects, original story, reminds us of *The Fly, the Mouse, and the Cricket*, in the *Pentamerone* (3, 5).
10. *The Ram* (*Le Mouton* *). Though as a whole much altered, this story is really founded on the saga of *Amor and Pysche*. Some German stories like it are pointed out in the note to No. 88.
11. *Finette Cendron*. This is in the first place the story of the children who were driven from home. Here there are not two, but three, and they are the children of a King: in German, see No. 15, in the *Pentamerone*, 5, 8; afterwards, however, it is connected with *Cinderella*, see *Pentamerone*, 1, 6; German story, No. 21; Perrault, No. 6. Their independence of each other is proved by each having its own special characteristics. The incident in the first part, of the three fugitives finding an acorn which they plant in the earth and water every morning and evening, in the hope of being able to climb up to the top of the tree when it has grown tall, and to look round on every side, is very pretty.
12. *Fortunio* (*Fortunée*). Individual parts of this are genuine, but it has not a genuine foundation.
13. *Babiole*. A complete invention, and so is the story which follows.
14. *The Yellow Dwarf* (*Le Nain jaune*).†
15. *The Green Snake* (*Le Serpent vert*). This is allied to the very different story of *Amor and Psyche*, see note to No. 88.
16. *Carpillon*. Not a genuine story.
17. *The Benevolent Frog* (*La Grenouille bienfaisante*). A worthless invention.
18. *The Hind in the Wood* (*La Biche au bois*). A good story, which is remotely connected with the German one, No. 11. The

* This and the two following are inserted in the *Novelle* of Ponce de Leon.

† Nos. 14 and 15 are in a story, *Ferenand de Tolède*.

princess is not to see the light of day before her fifteenth year, but shortly before that time does see it, and is transformed into a hind; but as her lover, who does not recognize her, wounds her when he is hunting, she is restored to her human shape.

19. *The White Cat* (*La Chatte blanche*).* This is the German story, *The Three Feathers* (No. 63), and that of *The Miller's Boy and the Cat* (No. 106), interwoven with *Rumpelstilzchen* (No. 55).
20. *Knight Fortuné* (*Belle-Belle, ou le Chevalier Fortuné*). In German, *How Six Men got on in the World*, No. 71. In the *Pentamerone*, *The Simpleton* (3. 8).
21. *The Pigeon and the Dove* (*Le Pigeon et la Colombe*). Very much spun out and modernized. The beginning is certainly genuine. The Princess is in hiding, and is not to leave the house that she may not fall into the giant's hands; but when she hears her beloved little lamb bleating loudly in its terror at the sight of the wolf, she forgets the warning, and runs out. The giant thrusts her, together with the wolf, the lamb, and some other animals, into a bag, and as he has to fight with another giant, he in the meantime throws the bag on the top of a tree. Then the maiden cuts it open with her scissors, sets herself free, takes the lamb and the other animals away with her, and leaves only the wicked wolf in the bag.
22. *Princess Fair-Star* (*La Princesse Belle-Etoile*). This is directly taken from Straparola, 4, 3.
23. *Prince Marcassin*, Straparola, 2, 1.
24. *The Dauphin*, Straparola, 3, 1.

Imitators.

A considerable number of stories in the style of Countess D'Aulnoy's appeared in the beginning of the 18th century, but they are on a much lower level than hers, and are almost always mere fanciful creations without any grasp of a strong idea. This is especially the case with what Countess Mürat (d. 1716), Countess d'Auneuil (d. 1700), and M. de Préchac (b. 1676), composed as stories in the *Cabinet des Fées*, vols. 1 and 5. They are a medley of so-called Oriental enchantments and modern shepherd-like love stories, without any authentic substance; the figures which appear in them have neither life nor real nature. We cannot pronounce a much more favourable opinion of the so-called stories of Count Hamilton (b. about 1656, d. 1720), *Cabinet des Fées*, vol. xx., and of M. de Moncrif (b. 1687, d. 1770), in the same book, vol. xxvi. Only the second of Mademoiselle de la Force's (b. about

* This, and all the succeeding stories, is in *Le Gentilhomme bourgeois*.

1650, d. 1724) stories in the same book, vol. vi., deserves to be mentioned. This is *Persinette*, in the *Pentamerone*, *Petrosinella*, 2. 1, but taken from a very weak and imperfect version. A note to one of the other tales, expressly says of it, that it alone (*The Magician*) has been taken from another book, but that all the rest are the original inventions of the author. Of the stories by Mademoiselle l'Héritier (b. 1667, d. 1737), the same book, vol. xii., only one, *Ricdin-Ricdon*, has a genuine basis. The beginning of it is like the *Three Spinners* (No. 14), and then passes into *Rumpelstilzchen* (No. 55); but here, too, the tradition has, with manifest injury to itself, been expanded into a short romance. In the 5th vol. there is another collection entitled, *Les illustres Fées*, of which the author is not known, and in this there are two pieces worthy of notice, *Blanche belle*, in which there is a ring of the German story, *The Black Bride and the White One* (No. 135) and *Prince Guerini*, taken straight from Straparola's *The Three Animals' Gifts* (5, 1.). The magic tales written by Count Caylus in the first half of the 18th century (*Féeries nouvelles*), see *Cabinet des Fées*, vol. xxiv., are empty and worthless to us, and only in one of them, *Tourlou and Rixette*, is a fragment of a story to be found; this is called the *Yellow Bird*, and is inserted as a moral fable. It contains the beginning of the *Two Brothers* (No. 60). An enchantress is changed into a yellow bird and caught. A rich man buys it of the man who has caught it, and as on its right wing he finds these words written, "Whoso eats my head shall be king, and whoso eats my heart shall have a hundred pieces of gold every morning as soon as he awakes," he makes the poor man's wife roast the bird for him. She, however, accidentally gives the head and heart to her two boys, who have on that account to fly from the deceived man's anger. One is murdered for his wealth; the other arrives in a kingdom where at that very time they are unable to agree as to the choice of a king, and are waiting for a sign. As a dove alights on his head he is chosen, but he governs so badly that he is killed in an insurrection. The moral drawn from this is that every one should remain in the rank of life in which he was born, but there is no doubt but that this ending is added for the sake of it. A collection of stories *Nouveaux contes des Fées*, the author of which is not known, appeared in the year 1718, and again in 1731, and was, as both editions had become rare, reprinted in the *Cabinet des Fées*, vol. xxxi. Of the nine stories which it contains, three only (the 1st, 5th, and 9th) have a valid foundation, and may be derived from oral tradition.

1. *The Little Green Frog* (*La petite Grenouille verte*). A sick king desires to have a magic bird, so his son goes forth to obtain it, and comes to a well where a green frog tells him what to do. It gives him a grain of sand, and tells him to throw it down in

front of a castle which he will come to, and it will make everything inside it which possesses life fall fast sleep. Then he is to go in, take the finest horse out of the royal stable, and ride back with all speed. However, as the prince sees a saddle near the horse, he thinks he will put it on first; and this wakens everything, and he does not get the horse. Secondly, the frog gives him a grain of gold, and he is to bring a sleeping princess out of the castle; but she entreats him to let her first put on a gown, and while she is doing it every one wakes up. Thirdly, the frog gives him a bit of diamond dust, and he is now to take away with him the magic bird, and the branch on which he is sleeping. He succeeds in doing this, and the sick king is cured. Some other things are added which do not appear to be genuine. The whole shows great resemblance to the German story, *The Golden Bird* (No. 57), but is much more meagre.

2. *Red, White, and Black* (*Incarnat, Blanc et Noir*). A king goes out in winter and sees a raven which has fallen down on the snow, and the bright white snow is sprinkled over with its blood. Then he wishes for a wife as white as snow, as red as the blood, and with hair as black as the raven's feathers. A voice cries to him that far away he will find a tree, from which he must pluck three apples, which, however, he must not open until he is at home again. He sets out, plucks the apples, but on his way back cannot resist his curiosity. He opens one, on which a beautiful woman comes out of it, who just looks at him, and disappears. He opens the second also, and sees the same vision. He takes care of the third, and does not open it until he reaches home. Then a maiden comes forth from it who is as white, red, and black as he wished, and he marries her and lives happily. One day when he is absent, the wicked old mother-in-law has the young Queen murdered and thrown into the castle moat. When the King returns, she so contrives that he believes another woman to be his consort. Nevertheless he is melancholy, and one day when he is looking out of the window he sees a wondrous fish in the water, which is spotted with white, red, and black. He longs to have it, but the old woman has it caught and cooked for the false Queen. Thereupon a tree of the same three colours grows up before the window, unsown and unplanted. The old woman has it burnt, but a magnificent castle rises up on high out of its ashes, which is made of red rubies, white pearls, and black enamel. No one can open the doors but the King, who finds the true Queen alive inside it. In this will be recognized the story of *The Three Lemons*, in the *Pentamerone* (5, 9), only with more breaks and less substance, but this shows that it was not borrowed from the Italian story. In the beginning it is still more like *The Raven*, in the *Pentamerone* (4. 9).

3. *Prince Rainbow* (*Le Prince Arc-en-ciel*) has some genuine features, and should be grouped with the German story, *The Singing, Soaring Lark* (No. 88), and with the Italian ones in the *Pentamerone*, 5, 3, and 4.

Only one of the stories which Madame de Beaumont (b. 1711) has inserted in her children's book (*Magasin des Enfans*) concerns our purpose, and that is *The Maiden and the Beast* (in the fifth conversation), which is allied to *The Singing, Soaring Lark*; the others are moral fables probably of her own invention. Mad. Villeneuve's *Tales* contain some stories which, according to the translation in *Die junge Amerikanerin, oder Verkürzung müssiger Stunden auf dem Meer* (Ulm, 1765), are like Nos. 24 and 88.

Spain.

There can be no doubt of the existence of stories in Spain. We have in our *Testimonies* quoted a passage from Cervantes which speaks of it, and a fragment of a giant story in Calderon is mentioned in the note to No. 112. Then, too, there is the Enchanted Princess in an old Spanish romance in *Diez*, p. 177. A passage in the comedy, *It is worse than it was* (translated by Malsburg, 1. 335), seems also to be based on a popular story.

England, Scotland, and Ireland.

A great store of oral tradition exists amongst the descendants of the ancient Celtic inhabitants, namely, the Erse in Ireland, the Gaels in Scotland, and the later immigrants into Wales and Cornwall, the Celtish Cymbri, or Cwmri, who were driven westward by the Anglo-Saxons. Stories of this kind with which they now amuse themselves, especially in the winter's evenings, are called Mabinogion,* or hên Chwedlau, old sagas; hên Ystoriau, old histories.

Tales for the Instruction of Youth, translated by Davies. *British Druids*, p. 147. On the other hand, Lhuyd (*Cat. MSS. Britt.*, p. 262) has "Mabinogi (sing.), hoc vocabulum quid sibi velit, hodie non constat. libellus autem sic inscriptus fabulosas quasdam historiolas tradit de optimatibus aliquot Britannis antiquioribus, quod vidimus exemplar in quatuor partes distributum est." Owen quotes this Mabinogion very often in his dictionary; see, for instance, *dadiain*, which he speaks of as a kettle into which everything that is put comes to life again. Under *dywyn* there is a saga of Arthur from the same source. The newest information about it (given by Cohen) is in the *Quarterly Review*, 1819, 41, 94. "The Welsh have their Mabinogion, or juvenile amusements of undoubted authenticity and antiquity. Some of them are extant in manuscript, others live only in the traditions of the common people. A translation of the former was prepared for the press by Mr. William Owen, to whom Cymric literature is so greatly indebted, but the manuscript was unfortunately lost before

Keating has made the Irish sagas known to us in his *History of Ireland*, frequently using the ancient metrical annals verbatim.* So far as they have any visible connection with history, they do not altogether come within our province, though much contained in them is quite in the style of a story. For example, a certain King has horse's ears, and every one who cuts his hair must die, in order that this may always remain a secret. On one occasion, the King shows compassion to a young man to whose lot it has fallen to cut his hair, and gives him his life; but he has to promise solemnly to keep eternal silence. In the meantime, the secret weighs so heavily on him that he becomes ill, and in order to save his life, a Druid advises him to entrust the secret to a tree. And now indeed the youth recovers, but, unfortunately, a harper has a harp made for himself of the wood of the tree, and when it is made, it betrays the secret, for it plays of its own accord, and says, "The King has horse's ears!" This naturally reminds us of the similar Greek story of Midas and his barber. In another tale again it is quite in the style of a "Märchen," that on the birth of a girl misfortune to the country should be foretold, and the knights should therefore desire her death. The King, however, opposes this, and has her shut up in a strong tower, in order to avert the evil fortune. In the meantime, however, the maiden escapes, and the prediction is fulfilled. Here we must point out an incident which is of frequent occurrence. One day in winter, the young maiden is looking out of the window of the tower with her foster-mother; the butcher is just killing a calf, whose red blood falls on the white snow, and a raven comes and eats it. At the sight of this, she cries, "Oh, if I had but a lover whose skin was as white as this snow, with cheeks as red as this blood, and with hair as black as the plumage of this raven!" Beyond this there is no close similarity between this story and the German one (No. 53).

Two Cornish *Mabinogion* are communicated by E l. Jones (*The Bardic Museum*, London, 1802, fol. pp. 17–30), which tell of King Pwyll. He exchanges forms with a friend in order to conquer an enemy of this friend's, and sleeps for a whole year in his friend's bed without approaching his wife. This is the story of the two faithful friends (*Amys* and *Amylion*), with reference to which the remarks on the story of the *Two Brothers* (No. 60), should be read. In the other story there is this incident; he causes a wonderfully

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publication. These tales possess extraordinary singularity and interest, and a complete collection of them in the original language is, as Mr. Southey remarks, a desideratum in British literature."

* Six pieces from this are translated by W. Lindau in the *Morgenblatt* for 1810, Nos. 237, 242, 248, 261; 1812, Nos. 78, 104.

beautiful maiden who appears daily, to be pursued by his servants, but none of them, even when mounted on the fleetest of horses, is swift enough to overtake her. As soon as he calls her himself, she stands still, and owns her love.

In Lluyd's *Archæologia Britannica* too, there is a Cornish story from which an extract must be given here, as it is in some degree a counterpart of the German one in which Hans, to his own satisfaction, always fares worse and worse (No. 83). Ivan says to his wife, "I will go out and seek work, in the meantime, do thou stay at home." He comes to a countryman who asks, "What sort of work can you do?" "I can do any and all," he answers. They make a bargain that he is to have three pounds a year's wages. When the year comes to an end, the master says, "Hark you, instead of giving you the money, I will teach you a good saying." Ivan consents, and the master says, "Beware of leaving an old path for a new one." Ivan again engages himself for a year, and at the end of it, instead of the money, receives as his wages the saying, "Beware of resorting to a house where a young woman is married to an old man." The third year he receives the saying, "Let two blows be given to you before you give one." And now Ivan will serve no longer, but is resolved to return home. His master says, "Do not go to-day; my wife will bake to-morrow, and she shall bake you a cake which you shall take with you for your wife." In this cake, however, the master conceals the nine pounds which Ivan has earned during the three years, and when he gives it to him, he says, "Here is a cake for you, take it to your wife, and when you are very happy together, cut it, but not till then." Ivan thanks him and goes forth, and on the way three friends meet him, who greet him, and say, "Come with us, we will treat thee." They walk by the new path, but Ivan strikes into the old one. When they have got to a little distance from him, Ivan hears that they have been set on by robbers, so he screams, "Robbers! Robbers!" and thus drives them away. When Ivan again meets with them in the market-place, they say, "We owe thanks to thee; we should have fared ill without thee." So they once more invite him to be their guest, but when they enter the inn, and Ivan sees that the hostess is young, he first looks about for the host, and when he finds him in the kitchen, and sees that he is old and weak and is turning the spit, he cries, "Oho! I won't stay here," and finds an inn next door. Here, through a hole in the pannelling, he hears the hostess concerting with a monk to murder the old man, and to ascribe the deed to the three strangers, and he presently sees how the two commit the murder. While the monk is leaning against the wall, Ivan puts his hand through the opening and cuts a round piece out of his cowl. Next morning the adulteress began to scream out that her husband is murdered, and that it must have been done

by the strangers, for no one else has been in the house. The three are just going to be hanged when Ivan comes and tells what he heard and saw, and produces as a token the fragment which he cut out of the monk's cowl. The woman and the monk are hanged. Ivan goes away with his three friends, and where the road separates he leaves them and goes home. It is already late when he comes to his house. He listens, and hears that his wife is in bed, and is talking to some one inside. He is already feeling for his dagger to kill both, when he remembers the third saying, "Let two blows be given you, before you give one." He enters the house, his wife is delighted, and he bids her strike a light. "I heard some one else in the bed," says he. "It is a beautiful little boy, which I have born unto thee; he came into the world six months after thy departure." Ivan rejoices, and says to his wife, "Now we are happy, so we may venture to cut this cake." They find the money in it, and henceforth live so happily that never again is there any dispute between them. Schmeller has given a complete translation of this in Haupt's *Zeitschrift*, 1. 417–421, and has also pointed out the likeness to the Latin poem *Rudlieb*.

This, too, is the most appropriate place to mention the Armorican stories which are found among that branch of the Celtic Cymbri which, when driven out of Britain by the Anglo-Saxons, took refuge in Armorica, or, as it was afterwards called, Brittany. They have been made known by the poems of Marie de France (edited by Roquefort, Paris, 1820, 2 vols.), who lived in the thirteenth century, and obtained a portion of her material from that country. The following of her lays concern our subject.

1. *The Lay of Gugemer* (1. 48). The beloved one alone can unfold the shirt, which she has folded and given her lover away with him. The lover alone can untie the knot which he has tied in her girdle. He has wounded a white hart, which for that cause, wishes ill-luck to him. An extract has already been given in Le Grand d'Aussy's *Fabliaux*, 3. 251.
2. *The Lay of the Ash* (*Lai le Freisne*). This is the story of *The True Bride* (**N**. 135).
3. *Lay of Bisclaveret* (1. 178). The story of a were-wolf. No one is permitted to look on when he changes himself into a man.
4. *Lay of Yvenec* (1. 282). The lover comes to his beloved in the tower in the form of a bird, and is cut by knives which have stealthily been placed there. She follows the track of the blood. See *The Blue Bird*, in Countess d'Aulnoy (No. 3).

In England itself and in the Scotch Lowlands, where a language prevails composed of a mixture of Anglo-Saxon and French, there is probably just as abundant a supply of oral traditions, for those derived from the German through the Anglo-Saxons were added to

the old Gaelic, and much may have been derived from the Danes. It is probable that the greater part of the stories known in Germany are indigenous in Great Britain also, as is accidentally proved with respect to some of them by Leyden, from the fragments of *The Frog Prince* (No. 1) and *The Juniper Tree* (No. 47), which he communicates in his Glossary.

The Singing Bone (No. 28) appears in a Scotch ballad, and *The Golden Bird* (No. 57) seems to have been taken down even in Anglo-Saxon. A story interspersed with rhymes is given by Jamieson (*Northern Antiquities*, 1814, pp. 397-403. Compare too his *Popular Ballads*, 1. 217), to which a counterpart can be found in Musäus, while a Danish ballad (*Kämpe Viser*, 1. 218), seems to be even still more intimately connected with it. It is mentioned by Shakespeare. Little, however, has as yet been collected or communicated.* This department of literature has been filled up by translations from the French. There are six stories in Gulliver's *Lilliputian Library*, but they have been taken from D'Aulnoy. The present collection made by Benjamin Tabart,† which supplies this want, and has therefore been frequently printed, is a slight work composed for the most part of translations from Perrault, Countess d'Aulnoy, Madame de Beaumont, and *The Thousand and One Nights*. Besides these, some stories of the English outlaw Robin Hood, about whom there are many popular ballads, have been inserted. There are only three characteristic and genuine English stories, but these are both good and remarkable, and deserve more careful notice.

1. *Jack the Giant Killer*, 3. 1–37. Jack is the son of a countryman in Cornwall, and understands how to kill the English giants by stratagem. The first of them is Cormoran. Jack digs a deep pit in the giant's path, covers it over with branches and straw, and then blows his little horn. The giant, roused from his sleep, comes there, falls into the pit, and is killed. Jack now receives from the

* It is just possible that the following works, which we have been unable to procure, are not mere translations, but contain something special. This, however, is not probable. *A New Collection of Fairy Tales*, 1750, 2 vols., 12mo; *Queen Mab, a Collection of Entertaining Tales of the Fairies*, 1770, 12mo; *The Pleasing Companion, a Collection of Fairy Tales*, 1788; *Fairy Tales selected from the best Authors*, 1788, 2 vols.; Lewis's *Tales of Wonder*, only contain poems and ballads.

† We have before us Tabart's *Collection of Popular Stories for the Nursery*, newly translated and revised from the French, Italian, and old English writers, London, 1809, 4 vols., 12mo. A new edition is entitled *Fairy Tales, or the Lilliputian Cabinet*, containing twenty-four choice pieces of fancy and fiction, collected by Benjamin Tabart, London, 1818. There is a very full review of it (by Francis Cohen) which is well worth reading, in the *Quarterly Review*, 1819, No. 41, pp. 91–112.

authorities, as a reward, a sword and a girdle, on which is embroidered in golden letters,

"This is the valiant Cornish man,
Who slew the Giant Cormoran."

The giant Blunderbore finds him sleeping, recognizes him by this girdle, and carries him into his castle in the forest. He locks him up inside it, and goes to fetch another giant, who is his brother. Jack sees them both coming back, from his window, and as it is just above the gate, he flings a noose round the neck of each of them as they come in, and strangles them. Jack finds in the castle three women who are hung up alive by their hair, because they would not eat the flesh of their murdered husbands. He unbinds them, and presents them with the whole castle as a compensation for their sufferings. The third giant conceals his malice, and pretends to be friendly. Jack comes to his house as a traveller, and asks for a night's entertainment. He is, however, unable to sleep, and hears the giant striding backwards and forwards in the next room, and saying to himself, "He who sleeps hard by, shall never see daylight again, my club shall dash out his brains." "Oh, that is the tune which you are piping, is it?" says Jack, "but wait a while, and we will see which of us is the cleverest," and he leaps up and puts a great block of wood in his place in the bed, and hides himself in the corner of the room. About midnight, the giant comes, strikes two heavy blows on the bed, and goes away again. Next morning, when Jack, whom the giant believes to be crushed to atoms, appears safe and sound before him, he is startled, and says, "What! Is that you? Well, how have you slept? Did you see, or hear anything?" "Nothing worth mentioning; I think a restless rat did give me three or four blows with his tail, but I fell asleep again directly." The giant, who is quite stupefied, orders a great dish of hasty-pudding to be brought for breakfast. Jack, who thinks that it will not do to let the giant see that he cannot eat as much as the giant himself can, secretly conceals the food in a leather bag, so the giant believes he swallows it. When the meal is over, he says to the giant, "Now I will show you a clever feat. I can cure all wounds in a second, and if I liked, I could cut off my head and put it on again without any injury." Then he rips up the leather bag which he is wearing, which looks just as if he were ripping open his stomach, and all the hasty-pudding rolls out on the ground. The giant, confounded at the sight of this, tries to imitate it, thrusts the knife into his body, and instantly falls dead. Jack now enters into the service of a prince, who is so generous that he gives everything away. When he has given his last farthing to an old woman, he does not know where to pass the night. "Do not

trouble yourself about that," says Jack, "two miles from here dwells a giant who has three heads; I will go with fifteen hundred armed men and put him to flight."

"Alas!" answers the prince, "we shall scarcely suffice to stop one of his hollow teeth." "Let me manage it, master," says Jack. He rides with all speed to the giant. "Dear uncle," says he to him, "the prince is coming with two thousand armed men who will kill thee and destroy thy castle." "Dear cousin," replies the monster, "I have a subterranean vault; I will shut myself up in that and you shall take care of the key until the prince has gone away." Jack does not require to be told this twice, and when the giant is shut up he brings the prince to the castle, and both of them fare sumptuously. Next morning, Jack first gives the prince some gold and some silver, accompanies him for three miles, and then rides back to release his uncle from the vault. The latter wishes to recompense Jack for the service he has performed for him, and Jack demands in return for it a cloak which will make him invisible, a cap which will endow him with wisdom, and a pair of shoes of swiftness, by means of which he soon overtakes his master. At night they come to a beautiful maiden who receives and entertains them well, but who is in the power of a giant. After supper, she takes a napkin, wipes her lips, and says, "Sir, you must conform to the rules of the house; to-morrow morning, you must be able to tell me to whom I have given this napkin, or you will have to lose your head." Jack puts on his cap of wisdom, and learns that every night the maiden is compelled by magic arts to meet a wicked enchanter in the forest. Then he at once puts on his cloak of darkness, and hastens away in his shoes of swiftness, so that he reaches the forest before the maiden does. When she comes, she gives the napkin to the magician, but Jack, with his sword which nothing can resist, immediately cuts his head off, so that the magic is dispelled, the beautiful maiden released, and the King's son marries her. Jack cannot remain in idleness long, and once more sets out against the giants. He soon sees one who is dragging away a young man and a girl by their hair. Jack, himself invisible, hacks away at the giant, as high as he can reach with his sword, and cuts his legs so severely beneath the knees, that he falls down, on which the ground trembles, and the trees totter. And now Jack strikes off his head. The rescued persons invite him to accompany them, but first he wishes to visit the giant's cave. The brother of the giant is sitting in front of the entrance to it, on a block of timber, and his iron club is lying beside him. Jack, who is invisible, kills him, and sends the heads of the two giants to the King. He sets free a host of captives who are in the cave, the fattest among whom the giant was in the habit of killing and eating whenever he had a fancy. Among these Jack divides the

giant's treasures. When Chundel, a two-headed giant, hears of the death of his two relations, he sets out to take vengeance. Jack happens to be at a feast given by the two young people whom he had delivered, when he hears that the giant is coming. The house is surrounded by a moat, so Jack has the bridge which crosses this sawn through in the middle, and then, himself invisible, runs to meet the giant. The giant smells, though he does not see him and cries,

"Fa, fe, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman;
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread."

Now Jack puts on his shoes of swiftness, and throws off his cloak, so the giant can see him. Then he begins to run, and the giant runs after him, looking like a moving tower. To amuse the spectators, Jack runs twice round the moat, and then over the bridge, and the giant follows him, and as the bridge is sawn across below, it breaks beneath his weight, and he falls down into the water. Jack flings a rope round both his heads, has him drawn up by a team of horses, cuts his heads off, and sends them to the King. Finally Jack also overcomes a giant, the servant of a magician, who transforms every one whom he gets into his power into a beast. Two dragons lie before the entrance into his castle, but Jack passes between them invisibly, and finds a golden trumpet: whoso is able to blow this, will destroy the giant. Jack blows such a blast that the doors spring open, and the whole castle totters. The giant and the magician come humbly to him; the former is killed, and the latter carried away in a whirlwind.

Jack is no other than the valiant little tailor of the German story (No. 20), who terrifies, and overcomes the giants by his cunning; and yet only one of the incidents is the same, viz. that in the night when the giant wants to strike him dead, the latter deceives him, and gets out of bed before he comes.

2. *The Life and Adventures of Tom Thumb*, 3. 37–52. *Tom Tumbe the Little* appeared as early as in 1621. Tom Thumb is, as his mother wished, no bigger than his father's thumb, and he grows no more. Fairies favour him and clothe him. His hat is an oak-leaf, his shirt is made of a spider's web and thistle-down, his stockings of apple-parings, and his shoes of mouse-skin. He is sharp and crafty withal. When he is playing at cherry-stones with his companions and has lost his own, he creeps into the bags belonging to his companions, and gets out a fresh supply for himself; but one day he is caught. The boy whom he is robbing, ties the string of the bag round his neck, and then shakes him and the stones together, and they bruise him terribly. Once when his mother is mixing a pudding, he, in his curiosity, creeps on to the

edge of the dish, and falls in without her observing it. He is put into the warm water with it, and moves about in the dough, until his mother at last believes the pudding is bewitched, and gives it away to a tinker who is passing by. As soon as Thumbling is able to free his mouth from the dough, he begins to scream loudly. The tinker in a fright, throws the pudding over a hedge; it breaks in two, and Tom, who is released, goes home to his mother, who kisses him, and puts him to bed. When she is busy milking the cow, she ties him to a thistle with a bit of pack-thread, lest the wind should blow him away. A cow, however, takes him and the thistle, too, into her mouth. Whilst she is chewing, Thumbling, who is terrified at the sight of her great teeth which threaten him with destruction, screams, "Mother! Mother!" "Where art thou, dear Tom?" cries she. "Alas! I am here, in the red cow's mouth." The cow, who is alarmed at the strange noise in her throat, opens her mouth, and lets him drop out again. His father makes him a whip of barley-straw to drive the cattle with. One day a raven picks him up with a seed in a furrow, flies with him on to the battlements of a giant's castle, on the seaward side, and leaves him there. The giant finds him, and swallows him and all his clothes as a pill, but spits him out again into the sea, where a large fish devours him. The fish is brought to a King's table, and when it is cut, to the delight of every one, little Thumb appears. The King appoints him his dwarf. When the King rides out he takes him in his hand, and when it begins to rain, Tom creeps into the King's waistcoat-pocket until it is over. The King allows him to visit his parents, and to take with him as much of his treasure as he is able to carry. With the greatest difficulty, Thumbling is able to take a piece of money worth three farthings in a bag on his back, spends two days and two nights in walking half a mile, and his mother finds him lying half-dead by the door. He is received with great joy, especially as he brings such a large sum of money with him. They set him by the fire in a walnut-shell, and feed him for three days on a hazel-nut, which makes him ill, for he eats too much, or else it would have been sufficient for a whole month. As it has been raining Thumbling is unable to travel back again, so his mother sets him on her hand, and with one breath blows him back to the King's court. He has an illness, and the fairy comes and takes him away to fairyland with her, and there he soon recovers and grows strong. When he is quite well again, he has to be blown back to the King's court by a soft wind. Unfortunately, the cook is just carrying a bowl of soup to the King; Thumbling falls straight into the midst of it, and it splashes up in the cook's face. Happily he sees a miller standing there with open mouth, so Tom makes a spring, and leaps into his mouth without any one being aware of it. He makes a noise in the

miller's throat, and he, afraid he is bewitched, sends for a physician. Tom dances and sings, and the physician becomes uneasy, and sends for other doctors, but in the meantime the miller happens to yawn, and Tom makes another spring on to the middle of the table. The miller, quite angry, lays hold of him and throws him out of the window into a river, where a salmon snaps him up in a moment. The salmon falls into the hands of a cook, who when he is cutting up the fish, finds Tom. He hastens with him to the King, who is, however, busy, and appoints another day to look at the dwarf. The cook puts him in a mouse-trap, in which for a whole week he bemoans his lot behind the wires. Then the King orders him to be brought into his presence, forgives him, makes him a knight and gives him clothes; he has a shirt made of butterflies' wings, boots of a chicken's skin, his sword is a tailor's needle, and his horse a mouse. He rides to the chase with the King, but one day a cat catches the mouse and Tom, and springs up a tree with them. Tom, however, boldly draws his sword, and attacks the cat, and she lets them drop. The King and his lords hasten to their assistance, and one of them takes him under his protection; but Tom is badly cut with the cat's claws. The fairy once more takes him away, and keeps him with her for some years, and then sends him dressed in a clean leaf flying down to a part of the earth where another King reigns. He is delighted with Tom, and has a little seat made, for he will have Tom sit at table with him, and besides this he has a little house of gold made for him which is a span high, and in this he is to live; and he gives him a coach drawn by mice. The Queen, jealous of this favour, resolves on his ruin, and accuses him of having behaved disrespectfully to her; the King falls into a passion, and Tom creeps into an empty snail-shell and lies there until he is nearly dead with hunger. Then he peeps out, and sees a butterfly which is resting. Tom seats himself astride of it, the butterfly rises and flies away, and at last goes to the King's court. Every one wants to catch it, but is unable. As Tom has neither saddle nor bridle, he slips off, and falls down into the cream, where he is discovered, half-drowned. He is now to be executed, but as this cannot take place at once, he is imprisoned in a mouse-trap; a cat breaks the trap, and Thumbling is set free; but a spider, who thinks he is a fly, attacks him. He draws his sword and fights valiantly, but the poisonous breath of the spider kills him, and it sucks his blood.

In German the stories of *Thumbling* (No. 37), and *Thumbling as Journeyman* (No. 45), correspond with this.

3. *Jack and the Beanstalk*, 4. 108–136. Jack, who is the only son of a poor widow, will not pay any attention to what his mother says, and is therefore careless, and badly brought up, but not wicked. She gives him a cow to sell, which is the last she has.

Jack exchanges it with a butcher for a few coloured beans. When he goes home with them, his mother angrily throws them away; some of them fall in the garden, and next morning, to his great astonishment, Jack sees that they have come up and have grown most wonderfully. The stalks, which are quite thick and intertwined with each other, form a ladder, the top of which Jack is unable to see, but which seems to reach up to the clouds. He climbs up this in spite of all his mother can say, and after some hours' climbing arrives, quite exhausted, at the top. There he finds a strange land without trees or bushes, houses, or any living creature, and with nothing but fragments of rough stone lying about on all sides. He walks on, and at last meets a poor old woman dressed in rags. She, however, is a fairy, and tells him about his father, of whom Jack has never heard. A wicked giant had killed him, and carried away all his treasures, from envy, because he was a good man who shared his wealth with the needy. Jack was then a mere child, and the giant only suffered him and his mother to live on condition that they should never reveal the misdeed to any one. It was the fairy who had put it into Jack's mind to make that bargain for the beans, and who had made the ladder grow from them. She informs him that the giant lives in the neighbourhood, and that he is to revenge his father's death on him, and take back his treasures. Jack sets out, and in the evening reaches the giant's house, and finds his wife standing by the door. She is friendly, and puts him into the stove to conceal him from the man-eater. The giant comes home and smells fresh meat, but the woman pacifies him. After dinner, he says to her, "Bring me the hen." She brings a hen which lays a golden egg. The giant amuses himself with this until he falls asleep and snores. And now Jack creeps out, seizes the hen, and runs away with it. He finds the way back to the beanstalk quite well, and takes the treasure to his mother, so now they can live free from all care. Jack climbs up the beanstalk a second time, but he is so disguised that the giant's wife does not recognize him. She is standing by the door, and again conceals him. Everything happens as before, and Jack takes two bags from the snoring giant, one filled with gold, and one with silver. A little dog certainly does begin to bark, but Jack makes it quiet again by giving it a crust of bread, and gets safely home with his booty. He finds his mother ill with grief for his absence, but he soon makes her well again. He stays with her for a while, but at last can resist no longer, and climbs up the beanstalk-ladder for the third time. After dinner the giant has a harp brought to him which plays of its own accord, and when he has fallen asleep, Jack comes out and takes it away. But the magic harp cries, "Master! Master! Master!" and the giant awakes, but is still so drunk that at first he can hardly stand on

his legs, however, at last he staggers after Jack. Jack, however, reaches the beanstalk-ladder first, and even while still at the top calls for a hatchet, and as soon as he has got down, takes it at once, and cuts down the beanstalk, and the giant, who is just beginning to descend by it, falls down dead. Compare the story of *The Flail from Heaven* (No. 112).

Denmark and Sweden.

Many of the Norse sagas have already received quite a story-like dress and colouring. Among these we may perhaps name that of Bodvar Biarke and his brothers in the *Hrolf Krages Sage*, see Müller's *Sagabibliothek* (2. 505), or that of *Illuge** (ibid. 656), see likewise the note to the story of *The Youth who went forth to learn what Fear was* (No. 4), and that to *Snow-white* (No. 53). See the story of the spark of fire in the *Blomsturwalla Saga* (*Altd. Wälder*, 3. 284). We will give additional proof of the truth of this observation in another place, where it will be more appropriate.

Some of these stories are, as Thiele tells me, still in circulation in the Denmark of the present day; he himself names some in the preface to his *Dänische Sagen*, p. 3, and in the same book, p. 47, gives one which is very like our story, *The Elves* (No. 39, 3). The popular ballads which appear in the new edition of the *Kämpe Viser*, in the second division of the first vol. (pp. 175–352), have also a story-like foundation; and, in reading *The Three Sisters* of Musäus, we are strongly reminded of the ballad of *Merman Rosmer*. In Sweden there are translations of Perrault's and Countess d'Aulnoy's French stories. *The Blue Bird* is the one which is the greatest favourite, so it is often printed as a chap-book. The German stories appear to be in circulation there also. For more particular information we are indebted to H. R. von Schröter, who has taken down the following stories in Sweden from oral tradition.

1. *The Little Brother and Sister.* In Upland. German (No. 11). Much more meagre, and without any special characteristics. The murdered Queen comes on Thursday night, in a white dress, and with a long clanking chain. She says to her dog which has crept into the kitchen, "Hast thou nothing to eat?" and the dog gives her two or three mouthfuls of bread. She then asks, "What is my little child doing?" "Sleeping." "Is the witch's daughter in the arms of my beloved?" "No." She goes away sighing and returns next Thursday. The third time she comes she weeps bitterly, and says, "This is the last time; if no one rescues me I am forfeited to the mermaid!" Then the King, who has been on the watch, delivers her by cutting her chain in two. The false Queen is thrown into molten lead. Better told in Cavallius, p. 144.

* *Sage om Illuge Grydefostre.*—Tr.

2. *The Three Fairies.* From East Gothland. In German (No. 63). The three tasks are to find the finest linen, the best dog, and the most beautiful woman.

3. *The Elves.* This tallies exactly with the German story (No. 91). A common, bad, worked-up version of this is printed. *En ikke alldeles ny men dock sällsam historia om Lunkentus* (the name of the dwarf) Jönköping, 1818.

4. *Grey-mantle.* From East Gothland. A certain King has three daughters, and loves the youngest best. One day he loses his way in the forest, and whenever he tries to go out, is always met by a man in a grey mantle. "If thou wouldst go out," says he, "thou must give me the first living thing which meets thee on thy arrival at home." The King thinks, "That will be my greyhound as usual," and says, "Yes." It is, however, his youngest and dearest daughter. He sends the two elder out into the forest to Grey-mantle, one after the other, but he sends them both back with valuable presents. So now the youngest is given to Grey-mantle, who carries her to a magnificent castle, and gives her all the splendid things inside it, but there is one trap-door in the floor of the room which he forbids her to open. He only comes into her presence when she is having her meals, and then he waits on her. Every night he appears to her in her dreams as a beautiful youth. Once when Grey-mantle is absent, she is overcome by curiosity, and opens the door, and beneath it sees Grey-mantle himself standing there. In the meantime he comes as if from a distance, and asks angrily, "What didst thou see beneath the trap-door?" She is so terrified she cannot speak, and falls senseless on the ground. When she recovers, the castle with all its splendour has vanished, and she is in a desert. A King who is hunting, sees her there, takes her away with him, and marries her for her beauty. At her wedding, as soon as she has said Yes, she loses her speech and becomes dumb. She brings a son into the world. Grey-mantle appears and asks what she saw under the trap-door? And as in her alarm she returns no answer, he takes the child away with him and makes her mouth bloody. The same thing happens on the birth of the second boy. The King still lets this pass, but when the same thing happens for the third time, she is to be burnt as a witch. She is already standing at the stake, when Grey-mantle appears, and once more asks, "What didst thou see beneath the trap-door?" Then she conquers her terror and says, "I saw thee, hateful Grey-mantle." In the self-same moment the grey mantle falls away like ashes, and the beautiful youth whom she has seen in her dreams is standing before her. He takes her away with him to his castle, where she finds her three children, and tells her that a wood nymph whose love he had slighted, had transformed him so that his body should be invisible, and nothing be seen of him but

the grey mantle, and that he could only be set free if a princess would be married to him, love him, and bear three sons to him, and at the same time hate him so much that she would be terrified and turn away from the sight of him. A somewhat affected rendering of this was printed at Nyköping, in 1818. *Grå kappan eller bedröflig och mycket angenäm historia om den däjelige Prinsen Rosimandro.* It is very well told in Molbech, No. 14. It is allied to the German story, *The Singing, Soaring Lark* (No. 88), and to *Our Lady's Child* (No. 3).

GERMANY.

1. *Märchen einer Amme* (*A Nurse's Stories*), 1764. This, like the following work, is only known to us by its title. Both of them apparently only contain translations from the French.

2. *Romane und Feenmärchen* (*Romances and Fairy Tales*). Glogau, 1770.

3. *Einige Feenmärchen für Kinder* (*Fairy Tales for Children*), Berlin, 1780. Translations from the French of Perrault and Countess d'Aulnoy.

3*a*. *Wintermärchen bei langen Winterabenden zu erzählen* (*Winter's Tales for long Winter's Evenings*), Basel, 1780. *Sommermärchen* (*Summer Tales*), Basel, 1783. The title only is given in *Die allgemeine deutsche Bibliothek.*

4. *Volksmärchen der Deutschen* (*Popular German Stories*) by Musäus, Gotha, 1782.

Musäus worked up genuine popular stories, much in the same way as Ottmar and Frau Naubert did later, but for this reason we can take no more notice of them than of other collections of a similar kind, and yet he often dressed them up in a story-like fashion. The following are stories in the sense in which the word is regarded in our book.

a. *The Three Sisters*, Part I. In the *Pentamerone* (4, 3) this is *The Three Kings*, and simpler and purer. The episode of Zornebock the Magician, appears to be an addition made by Musäus, otherwise it agrees on the whole tolerably well with the Italian story, though it is evident that Musäus was not acquainted with the latter. In Danish the ballads of *Merman Rosmer* (*Kämpe Viser*, i. 218–233) are founded on incidents of the same kind, with which again a Scotch story in Jamieson (see p. 508) corresponds; in both these the brother who frees the sisters is called Roland, which tallies with Reinald in Musäus. Jamieson, in the *Popular Ballads*, i. 217, makes the following note to the translation of the Danish ballad. "It may be observed that there is a striking resemblance between the story of *Rosmer Hafmand* and the romance of *Child Rowland* (not yet entirely lost in Scotland), which is quoted by Mad Tom in Shakespeare:

Child Rowland to the dark tower came
(The fairy comes in)
With fi, fi, fo and fum!
I smell the blood of a British man!
Be he dead, be he living, wi' my brand,
I'll dash his harns, frae his harn-pan."

In *Schah Nameh*, as in the story of *The Eagle*, the Giant-bird Simurg gives the boy Sal a feather from his plumage, which he is to throw in the fire when he is in any trouble (in *The Eagle* it is to be set on fire by rubbing it), and he will instantly come flying through the clouds to his assistance (*Fundgruben*, 3. 63).

b. Richilda, Part I. Our *Snow-white* (No. 53).

c. Rolands Knappen (*Roland's Squires*) Part I. Has some affinity to Nos. 36 and 54.

d. Ulrich mit dem Bühel (*Ulrich with the Hump*), Part IV. The saga of the hen with the golden egg is well told, and is connected with that of the two deformed hump-backed wooers.

It contains the old witch-rhyme,

"Winde dich in ein Knauel!
runde dich wie ein Plauel!"*

The Nymph of the Fountain, Part II. This is allied to *Cinderella* (No. 21), *Dame Holle* (No. 24), and *Allerleirauh* (No. 65).

5. *Kindermärchen aus mündlichen Erzählungen gesammelt* (*Stories for Children, gathered from oral tradition*), Erfurt, 1787.

The assertion contained in the title is a true one; the stories are based on oral traditions, but they are meagre, and the mode of narration is unskilful and bad. There are only four stories.

a. The Little Bird with the Golden Egg, pp. 1–57. The beginning is taken from *The Two Brothers* (No. 60), and what follows from *Donkey Cabbages* (No. 122), without a single distinctive incident, except that at p. 26, it happens that the man who has eaten the bird's heart, stumbles on three giants in his journey through the forest, who are quarrelling about a cloak which carries whoever is wearing it whithersoever he wishes to be. Each of them wants to have it, and yet it cannot be divided. They part with it for a sum of money. See the note to *The Golden Mountain* (No. 92).

b. The Little White Pigeon, pp. 58–93. A poor orphaned girl saves a little white pigeon from a vulture. She falls into the hands of a magician, and as she resists him, he binds her to a rock where she is to be killed by snakes. But the little white pigeon comes

* "Wind thyself up in a ball!
Be as round as a titmouse."

Blauel, in the Black Forest, Blawel, is a titmouse, and a titmouse is one of the very roundest of birds.—TR.

and puts a certain kind of leaf of which snakes are afraid, all round the girl, and brings her food, and picks up the tears from her cheeks. The magician takes her away again, and she has to be his servant and wash his feet, and to unravel pieces of silk, but the pigeon comes and helps her. Once when the magician is asleep, the maiden draws his ring off, and on awaking, when he looks into the stone in it, he drops down dead. The maiden pulls off the white pigeon's head and throws it towards the east, and his body to the west, whereupon he becomes a handsome youth.

c. The Faithful Fox, p. 94–150. The story of *The Golden Bird* (No. 57).

d. Queen Wilowitte and her two Daughters, pp. 151–186. A giant pursues a Queen and her two daughters; in this peril a good old woman changes all three into flowers. The giant, who is deceived, falls on the earth and scratches his hand so that blood flows from it. The old woman picks up some drops of his blood, and gives it to two princes who have asked the two princesses in marriage, because the blood may serve to restore them again to their human forms; she also gives each of them a branch of the flowers, which will remain fresh as long as their love remains true and pure. The eldest, who cares only for low pleasures, goes to a wicked enchantress, his branch withers, and she afterwards changes him into a goat. The youngest, who is true of heart, meets the giant, who lays hold of him and intends to eat him, but while he is asleep the youth smears his sword with the drops of the giant's blood, and plunges it in his heart. When dying, the giant discloses that three drops of his heart's blood will confer beauty on any man who shall rub himself over with them, and will also awaken love for him in others. The King's son takes the heart's blood with him, and he too comes to the wicked enchantress who possesses the water of life. She tries to ensnare him, and as she does not succeed, steals from him the giant's heart's blood, and smears herself with it. At the same moment, however, she is burnt, for the giant had wished after death to revenge himself thus on the prince. He is now master of the water of life, and first gives his brother and the enchantress's other animals their human forms again, and then hastens away to disenchant the three beloved flowers. The whole of this story, especially the search for the water of life, has some likeness to our story (No. 97).

6. *Ammenmärchen* (*Nursery Tales*), by Vulpius. Weimar, 1791, 92, 2 vols. Some of these appear to be based on oral tradition; we select the following:

a. A King is ill and can only be cured by figs; he promises that whosoever shall bring them shall have his daughter to wife. Three brothers make the attempt, and the youngest succeeds; but before the princess accepts him, she imposes three difficult tasks,

which with the help of some grateful animals he performs. Firstly, he has to get a ring out of the water; a fish, which he has previously lifted from the sand and carried to its native element, brings it to him. Secondly, he is to bring a garland from heaven, and a brand from hell. The garland is brought by a white pigeon, the brand by a black one, and the birds were two which he had once driven away when they were fighting with each other. Thirdly, he is to pick up and separate nine bushels of nine different kinds of grain; and this is done for him by some ants which he had once fed. Finally, he is to take charge of nine hundred hares: a little whistle which has been given to him always brings them together again. In the beginning it resembles *The Water of Life* (No. 97), afterwards *The White Snake* (No. 17).

b. The King captures a strange man, whom he shuts up in a tower, but the King's son secretly releases him, for unless he does so the man will not give him a ball which has fallen into the tower while the boy was playing. This is the story of *Iron John* (No. 136), with some variations at the conclusion.

7. *Märchen und Erzählungen* (*Stories and Tales*). Riga, 1796. Insignificant in itself and quite valueless to us.

8. *Das Märleinbuch für meine lieben Nachbarsleute* (*A Little Storybook for my dear Neighbours*), 2 vols. Leipzig, 1799. The first six are not really children's stories, though some recollections of such stories and popular sagas may have been used in them. The author (who calls himself Peter Kling) does not altogether lack fancy, but his habit of telling everything in detached, dismembered sentences, soon becomes wearisome. The seventeenth story (pp. 113–130) certainly contains a well-connected version of a story he has heard, which corresponds on the whole with *The Singing, Soaring Lark* (No. 88), and with the *Iron Stove* (No. 127). The father goes to the great fair, the two eldest daughters ask him to bring some finery home for them, but the youngest modestly begs for nothing but a little branch with three acorns on one stalk. The father loses his way in the forest, and comes to a castle which is standing quite empty, where, however, he is most magnificently entertained. During the night the bear comes and brings the little branch with the three acorns for which the father has to promise him his daughter. At home all doors are shut, but in spite of this the bear comes in twice by night, and the third time he comes, he takes his bride away with him. Every night he lies by her side until a dwarf brings a drink to her which she pours out over him at midnight, whereupon he regains his human form again for one hour. This is the beginning of his disenchantment which has become possible as soon as a little boy aged three years, three months, three days, three hours, and three minutes, lies in her lap. And now when the bear is sleeping she puts one of the acorns in

his mouth, she eats the second, and puts the third into the earth, and when this last one sprouts, all enchantment is at an end.

9. *Feenmärchen* (*Fairy Tales*). Brunswick, 1801.

The author says that he has written them down from recollections of stories heard in his youth, and this good groundwork is to be traced in them, but he has added much of his own, and is not very happy in his rendering. We pick out nine which follow; the rest are not genuine stories.

a. Generosity Rewarded, p. 1. A story of a good sister and a bad one, as in *Dame Holle* (No. 24), but it is much modernized.

b. The Giant's Forest, p. 44. The story of *Dearest Roland* (No. 56).

c. Parsonet and Matilda, p. 73. From Countess d'Aulnoy's *Graciosa and Percinet.*

d. The Three Girdles, p. 122. In this it is told how a betrothed bride recalls herself to the mind of a lover who has forgotten her, by giving precious articles to the false bride for the privilege of approaching him for an instant; there is the same thing in *The Singing, Soaring Lark* (No. 88). One incident, though peculiar, is undoubtedly genuine, viz. that of the miller's maid ordering a man who will force his way in, to shut a door, and while he is shutting this door another springs open, and so it goes on until he has to spend the whole night in shutting doors. The same incident occurs in the *Pentamerone*, in the story of *Rosella* (3, 9), which is closely allied to this.

e. The Prophetic Bird, p. 168. The story of *The Two Travellers* (No. 107).

f. The Castle in the Forest, p. 206. The deliverance of a snake-maiden by keeping silence. The attempt at the beginning is not quite successful. Not really story-like.

g. The King and his Three Sons, p. 271. *The Three Feathers* (No. 63). Among other things Dummling has to bring a boat, not one board of which has been hewn, and which has grown into the exact shape required. He brings the finest web of linen in a grain of barley which again is hid inside a nut.

h. The Singing, Ringing Tree, p. 322. The story of the *Singing, Soaring Lark* (No. 88), and of *The Iron Stove* (No. 127).

i. The Seven Swans, p. 349. Our story, No. 49.

10. *Kindermärchen*, by E. A. Eschke, 2nd edit., Berlin, 1804. Moral tales with no substance.

11. *Kindermärchen*, by Albert Ludwig Grimm, Heidelberg, 1809. Second edit., Heidelb. 1817. Third edit. Frankfort on the Maine, 1839. Only three are from oral tradition.

a. Snow-white. In our collection, No. 53. Dramatically and circumstantially treated, and with some alterations.

b. Hans Dudeltee. In our collection, *The Fisherman and his Wife* (No. 19). See the note to that.

c. The Three Princes. The story of *The Queen Bee* (No. 62).

12. *Volkssagen, Märchen und Legenden* (*Popular Sagas, Stories, and Legends*), collected by Joh. Gust. Büsching, two parts; Leipzig, 1812. There are five stories in it, pp. 245–296.

a. The Juniper Tree. In our collection (No. 47).

b. The Fisherman, our No. 19.

c. Old Bogie. The story of *The Devil with the Three Golden Hairs* (No. 29).

e. The Frog. The Three Feathers (No. 63).

f. Peasant Kibitz. The Little Peasant (No. 61).

13. *Wintermärchen*, by Godfather Johann, Jena, 1813. Only old so far as the title-page is concerned; they were published ten years earlier. They are by the same person who wrote the *Leipzig Collection* (No. 8), and are composed in the same style. The 6th, and part of the 5th, alone have any value; the others with few exceptions are empty inventions.

14. *Kindermärchen*, by C. W. Contessa, Fouqué, and Hoffmann, Berlin, 1816. Three pieces of their own invention. It is possible that a popular saga, *Das Gastmahl*, gave rise to the first; in the last, *Der Nussknacker, und Mäusekönig* (*The Nut Crackers and the King of the Mice*), incidents from the world of childhood occur most frequently, and they are often pretty.

15. *Linas Märchenbuch* (*Lina's Story book*), by Albert Ludwig Grimm, 2 vols., Frankfurt, 1816. Only two of these stories suit our purpose.

a. Gentle Spring and Strong Spring, p. 191. This is our story, *The Two Brothers* (No. 60), but ours is more complete.

b. Out of the Sack, Cudgel, p. 315. Our No. 36.

16. *Poetische Sagen der Vorzeit* (*Poetical Sagas of Antiquity, such as Legends, Popular Sagas, Stories and Jests.* Collected by C. F. Solbrig, Magdeburg, 1817). Contains nothing new.

17. *Märchen und Jugenderinnerungen* (*Stories and Juvenile Recollections*), by E. M. Arndt, Berlin, 1818. Accurate and lively renderings of the sagas, stories, and ballads of different countries, more especially of northern countries, with embellishments and additions. Here we shall only notice one from the Island of Rügen, which seems to be most faithfully given. This is *The Seven Mice*, p. 1. As the children play when in church, their mother changes them into mice. Compare our story, *The Seven Ravens* (No. 25), which is allied.

18. *Fabeln, Märchen und Erzählungen für Kinder* (*Fables, Stories, and Tales for Children*), by Caroline Stahl, Nuremberg, 1818.

These are stories which are for the most part genuine, and

gathered from oral tradition, which are valuable on that very account, even though they are frequently not very perfect. The style of narration is not particularly good, but is simple and easy. We notice the following.

a. Thumbling, p. 13. He is only the length of a finger, though he is eighteen. His brothers turn him out, he jumps into the King's carriage, and hides himself in a fold of the Queen's dress. She discovers him, and is going to order him to be killed, but the King, in the pocket of whose coat he takes refuge, has a fancy for him. He gets into all kinds of dangers, is once swept down from the stove, but again saves himself by hiding in a corner. He dashes a cup of poisoned coffee out of the King's hand, and rises still higher in his favour. He is dressed richly, and has a needle given him for a sword. With this he has a combat with a cat, and thrusts it through the hand of a murderer who is going to slay the King in his sleep, which alarms him and awakens the King. Compare our stories, Nos. 37 and 45.

b. The Godmothers, p. 19. A Queen first begs a frog to be godmother, then an owl, and after that a mouse. On each occasion these godmothers endow the children not only with beauty, but with something more. The eldest girl is to have golden hair, pearls are to fall from the eyes of the second, and jewels from the mouth of the third. When the fourth child is born, the King refuses to let a fish, who comes to offer himself for the post, be godfather. So the maiden receives no endowments, and grows up ugly, only she is not vain and proud like her sisters, but good and kind. One day she sees some naughty boys tormenting a frog, and rescues it from them by giving them her handkerchief for it, and in the same way she rescues a mouse, an owl, and finally a fish, to do which she has to give away one piece of clothing after another, so that she keeps nothing but what is absolutely necessary, and comes home bare-footed. The King scolds her, but the fish changes himself into a fairy, and now endows the good maiden also, and grants her the same beauty as her sisters have.

c. The Miller's Daughter, p. 41. *The Robber Bridegroom* (No. 40). In order to reach the robber's cave, the girl ties a ball of thread to his sledge and follows the thread.

d. The Hazel-nuts. An old woman comes to three sisters, of whom the two elder are wicked, and the youngest is good. In return for kindness she presents the latter with three nuts. Afterwards it is found that the finest web of linen is lying in the first, a little dog is in the second, and in the third, a seed which falls out and a whole forest springs up from it. The Queen has wished for all these things, so the good maiden obtains her favour, and great fortune.

e. The Ungrateful Dwarf. Snow-white, who is a poor child, finds in the forest a dwarf whose beard is wedged in a cleft tree. She kindly fetches her scissors and sets him free. Hereupon the dwarf pulls out a bag of money from beneath the tree, and walks away with it without either giving her any of it, or so much as thanking her. Soon afterwards Snow-white and her little sister Rose-red, find the same dwarf fishing, but his beard has become entangled in the line, and a fish which has bitten, is now pulling the little man, who is screaming, into the water. The children hold him fast, but his beard cannot be disentangled from the line. Snow-white runs home, fetches her scissors, and cuts the line in two. As a little of his beard is sacrificed as well, the dwarf grumbles about it, and without a word of thanks, makes off with a bag full of pearls. The children release him for a third time just as an eagle is seizing him in the field, and is about to carry him off. On this occasion, also, the dwarf goes away with a bag of jewels without showing any gratitude. At length they find him in the clutches of a bear, and the false creature says, "Dear bear, if thou wilt but let me go, I will give thee my money, my pearls, and jewels, and these two children as well, and they are a daintier mouthful than I." The bear, however, pays no attention to this, eats the dwarf, and goes his way. Snow-white and Rose-red now find all the ungrateful dwarf's possessions, carry them home, and rescue their parents and their brothers and sisters from all poverty. Our story, No. 161.

f. The Little Staff, p. 85. This is *Rumpelstilzchen* (No. 55), with some difference.

g. The Little House of Sweetmeats, p. 92. A portion of the story of *Hänsel und Grethel* (No. 15), where the two children are fed by the witch, and escape.

h. The good Sister and the bad One, p. 164. *Dame Holle* (No. 24), from an imperfect tradition.

19. *Das Buch der Märchen für Kindheit und Jugend* (*Story-book for Childhood and Youth*), by J. A. C. Löhr, Leipzig, 1818, 2 vols. This is gathered together from different places. Most of it is from *The Thousand and One Nights*, and a great deal is from our collection. There is nothing new in it.

20. *Kindermärchen zur Unterhaltung und Bildung für die Jugend. Stories for the Amusement and Instruction of Youth*, by G. C. Grote, Meissen (1819).

Seven moral fables of little value. Here and there recollections of stories have been used. In No. 5 there are some incidents from *The Golden Bird* (No. 57); in No. 6 there is the story of *The Wishing-Table* (No. 36); but much modernized.

21. *Lauter unschuldige Märchen* (*Stories that any child may read*), Nuremberg, 1820, 2 vols. This and the following collection

contain nothing new. Both are borrowed from others, most frequently from ours.

22. *Märchen und Sagen für die Jugend*, related by Moritz Thieme, Berlin, 1820.

23. *Volkssagen und Märchen der Deutschen und Ausländer* (*Popular Sagas and Stories of Germany and Foreign Countries*), edited by Lothar, Leipzig, 1820. Contains three German stories.

a. The Cloak, the Mirror, and the Little Bottle, p. 13. Three brothers go forth, the youngest, or the simpleton, wins the prize. The groundwork of the story is like our Nos. 63 and 64, but No. 129 is mixed.

b. The Magician. Our *Jew among Thorns* (No. 110).

c. The Arch-thief. Rather different in *Straparola* (1, 2), but better and more complete.

24. *Märchensammlung* (*A collection of stories*), by P. Eberhardt, Berlin, 1821. Unimportant and without the least trifle picked up by the author himself.

25. *Des Knaben Lustwald* (*The Boy's Playground*), 2 parts, Nuremberg, 1821 and 1822.

Der Mädchen Lustgarten (*The Girl's Pleasure Garden*), Erlangen, no year. This gives us nothing new, but it names the sources from which its contents have been derived, and it is written on a plan and with care. The greater part of the stories are taken from our collection.

26. *Titania, or Moral Fairy Tales for Children*, by W. Gottschalk. Berlin, 1822. Translations from the French and *The Thousand and One Nights*, and also some original inventions.

SLAVONIA.

This widely-spread race possesses a rich store of sagas and stories. Good collections of these will not only afford new evidence of the affinity between sagas in general, but will give us the substance of many of them in a much more perfect form, for here literature has exercised no disturbing influence. We derive some valuable information from a glimpse at the treasures of Servia which Schottky has given us in Büsching's *Wöchentliche Nachrichten*, vol. iv. According to him there are so many Servian stories that it would be easy to fill ten volumes with them. They, like the ballads, are divided into two classes, stories of men and stories of women. The stories belong to the first. Two given by Schottky are remarkable and important to us, as they are found in Germany too. This is only an extract from them.

1. *No-beard and the Boy.* The father sends his son to the mill with corn, but he is not to grind it if he finds No-beard (by which a cunning deceiver is meant) is there. So when he comes to the

mill, and finds that No-beard is already grinding there, he goes to another mill, but there too No-beard has got before him, and has already emptied out his corn. The boy goes to the third mill, but No-beard is already there too. So the boy determines he will stay there, and when No-beard has finished, he empties out his corn. When a little flour has made its appearance, No-beard says, "We will bake a loaf of thy flour; go and fetch some water in the hollow of thy hands, and put it in the meal-tub, and in the meantime I will make the dough." The boy fetches water until all the flour is bolted and No-beard has only kneaded a single loaf from it. This is baked directly in the hot ashes, and when it is ready, No-beard says, "He who can tell the best lie shall have the whole loaf!" And now No-beard begins to tell lies of all kinds, one after another. "Can't you do it better than that?" says the boy, and begins, "In my young days when I was quite an old man, I counted our bees every morning. I could very easily count the bees, but not the bee-hives, for there were so many. Once when I was counting, the best bee was missing. I saddled a cock, set out after him, and came upon his track. I was not stopped by the sea, I rode across it on a bridge. On the other side of it I saw the bee harnessed to a plough, with which he was ploughing a bit of land for a millet-field. I screamed, 'That's my bee!' and the man gave him back to me and into the bargain gave me a bag filled with the millet just reaped in payment of the ploughing. I hung the bag on the bee's back, took the saddle off the cock and buckled it on the bee, and I had to take hold of the cock's hand and lead him along beside me, for he was so tired. But on the bridge over the sea, the string of the bag broke, and all the millet rolled out. Night surprised me on the shore, and I tied the cock to the bee, and lay down to sleep. When I awoke I saw that the wolves had devoured my bee, and that all the honey had run out of his body. The honey rose up to the ankles of the valleys, and over the knees of the mountains. I took a hatchet and ran down with it into the forest, and there two roes were leaping about on one leg. I dashed them in pieces with the hatchet, skinned them, and made two leather bottles of the skin which I filled with honey, and put on the cock's back. And thus I went home where my father had just been born, so now I had to go to heaven to fetch some holy water. How was I to get there? I thought of my millet. The damp had made it grow, and it had grown up as far as heaven. I ascended by it, and when I came to heaven they had mown down some of my millet and had baked a loaf of it which they had broken into some boiled milk and were eating. They gave me some holy water, but when I was about to depart, I found that a violent storm of wind had carried away my millet, and I could not get down again. As I had long hair (when I was lying down it reached to

the earth, and when I stood up as far as my ears), I pulled some of it out, tied one hair fast to the other, and began to descend by it. When it grew dark, I made a knot in the hair, and just stayed where I was. I was cold, so I took a needle which I was fortunate enough to have in my coat, split it, lighted a fire with the chips, and lay down by that and fell asleep; but a spark fell among my hair and burnt through it, and the hair broke in two, and I fell down to earth and sank into it up to the breast. I could not move, and was forced to go home and get a spade, and I dug myself out of the ground with that. On my way home I crossed our field, where the reapers were cutting corn, but the heat was so great that they would work no longer. So I ran and fetched our mare, which is two days long and as broad as midnight, with willows growing on her back, and in her shadow the reapers were able to go on reaping. And now they wanted some fresh water, but when they went to the river, it was frozen over. So I took off my head, broke a hole in the ice with it, and carried the people some water. They enquired, 'Where have you left your head?' and then I saw that I had forgotten it, and ran quickly back. A fox was just eating the brains out of the skull, so I stole softly behind him, and gave him a kick. The fox was alarmed, and gave me a paper on which was written, 'The loaf is for me, and No-beard can have some mud.'" And so saying, the boy took the loaf, and went home. See *Wuk*, No. 44.

This story is connected with that of *The Flail from Heaven* (No. 112), for the climbing up and descent are evidently the principal events, and both the stories have this incident. In other respects the Servian is much more complete.

2. *No-beard and the Giant.** Cunning No-beard has wagered with a giant that he himself has the largest amount of bodily strength at his disposal. The giant tears up the strongest trees in the forest by the roots. While he is doing this, No-beard is twisting a long cord, and saying that is nothing at all, and that he will put his rope round a vast number of trees such as those, and then pull them down and tie them up in a bundle. The giant is alarmed, and thinks, "It's quite certain I cannot do anything like that!" Then the giant throws his club into the air, and catches it with his hand. No-beard ducks his head and stares up at the mountains. "What are you looking at?" asks the giant. "Oh, I am looking for a place to let my club fall on when I throw it up into the air." "Don't throw it," says the giant. "That's just the place where my house is, and where my wife and children are living; you might kill them." So No-beard wins the wager. The complete story is to be found in *Wuk*, No. 1.

* Borrowed from a note to the *Wöchentliche Nachrichten*, p. 104.

Some of the incidents in this seem very like those in *The Valiant Little Tailor* (No. 20); he throws a stone with the giant for a wager, and they carry an oak-tree to show which is the strongest.

3. *The Bear's Son.* A woman is collecting red dye in the mountains and loses her way. A bear drags her away to his cave, where she bears a son to him. When a year has gone by she escapes, but the child stays with the bear, which brings it up. When the boy is able to tear up a tree by the roots and use it as a staff, the bear sends him out into the world. The bear's son (Medvedovitsch) comes to a field belonging to a pasha where more than a thousand people are ploughing; there he eats the food of the whole thousand husbandmen, and thus wins all the oxen and the ploughs too. He however, only takes such of these as are made of iron, ties them together with young birch-trees, hangs them on his staff, and carries them away on his shoulder. He gets a smith to make him a club of the iron to fit a handle which he has. While the smith is working, Bear's son sleeps, and as the club will be large enough with half the iron, the smith only uses half, and steals the rest. When Bear's son awakes he wants to try the club, and throws it up in the air, and then stoops, and lets it fall down on his back. Then the club breaks in pieces. On this he beats the thief with the handle, and then searches the workshop for the iron which he has hidden, ties up the broken club with it, throws it on his shoulder, and goes to a second smith. He and his four apprentices make the club out of the whole quantity of iron. Bear's son to prove it, throws it up in the air and stoops, and the club falls on his back and makes a peculiar sound. He is now satisfied, and goes onwards and finds a man who is ploughing with a plough to which only two horses are harnessed. He wagers with him that he will not be satisfied with the amount of dinner which this ploughman will give up to him. The ploughman's daughter brings it out, and at her girdle she carries a spinning-wheel on which is wound as much wool as a horse can carry on one side, in a full woolsack. Bear's son is just going to thrust the food into his mouth at once, but his entertainer compels him to make the sign of the cross first, and to say "In the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost." And now he is satisfied after barely eating half. The maiden pleases him and he wants to marry her. "Why not?" replies the father, "but I have already promised her to Big Whiskers." "Oh, but I will soon kill him." In the meantime a rushing sound begins to be heard, and Big Whiskers' left whisker appears behind a mountain, and three hundred and sixty-six birds' nests are scattered about in it. At length Big Whiskers himself comes, and lays his head in the maiden's lap and bids her comb his hair. Bear's son gives him two blows on the head with his club, on which he each time says, "Something is biting me." But the maiden tells him that it is

not something biting him, but a man beating him. Big Whiskers leaps up in a rage, and Bear's son throws down his club and runs away. He comes to a stream, and a man who is scattering corn there, takes him up on his shovel and flings him across. Big Whiskers however, is over the stream in one bound. And now Bear's son takes refuge in the bag of a man who is busy sowing Turkish corn from it. When Big Whiskers comes up this man tells him that Bear's son has long since escaped, so he has to go away without having done anything. The man who always sows seed with one hand, and puts the other in his mouth, forgets about Bear's son, and puts him into his mouth with a handful of seed. Bear's son jumps about among the teeth until he retreats for safety into a hollow one.* At night, when the sower goes home, he asks for a toothpick. An iron bar is brought to him, he presses this against both sides of his hollow tooth, and Bear's son is shot out at the first pressure. The man, who had entirely forgotten him, is much astonished at this. Bear's son seats himself at table with him, and asks his host how he happens to have just this one hollow tooth? His host now tells a story of how in a storm of rain he had been obliged to pass a night in a cave with ten apprentices, forty horses, and the sacks of salt which these were carrying. Not until next morning, however, did they become aware that what had seemed to them to be a cave, had been nothing but a man's skull. And before they got out of it, a man who was watching a vineyard came running up to it, and to frighten away a bird put the skull in his sling, and flung it against a fortress that stood near. The fall had broken the very tooth into which Bear's son had made his way. So far as the part where Bear's son wants to marry, this is evidently our German story, *The Young Giant* (No. 90), afterwards the colossal size and strength of the giants is increased and exaggerated in a way that is very good and amusing.

No Russian stories have been collected yet. It is true that the attempt to do so does seem to have been made in a book entitled, *Altrussische Märchen*, by Johann Richter (Leipzig, 1817), but this first volume only contains a translation of a Russian tale, *Knight Bulat, or the Golden Cup and the Sacred Crown*, which is an extremely insignificant invention intended as an allegory, with no trace of a genuine story.† On the other hand, the ballads collected

* In the English story of *Jack the Giant-Killer*, the giant nature is indicated by a similar incident. "Ah," says the prince, "we should scarcely fill one of his hollow teeth" (Tabart *Collection*, 3, 14). Little Thumb appears in the same way in the Austrian story. (Compare note to No. 45.)

† The Russian original appeared in Moscow in the years 1780–83, under this title—*Russian Sagas, containing the most Ancient Tales of Famous Knights.* The editor was the well-known Russian man of letters, Nicolai Nowikow.

in the neighbourhood of Moscow, which Von Busse has published under the name *Fürst Wladimir und dessen Tafelrunde* (*Prince Wladimir and his Round Table*), Leipzig, 1819, have certainly been drawn from a pure source. Much that the book contains is completely story-like. Ilja in the second and sixth ballad is the Simpleton of German stories. His powerful strength lies dormant; for thirty years he sits inactive and useless; then he arises, kills the enemy feared by all, with an arrow which pierces through the trunks of nine trees, or he seizes his adversary by the hips, throws him up into the air and catches him again. Wine is drunk by him out of a bucket. In character he is allied to the Siegfried of the *Nibelungen Lied*, as is the overbearing boy Wassily, who drives away the steward who is about to grasp him. Tschurilo in the third ballad, resembles the *Young Giant* (No. 90), he rends asunder six hides as if they were rotten linen, and like the young giant pulls up an oak by the roots to fight with; if he puts his hand on a horse's back it sinks down. His horse will submit to none but him, just as the horse Grane submits to Sigurd alone. In the first ballad Nugarin * throws a stone with such force that it flies like a bird, which *The Valiant Little Tailor* (No. 20) pretends to do, but he secretly takes a real bird instead of a stone to do it with.

The Bohemians have one or two collections of their stories, but these deserve no praise: they contain a few overworked stories which have been lengthened by means of additions.

1. *Sagen der böhmischen Vorzeit* (*Tales of Ancient Bohemia*), Prag., 1808. Without value. We shall only notice one story (pp. 141–185), *The Golden Duck*, which appears also in the next collection, with the same incidents, but better composed.

2. *Volksmärchen der Böhmen*, by Wolfgang Adolph Gerle, 2 vols. Prag. 1819. The following alone are appropriate here.

Vol. I.

a. (i.) *The Giants of the Scharkathal.* A certain father on his deathbed gives his son a guitar, to which everyone is compelled to dance, and a staff which kills everyone. By the assistance of these magic possessions he overcomes three giants, a black one, a white one, and a red one, and obtains their arms. Then he conquers the Evil One to whom the Duke has given a written promise that he shall have his daughter, and himself becomes her husband.

b. (vi.) *The Fair One in the Iron Tower.* An enchantress allures youths to her by her beauty, and then transforms them into beasts. Four brothers wish to release a beautiful girl whom she is keeping imprisoned in a tower. Three of them have already fallen into the power of the enchantress, but the fourth succeeds in taking

* In the note to Story 20, he is called Tugarin.—Tr.

from her, while she is asleep, the golden key of the tower. He marries the beautiful maiden, but the enchantress assumes her form, and lives with him for some time, when the pomegranate of a good fairy reveals the deception.

c. (vii.) *A Dream of St. Walpurgis' Night, or the Three Companions.* Three comrades are returning home from the Holy Land; one of them has won great treasures as booty. While he is asleep, the others blind his eyes with a red-hot iron, and take his treasure. The blind man climbs a tree, and, as it is the night of St. Walpurgis, about midnight he hears some witches talking about their magic arts. They disclose that a dew falls in the morning which will cure his eyes; that there is a great scarcity of water in the town, but that it may be obtained by digging to the depth of two feet beside the statue of St. Martin; and lastly, that the Duke's daughter is suffering from leprosy, which can only be cured if some one will take away from a toad which is shut up beneath the altar the bit of consecrated wafer which it has in its mouth, and cause it to be handed to the princess by a priest. The blind man turns his discoveries to account, regains his sight, supplies the town with water, cures the princess, and becomes her husband, and finally becomes Duke. After this his former associates are brought before him. One of them has assumed the character of a physician to the princess, but he only wanted to steal her jewels, and was discovered; he confesses his previous crimes, the blinding the eyes, and robbery of the treasure. The second is likewise brought into his presence, and both are to be executed. But the young Duke gives them their lives, and exhorts them to repent. In German, *The Two Travellers* (No. 107).

Vol. II.

d. (ii.) *The Twin Brothers.* In German, *The Two Brothers* (No. 60); here it is more meagre and worse, without having one new incident.

e. (v.) *The Golden Duck.* A fairy presents a good girl with the gift that her tears shall be pearls, and the hair she combs out gold. When she grows up, she is because of these gifts, and of her beauty, betrothed to a count, who has heard of her from his brother. But if these magic gifts are to continue, she must never allow a single ray of sunlight to fall on her. When the maiden is being taken to her bridegroom, she is accompanied by her aunt and cousin, with whom she was brought up, and once when the aunt is opening the door of the carriage, one ray of sunlight falls on the bride, and she is instantly changed into a golden duck which swims away. The aunt presents her own daughter to the count as the bride, and in order to explain her daughter's apparent absence, says she has been carried off by robbers during the journey. As the false bride is neither pretty,

nor has the magic gifts in her possession, the count ill-treats her, and orders the true bride's brother to be thrown into a tower. The golden duck goes to him, and the count sees this, and watches and listens to her conversation, which reveals the deception which has been practised on him. He catches her twice, but each time she escapes; at length when the false bride is dead, and the count has sworn to reform his wild way of living, she returns, and the benevolent fairy restores her to her human form. This corresponds to the German story, *The Black Bride and the White One* (No. 135), and to the beginning of *Dame Holle* (No. 25). See *The Two Cakes*, in the *Pentamerone* (4, 7).

The story of *The Seven Ravens*, by the same author, is in the *Abendzeitung*, 1821, No. 195–199. It is the German *Six Swans* (No. 25), and *The Seven Ravens* (49), with some additions and embellishments. The characteristic incident of the mother's transforming her children into ravens because they have eaten up the bread which her haughty mistress had ordered her to make into a pair of soft shoes for her, is certainly a genuine one.

3. *Märchen und Sagenbuch der Böhmen* (*Bohemian Story and Sagabook*, by A. W. Griesel, 2 vols. Prag. 1820. Does not contain a single genuine story, but would-be poetical renderings of a few stories, or pure inventions; one or two genuine incidents may possibly be found in them.

We have to thank the learned Dobrowsky for some information respecting Polish stories (poriastka). Most of those which are known in Poland, are also current in Germany; some of them are important.

1. A wolf comes to three Kings' children and asks for a gift. Two of them want to shoot him. From the neighbourhood of Cracow. This is probably the German story, *The Golden Bird*, No. 57.

2. A simpleton is to marry. His mother sends him to a friend of hers who has a daughter. This is current in the neighbourhoods of Cracow and Lublin. It may be our *Clever Hans* (No. 32).

3. A princess secretly leaves home, and goes to a hermit, of whom she begs shelter; he however will not receive her.

4. Three princesses, two of whom are enchantresses, dance two pairs of shoes into holes every day. They fly across the country by night. Doubtless this is the German story, *The Shoes which were danced to pieces* (No. 133).

5. *Aschenbrödel.* German, No. 21.

6. Some robbers had their den in a cave in the rocks. The rocks opened the moment they said, "Rocks, open wide." A stupid fellow observed this and repeated it after them. In German, *Simeli Mountain* (No. 142).

Count Jos. Ossolinski in Vienna, is said to have a large collection of Polish stories.

HUNGARY.

The *Märchen der Magyaren*, prepared and edited by Georg von Gaal, give us some idea of these. Vienna, 1822. The author, as is expressly stated in his preface, p. 5, has written them down as told by an old Hungarian who knew no other language than his mother tongue. But the genuine, and frequently excellent foundation can everywhere be recognized, and the book is on that account one for which we ought to be grateful. We might perhaps blame the author for having spun out the stories too much, and for so often indulging in that false irony which modern story-tellers seem to find so difficult to avoid. The greater part of these have corresponding stories in German.

1. *The Magic Tobacco-Pipe.* In German, *The Blue Light* (No. 116).

2. *The Forester's Story.* Seems to be made up out of two stories. The beginning from the part where the father goes mad at the birth of the twelve children, does not belong to what follows about a simpleton making his fortune.

3. *The Glass Hatchet.* The beginning of this resembles the German story, *The Two Kings' Children* (No. 113), the developement is like *Dearest Roland* (No. 56), and the transformations at the end, where the black maiden is changed from one animal into another, but always into one which is weaker, makes us feel inclined to compare it with *The Master Thief* (No. 68).

4. *The Devil's Dread.* A familiar jest. The Devil takes a wife, but is so tormented by her that he very soon leaves her again, and ever after is thrown into the greatest alarm if any one threatens to fetch her.

5. *The Bacon Fortress.* Closely allied to the *Elves* (No. 91). In the working out it still more nearly resembles a story we have given in the note to that story.

6. *The Story of a Farthing.* There is no corresponding story in German.

7. *A Fisher's Story.* In German, *The King of the Golden Mountains* (No. 92). Here also we have the remarkable division of the three magic things. Three dwarfs have inherited them from their father, who is a giant. They consist of a cloak which makes its wearer invisible, shoes which take their wearer a mile with each step, and a purse which never becomes empty.

8. *The Grateful Animals.* The story of *The Two Travellers* (No. 107), and the *Queen Bee* (No. 62), the two are joined together in this.

9. *Bird Gold-tail.* This is the beginning of *The Two Brothers* (No. 60), told as a separate story.

10. *Lightly Come, Lightly Go.* A poor soldier loses again what

he has won by all kinds of lucky chances. It is something like *Hans in Luck* (No. 83), but its subject is different.

11. *The World's Gratitude.* A well-known animal story. A peasant releases a snake from captivity, and in return it wants to strangle him. A fox helps him out of his difficulty by pretending to doubt that there was room enough for the snake in so small a receptacle; and thus tempting it to creep in again for the sake of proving it. See note to No. 99, where also this incident appears. In return for this, the peasant promises the fox six hens, but his greedy wife kills the fox when he comes to get his reward.

12. *The Avaricious Peasant.* She is so covetous that she pulls out the little hair which she has left, to get some money by selling it. Her husband, when dying, threatens her with a five-fold death, and it afterwards comes to pass that five people in turn believe that they have killed her, while in reality she has hanged herself by first trying on her own neck a noose which she has prepared for her daughter-in-law.

13. *Wise Peter.* A faithful servant, and a horse which is able to talk, preserve a King's son from the destruction which a wicked and cunning step-mother has prepared for him.

14. *The Red Dog.* A characteristic story which has however manifestly been worked on and touched up.

15. *The Snake Prince.* In German, *Hans the Hedgehog* (No. 108). The second part, however, coincides with *The Singing, Soaring Lark* (No. 88).

16. *The Three Children with the Golden Hair.* In German, *The Three Little Birds* (No. 96); here the evil is wrought by the mother-in-law, and not by the two sisters.

14. *A Coachman's Story.* Some incidents of this resemble *Peruonto* in the *Pentamerone* (1. 3) and (3, 1) in Straparola.

Greece.

Evidence that there were stories among the ancient Greeks has already been given, and it has also been remarked that not a few of their myths are quite story-like—that of Perseus may serve as an example. Many a fable in the *Odyssey*, too, partakes of the character of a story, as, for instance, that of Polyphemus; but here we must check ourselves, for if we were to state this as a general proposition, it would lead us too far, and whenever we have observed a close similarity, we have pointed it out in its appropriate place in the Notes. We shall only add one children's story, which Plutarch mentions in the *Symposium*, and which ought not to be passed over, as there is an old proverb in Lehmann (p. 827), which refers to it, "No one can make a gown for the moon," and one of Æsop's fables (*Furia*, 396) should be compared with it. The story runs thus. The moon begged her mother to weave her a

little frock, which would fit her. The mother said, "How can I make it fit thee, when thou art sometimes a full moon, and then a half moon, and a new moon?"

There can be no doubt but that stories are told by the Greeks of the present day; for Pouqueville expressly says so. Their popular ballads, when they have an epical character, that is such as are known to us from a yet unpublished collection, also point to the same conclusion; as for the rest they are very like the Servian and Morlachian in spirit. For instance, one of them tells us quite simply, how Charon conducts the souls of the departed to the nether world. The young people walk thither in front of him, the old walk wearily behind, and the little children are tightly tied to his saddle. Nature sympathizes with them as they take this mournful journey; the mountains rise up on high in dark obscurity. When the travellers reach a spring, they entreat their conductor to stop, saying, "Let us stay here; let us linger by the spring, that the aged may drink of the stream, the boys throw stones and play, and the children pick some flowers." "No," the old man answers, "the mothers might come and see their children, and then I should never be able to part them again." Compare Goethe's *Kunst und Alterthum*, 4. 49, 265. The resemblance between an old German poem and an epic popular ballad which Bartholdi picked up in Greece, and published in his *Travels*, has been pointed out in the *Altd. Wälder*, ii. 181.

The East.

The collections of stories which are to be found in Asiatic literature are not mentioned in this sketch, for the simple reason that they have no immediate connection with our subject, and individual instances of agreement are always pointed out in the proper places. Neither are we obliged to do so from poverty, for so far from that being the case, this class of literature is most abundantly represented. We shall only name what is the very best.

First, we find the stories which are gathered together in the middle of the 16th century (1548), the Arabian *Thousand and One Nights*, known both from Galland's translation, and from Chavis and Cazotte's supplement to it, though their genuineness was first brought to light by Caussin de Perceval, in his continuation.* The stories themselves differ much, not only in their origin, but also in subject and value. On the whole they undoubtedly possess the characteristics of stories—they are grave and gay, but many historical events, especially the introduction of the renowned

* Including *Bakthiar Nameh, the History of the Ten Viziers*, which Knös has edited in Arabic, and Ousely in Persian.

Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, fix them to a particular time, and a particular place, this has however not prevented imagination taking any flights she fancies. Moreover, a certain studied refinement is also manifest in them, and they can no longer be regarded as traditions which have been picked up in the form in which they now appear. As an example of this, see *Sindbad's Voyages*, where a little *Odyssey* has been got together, and where Polyphemus is all but reproduced in that Ogygian cyclops whom Diez discovered, and compared with the Homerical one. This justifies the remark made by Goethe in the *Divan* (p. 286), on the prohibitions in the *Koran*. "Mahomet seems to be thoroughly consistent in his aversion to poetry, for he forbids all stories. These playthings of a frivolous imagination, which waver between the real and the impossible, and present improbabilities as if they were truths and certainties, are in perfect harmony with the Oriental disposition to luxurious repose and soft indolence. These airy phantoms hovering over an enchanted earth had in the time of the Sassanides multiplied into infinity, as for example in *The Thousand and One Nights*, where they are loosely strung together. Their special characteristic is the absence of all moral aim, and that they do not bring men back to themselves, but take them out of themselves, and carry them away to unrestricted freedom. Mahomet wished to do the exact opposite." The weakest stories are those in which most invention is to be found, and in which the customary enchantment is too freely added as an ingredient, or as a seasoning: viz. in *The Story of Condad and Deryabar* (vol. 5), or in *Habib* (vol. 9); the latter is indeed nothing but an insignificant and superficial story of spirits. Others appear to be derived from external sources, for example, the story of the three princes who go in search of the three magic things, vol. 7. Then come those which show a moral purpose, viz. *The History of the Envious Man*, vol. i. and prove that Goethe's assertion does not always hold good. By far the greatest number, however, consist of stories excellent in substance, charmingly told, and of the greatest beauty. It is impossible to overpraise the glowing colour, the fragrance of a blooming and untroubled fancy, and the life which everywhere pervades them. We shall only specially mention one or two. "*The Calender on the Lodestone Rock* (vol. i.), *Nureddin* (vol. iv.), *Aladdin* (vol. vi.), *Hassan* (vol. iv.). German stories are to be found, either wholly or in part, in Nos. 19, 68, 71, 92, 96, 97, 99, and 142, with regard to which more information is given in the Notes.

Persia seems to be specially rich. Even *Schah Nameh*, the ancient epic of Firdusi, exhibits in its artistic handling much of the character and colouring of a story, viz. in the history of Feridun, of Sam and Salser, of Guschtasp (see notes to No. 90), of Lorasp (notes to No. 60). A story which corresponds with one of ours has

also been pointed out in the notes to No. 144. *The Thousand and One Days* has the same character as *The Thousand and One Nights*. Though the Persian tales are not quite so valuable as the Arabian ones, *The History of Calaf* (see note to No. 55) is worthy to rank with the best of them. *The Three Sons of Giaffar*, from Nigaristan (*Bildersaal*, see Hammer's *Geschichte der persischen Poesie*, pp. 308, 309), is a collection which contains a great deal that is good and conceived in a fine Oriental spirit, viz. *Die seltenen Schützenkünste*. We have called attention to a companion story to *Brides on their Trial* (No. 155), which is to be found in it. We have used *Touti Nameh*, the history of a parrot (Persian and English, by Gladwin, Calcutta and London, 1801), in the same way. Compare the notes to Nos. 102 and 124. Another German story (No. 107) was found in Nisami's work. We must also mention *Neh-Manzer*, which is divided into seven days (translated into French by Lescallier, 1808), and *Bahar Danush* (translated into English, by J. Scott, 1799).

The Seven Wise Men, which likewise consists of stories strung together (on which Görres' *Deutsche Volksbücher*, No. 22, should be consulted), specially belongs to the East, and so does the rich and attractive collection which Hammer has given us in *Rosenöl*, and which he has taken from Turkish, Arabian, and Persian sources.* On the other hand the excellent collection, *The Fables of Bidpai* (*Hitopadesa*), originally came from India, but has been translated into the various Oriental, and into most of the European languages, and finally into German, by Philip Wolff (Stuttgart, 1837. 2 vols). The aim of these fables prevents us from calling them stories, according to our acceptation of the word, for they are intended to convey moral teaching,—at least, the histories are. A genuine Indian child's story corresponding with a German one has been pointed out in the *Altd. Wälder* (i. 165–167), note to No. 144, and another in that to the saga, *The Poor Man and the Rich One* (No. 87).† *The Relations of Ssidi Kur*, in Bergmann's *Nomadische Streifereien*, vol. i., contain some Tartar traditions. For Calmuck traditions, ibid., vols. iii. and iv. There is a very fine incident in them, viz. when some wandering children dispense the marrow out of a bone (4. 75); indeed the wandering about of the children as there described has something very story-like about it.

A Chinese story is related circumstantially in the notes to *The Poor Man and the Rich One* (No. 87), and in conclusion, we will

* Much that is story-like is to be found in the Jewish *Talmud* (compare note to No. 62), as can most readily be seen from the specimens given by Christopher Helwig (Giessen, 1811), though they often degenerate into absurdity.

† Dubois' *Description of the Character, Manners, and Customs of the People of India*, should be consulted for Hindoo fables and tales

give a Japanese story that is to be found in Kämpfer's *Reise nach Japan*. (Edited by Dohm, i. 149).

The most beautiful insect that flies is the slim, semi-annular night-fly. It is rarely seen even in Japan, and for this reason is treasured by the girls. The transparent wings of the female are decked with blue and gold stripes, and shine like a mirror. Every insect which flies by night falls madly in love with this wonderful beauty. She, however, keeps them all at a distance by saying to each, "First go and fetch me some fire, and then I will love thee." In mad haste they fly to the candles, and injure themselves so much that they no longer have any chance of returning.

I gave this sketch of story-literature in the year 1822, and will now add to it. I cannot call what I now write a supplement, for what has been done since then far exceeds what was done before in substance and extent.

1. A Malay story has been republished from an early number of the *Morgenblatt*, in the 3rd vol. of Kletke's *Märchensaal*.

2. Stories of the Bechuanas in South Africa have been collected by Casalis, the missionary, and three of them are in Lehmann's *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslands*, 1842. Nos. 19, 20. There are others in Campbell's *Travels in South Africa*, 2. 368, which have been published by G. Klemm, in the *Culturgeschichte der Menschheit*, 3. 390–392. In the same place, p. 389, are two animal-stories taken from the negro tales in Winterbottom's work.*

3. *African Native Literature*, or Proverbs, Tales, Fables and Historical Fragments in the Kanuri, or Bornu language, to which are added a translation of the above, and a Kanuri-English vocabulary, by the Rev. S. W. Koelle, London, 1854.

4. James Athearn Jones' *Tales of an Indian Camp*. The second edition bears the title, *Traditions of the North-American Indians*, London, 1830, three vols. *Sagen der nordamerikanischen Indianer*, Altenburg, 1837 (in four parts). This is a translation of the English work.

Schoolcraft's *Algic Researches*, contains sagas of the Odschibwas, which have only been accessible to me by means of translations in *Lehmann's Magazin* for 1844, Nos. 43, 46, and 89, under the name of *Nordamerikanische Sagen*.

5. *Kalevala oder Kareliens alte Lieder aus des finnischen Volkes Vorzeit*, edited by Lönnrot, in two parts, Helsingfors, 1835. Thus runs the title of the original text in German. *Kalevala*, öfversatt af Math, Alex. Castrén. Helsingfors, 1841. Two parts. *La Finlande son Histoire primitive, sa Mythologie, sa Poésie épique*. Avec la traduction complète de sa grande épopée: le *Kalewala*.

* *Account of the Native Africans in the Neighbourhood of Sierra Leone*, by Dr. T. Winterbottom, 2 vols. 8vo.—Tr.

Par Léouzon le Duc. T. 1. 2. Paris, 1845. *Kalewala, das Nationalepos der Finnen* (Kalewala, the national epic of the Finns), translated into German, from the second edition, by Anton Schiefner, Helsingfors, 1852.

Ueber das finnische Epos. Jacob Grimm, *On the National Epic of the Finns*, in A. Höfer's *Zeitschrift für die Wissenschaft der Sprache*, 1. 13–55, Berlin, 1846, where information about the editions of the original text is to be found.

Eric Rudbek (Finnish Eero Salmelainen), *Suomen Kansan Satuja ja Turinoita* (*Finnish Stories*, in two volumes), Helsingissä, 1852. Four of these are translated in Erman's *Archiv für wissenschaftliche Kunde von Russland*, 13. 476–491, 580, and three others, under the title, *Jenseits der Scheeren, oder der Geist Finlands*, a collection of Finnish Popular Tales and Sayings, by Dr. Bertram. Leipzig, 1854. A. Schiefner has given the contents of Rudbek's collection in the *Mélanges Russes*, vol. ii. together with considerations as to the mythical value of the stories, and has pointed out the references to Kalewala. The greater part of them was collected in the eastern division of Finland.

6. Ahlqvist has collected very characteristic stories among the Tschuden (Warjalaiset), and will, as Schiefner observes in the *Mélanges Russes*, 2. 264, make them known.

7. *Magyarische Sagen und Märchen*, by János, Count Mailáth. Brünn, 1825, second edit. Stuttgart and Tübingen, 1837, 2 vols.

Népdalok és mondák, kiadta, Erdély János. Pest, Beibelnál, two parts, 1846–47. *Ungarische Märchen und Sagen*, translated from the Erdély collection by G. Stier. Berlin, 1850.

8. Fählmann's *Die deutschrussischen Ostseeprovinzen, oder Natur- und Völkerleben*, in *Kur- Liv- und Ehstland*, (Courland, Livonia, and Esthonia) Dresden and Leipzig, 1841. Two parts. *Koit and Aemmarik*, translated by Fählmann, in the first volume of the *Verhandlungen der gelehrten ehstnischen Gesellschaft*, and reprinted in *Lehmann's Magazin*, 1844, No. 48.

Ausflug nach Ehstland, in Junius, 1807. Meiningen, 1830.

Ehstnische Thiermärchen, in German, in Jacob Grimm's *Reinhart Fuchs*, CCLXXX–CCXC (1834, from Rosenplänter's *Beiträge zur genauen Kenntnis der ehstnischen Sprache*, part 8, pp. 120–124.

Ehstnische Volkslieder, in the original, and with translations by H. Neus. Reval, 1850, first part.

9. *Schiditu Kur*, printed in Kowalewski's *Mongolische Chrestomathie*. Kasan, 1836–1837. A translation from a manuscript has already been published in the first part of B. Bergmann's *Nomadische Streifereien*, vol. i. Riga, 1804. Wilh. Schott has given us a translation from two stories according to the text of Kowalewski, in *Lehmann's Magazin*, 1844, No. 19, 21.

10. *Die Thaten des Bogda Gesser Chäns, eine ostasiatische*

Heldensage, translated from the Mongolian by I. J. Schmidt. Petersburg and Leipzig, 1839. The translator has already (1836) published the original text from the Pekin edition of 1716.

The Saga of Gesser Chan, by Wilhelm Schott in the *Schriften der Berliner Academie der Wissenschaften*, 1851, pp. 263, 295.

11. (*Slavonian*) *Volksmärchen*, von Joh. Nic. Vogl, Vienna, 1837.

12. *Märchen und Kinderspiele in Griechenland*, by Zuccarini, in the *Zeitschrift Ausland* of the year 1832, Nos. 57, 58, 61.

13. *Wallachian Stories* (*Walachische Märchen*), edited by Arthur and Albert Schott. Stuttgart and Tübingen, 1845.

14. *Romanische Märchen*, from the Bukowina, by Ludwig Ad. Staufe (Simiginswiez), in J. W. Wolf's *Zeitschrift für deutsche Mythologie*, 1. 42–50, 2. 389.

15. Albanian stories in the *Albanesische Studien*, by Jos. Georg von Hahn. Part 2, pp. 163–169. Vienna, 1853. See J. W. Wolf's *Zeitschrift*, 1. 377.

16. *Servian Popular Tales* (*Volksmärchen der Serben*) collected and written down by Wuk Stephanowitsch Karadschitsch, translated into German, by Wilhelmine Karadschitsch; with a preface by Jacob Grimm. Together with an appendix containing more than a thousand Servian sayings and proverbs. Berlin, 1854.

17. *A Grandfather's Walks* (*Spaziergänge eines Grossvaters*), Moscow, 1819. I am only acquainted with the Russian book by means of extracts.

Russian Popular Tales (*Russische Volksmärchen*), gathered from original sources and translated into German, by Anton Dieterich. With a preface by Jacob Grimm. Leipzig, 1831.

The most ancient Russian Popular Tales (*Die ältesten Volksmärchen der Russen*), by Joh. Nic. Vogl. Vienna, 1841. A translation of the *Walks of a Grandfather*, and of stories from chap-books, for the most part the same as those in Dieterich's collection, but sometimes in a somewhat different form. Dieterich, however, contains more, and two or three which are not in his collection are unimportant.

The valiant George and the Wolf. From the Russian of the Cossack Luganski (army-surgeon at Dahl), in *Lehmann's Magazin* 1836, Nos. 71 and 72. The original text is in Nowosselje's *Sammlung von Aussätzen und Gedichten der jetzt lebenden russischen Schriftsteller*, Petersburg, 1833.

18. Schleicher has collected Lithuanian Stories, and has published some of them in the *Sitzungsberichten der philosophisch historischen Klasse der Wiener Academie der Wissenschaft*, vol. ii. pp. 104–112.

19. *Polnische Volkssagen und Märchen*, *Polish popular Sagas and Tales*, translated from the Polish of K. W. Woycicki, by Friedrich Heinrich Lewestam, Berlin, 1839.

Märchen aus dem Weichselthale, by Friedr. Uhl. Vienna, 1847.

20. *Wendische Märchen und Legenden*, in the second volume of the *Volkslieder der Wenden* in Upper and Lower Lusatia, edited by Leopold Haupt and Joh. Ernst Schmaler. Grimma, 1848.

21. *Volksmärchen aus Böhmen* (*Bohemian Popular Stories*), by J. Milenowsky. Breslau, 1853.

Böhmische Märchen nach Kulda, Bohemian stories translated by Joseph Wenzig in Gustav Kühne's *Zeitschrift Europa*, 1856, Nos. 13 and 14. One volume of this will shortly appear.

22. W. Grant Stewart. *The Popular Superstitions and Festive Amusements of the Highlanders of Scotland.* Edinburgh, 1823.

(Crofton Croker), *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland.* London, 1825. Second edition, first part, 1826. Second and third part, 1828. The last part contains some Scotch and Welsh stories also.

Irische Elfenmärchen, *Irish Elfin Tales*, translated by the Brothers Grimm, Leipzig, 1826, contains the first part of Croker's book. A treatise on elves, by Wilhelm Grimm, is added, together with further literary information.

Sagen und Märchen, by K. von K.(illinger), 1st part, Stuttgart and Tübingen, 1847; 2nd part, 1849. A collection from newspapers and from various books, which are referred to. A third and perhaps a fourth part with a complete translation of Crofton Croker's work was to have followed, but has not yet appeared.

The Nursery Rhymes of England, by Halliwell, 4th edition, London, 1846, and its continuation, *Popular Rhymes and Nursery tales.* London, 1849.

Popular Rhymes, Fireside Stories and Amusements of Scotland. Edinburgh, 1842. *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.* Dublin, 1842.

Skizzen aus Ireland. *Sketches from Ireland*, by B. A. Huber. Berlin, 1850.

23. Emil Souvestre. *Le Foyer breton.* *Traditions populaires.* Paris (1845).

Volksmärchen aus der Bretagne. *Popular stories from Brittany*, arranged for youth, by Heinrich Bode. Leipzig, 1847. A translation from Souvestre with some alterations.

24. *The Adventures of the Gooroo Paromartan*; a tale in the Tamul language, by B. G. Babington. London, 1822.

Le Pantscha Tantra ou les cinq ruses, fables du Brahme Vichnou-Sarma; aventures de Paramarta et autres contes, le tout traduit pour la première fois sur les originaux indiens: par I. A. Dubois. Paris, 1826.

The Vedalà cadai, being the Tamul version of a collection of ancient tales in the Sanscrit language, popularly known throughout India, and entitled the *Vetàla Panchavinsati*, translated by B. G.

Babington (only known to me by the report of it in the Göttingen *Gelehrter Anzeiger*, 1832, No. 178).

Somadeva Bhatta's Collection of Stories from Cashmere. Translated from Sanscrit into German, by Hermann Brockhaus. Parts 1 and 2. Leipzig, 1843.

Some story-like pieces have been picked out of *Mahâbhârata*, in Adolf Holzmann's *Indische Sagen*. 3 parts, Karlsruhe, 1845–1847. Two editions in two vols. Stuttgart, 1854.

25. *Touti Nameh*, a collection of Persian stories by Nakhshabí. Translated into German by Iken, with an appendix by J. G. Kosegarten. Tübingen, 1822.

The stories in the *Sketches of Persia* (by John Malcolm), T. 1, 2, London, 1828, are taken from Kisseh-Khün (l. Kisse Châu), the Persian story-teller. Berlin and Stettin, 1829.

26. *Wodana*, Museum voor nederduische Oudheidskunde, uitegegeven door F. W. Wolf, Ghent, 1843, pp. 47–75.

27. Winther's *Dänische Volksmärchen*. Kopenhagen, 1823.

Hans C. Andersen. *Eventyr fortalte for börn*. Kjöbenhavn, 1842. Second edition, *Stories and Tales* from H. C. Andersen, translated from the Danish, by Jesse. Brunswick, 1840.

Udvalgte Eventyr og Fortällinger, by Christian Molbech. Kjöbenhavn, 1843. Contains only a certain number of Danish stories, and is a general collection.

Nordische Elfenmärchen (*Norse Stories of Elves*), by Hermann Püttmann. Leipzig, 1844.

Eventyr og Folkesagn fra Jylland. Fortalte af Carit Etlar. Kjöbenhavn, 1847.

Norske Folkeeventyr, collected by P. Ch. Asjbörnsen and Jörgen Moe. First part. Christiania, 1843. Second part, first sheet. The same, 1844. Supplement by Asjbörnsen in an account of a journey in the year 1847, in a German newspaper. Another edition, first half-part, 1850. All these are collected together in the second enlarged edition. Christiania, 1852, with an introduction.

Juletræet, for 1850. *En Samling af norske Folke- og Börne-Eventyr*, by P. Chr. Asbjörnsen, Christiania, 1850, for 1851. Ibid. 1851.

Norwegian Popular Stories collected by P. Asjbörnsen, and J. Moe. Translated into German by Friedrich Bresemann, with a preface by Ludwig Tieck, vol. i. ii. Berlin, 1847.

28. *Svenska folk-sagor och äfventyr*. Gathered together from oral tradition and edited by Gunnar Olof Hyltén-Cavallius and George Stephens, vol. i. Stockholm, 1844.

Schwedische Volkssagen und Märchen (*Swedish Popular Sagas and Stories*), collected from oral tradition, and edited by Gunnar Olof Hyltén Cavallius, and George Stephens; translated into German, and with variants and critical notes by Carl Oberleitner. Vienna, 1848.

29. *Ostreichische Volksmärchen* (*Austrian Popular Stories*), by Franz Ziska. Vienna, 1822.

Erzählungen und Märchen (*Tales and Stories*), by Friedr. Heinr. von der Hagen, second vol. Prenzlau, 1826.

Ein Büchlein für die Jugend (*A Little Book for the Young*), by the author of the *Volksbüchlein*. Stuttgart and Tübingen, 1834.

Volkssagen, Märchen, und Legenden des Kaiserstaates Oesterreich. (Popular Sagas, Stories, and Legends of the Austrian Empire), by L. Bechstein, vol. i. Leipzig, 1841.

Sagen und Märchenwald, by L. Wiese, part i., Barmen, 1841. Part ii., 1842.

Almanach deutscher Volksmärchen (*Almanack of German popular stories*), by H. Kletke. Berlin, no year (probably 1842).

Elsässisches Volksbüchlein. Alsatian Folk-Tales, children's ballads, popular ballads, proverbs and stories, by August Stöber, Strasbourg, 1842. It is likewise printed as an appendix to the *Oberrheinisches Sagenbuch* by the same author.

Sagen und Märchen aus der Oberlausitz (*Sagas and Stories from Upper Lusatia*), related by Ernst Willkomm. Parts 1, 2. Hanover, 1843.

Märkische Sagen und Märchen, collected and edited by Adelbert Kuhn. Berlin, 1843.

Märchen für Kinder, by K. L. Kannegiesser. Breslau, no year.

Aus dem Böhmerwalde, by Josef Rank. Leipzig, 1843. *Neue Geschichte aus dem Böhmer Walde* (*New Stories from the Bohemian Forest*, by the same. Leipzig, 1846.

Hundert neue Märchen (*A hundred new stories*), collected in the Bohemian Mountains by Friedmund von Arnim. First vol. (with twenty stories). Charlottenburg, 1844.

Germanien's Völkerstimmen. A collection of German dialects in verse, sagas, stories, and popular ballads, edited by Joh. Matthias Firmenich, first part, Berlin, no year (1845).

Sagen, Märchen und Lieder, from the Duchies of Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg. Edited by Karl Müllenhoff, Kiel, 1845.

Deutsche Märchen und Sagen. Collected and edited with notes by Joh. Wilh. Wolf. Leipzig, 1845. It likewise contains a translation of the Flemish stories from the *Wodana*.

Deutsches Märchenbuch, edited by Ludwig Bechstein. Leipzig, 1845.

Neue preussische Provinzialblätter, edited by A. Hagen and Meckelburg, vol. i. Königsberg, 1846.

Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche (customs) from Saxony and Thuringia. Collected by Emil Sommer. 1st number. Halle, 1846.

Erzählungen eines Grossmütterchens (*Tales of a Grandmother*),

by Joh. N. Vogl, Vienna, no year. Also contains some German stories.

Volkssagen aus Vorarlberg. Collected by J. F. Vonbun, Vienna, 1847. 2nd enlarged edition. Innsbrück, 1850.

Norddeutsche Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche, from Mecklenburg, Pomerania, Mark, Saxony, Thuringia, Brunswick, Hanover, Oldenburg, and Westphalia. Gathered from oral tradition, and edited by A. Kuhn and W. Schwartz. Leipzig, 1848.

Beitrag zur deutschen Mythologie (contribution to German Mythology), by Friedrich Panzer, vol. i., Munich, 1848; vol. ii. 1855.

Deutsche Hausmärchen, edited by Johannes Wilhelm Wolf. Göttingen and Leipzig, 1851.

Kinder- und Hausmärchen, collected by the Brothers Zingerle. Innsbrück, 1852. Second vol. Ratisbon, 1854. The former is quoted according to the numbers of the stories, the latter according to the pagination.

Deutsche Volksmärchen aus Schwaben (from Swabia), collected from oral tradition, and edited by Dr. Ernst. Meier. Stuttgart, 1852.

Märchen und Sagen des Luxemburger Landes, by N. Steffen. Luxemburg, 1853.

Kinder- und Volksmärchen, collected by Heinrich Pröhle. Leipzig, 1853.

Märchen für die Jugend, edited by Heinrich Pröhle. Halle, 1854.

Märchen und Sagen, by Carl and Theodor Colshorn. Hanover, 1854.

Thiermärchen, animal-stories collected in Transylvania, by Joseph Haltrich, and edited on a system. Kronstadt, 1855.

A carefully made collection of German popular stories from Transylvania, by the same author, will shortly appear. I consider I have performed a service by omitting all mention of books which do not contain the least thing that is new, but are compiled from others, or are filled with the author's own inventions which are of no value to us.

How unique was our collection when it first appeared, and what a rich seed has sprung up since! At that time people smiled indulgently when we asserted that thoughts and intuitions were preserved in these stories the origin of which was to be sought for in the darkness of antiquity. Now this is hardly ever denied. Stories of this kind are sought for with full recognition of their scientific value and with a dread of altering any part of their contents, whereas formerly they were only regarded as worthless amusements of fancy which might be manipulated at will. What has been recently published deserves the closest consideration. I will begin with the extreme limit of our horizon. A Malay story

seems just as pleasant in its mode of narration as characteristic in its composition. The wooing a bride is, it is true, such a common event that the sagas of all countries treat of it, but that the wooer should retire on account of one of the conditions which has been imposed, forms a contrast to the readiness with which other lovers draw down on themselves the greatest dangers.

A certain King, after the death of his wife, intends to follow the counsel of the great men of his realm, and marry again, but he is resolved to have none other than the princess of Ledang, who lives far away on an almost inaccessible mountain. Messengers are sent, but only one of them ventures to take the difficult path. First, he is menaced by frost and cold, and then he comes to an enchanted garden where the birds sing strangely, the lemons murmur, the grapes titter, the oranges laugh, the roses sing. The princess appears in the form of a hump-backed old woman, and declares that she will not marry the King unless he will make a golden and a silver road from Malacca to Ledang: give her a gnat's heart and a moth's heart three yards broad, and besides this, a barrel of human tears, and, finally, a little bottle filled with his blood, and another with the blood of his son. When the answer is brought to the King he declares his readiness to conform to all the conditions she makes, except having his veins opened, for that is repugnant to him.

The numerous stories current among the Bechuanas in South Africa have been collected, but though it is desirable that they should be known, only a few have been published. They seem to be remarkable and valuable in every respect. One of them relates how two brothers go out to seek their fortune. The younger wins a great herd of cows from a giant, among which there is one as white as driven snow. He meets with his elder brother again, but he has only won a herd of dogs. He now demands the white cow, and as she is refused to him, he treacherously murders his younger brother beside a well. At the same moment a little bird lights upon the white cow's horn, and proclaims what has been done. The murderer throws a stone and kills the bird, but it reappears on the horn. He kills it again, burns it, and scatters its ashes to the winds. The bird appears for the third time and says, "I am the heart of the murdered man; my corpse is beside the spring in the desert." It resembles the bird which returns thrice and reveals the crime in the *Juniper Tree* (No. 47), but is still more like *The Singing Bone* (No. 28), in which the events are all but identical. Another tale supplies us with a remarkable animal-story, in which the hare plays the part of the fox, unless the latter is really intended, and the hare is only named by mistake.* He

* In the American negro tales, the rabbit is made to outwit the fox.—TR.

betrays the other beasts to the lion, and finally overreaches the lion himself, by weaving his tail so firmly round some posts that he cannot get away, and has to die of hunger. When the hare puts on the lion's skin, and the beasts in fear and trembling present him with their gifts, he grows overbearing, and shows off the stratagem he has used, which calls down on him the horror and contempt of the beasts, and he has to cut off one of his ears in order to escape recognition.

Kölle lived five years in Sierra Leone, where he learnt the hitherto unknown language of the negroes of Bornu, and collected their traditions with exemplary fidelity. These are doubly valuable because entirely free from the influence of anything written, and also from the admixture of everything from other countries. Here too, to our astonishment, we find stories which are sometimes entirely like those of races living in far distant lands, and at others resemble them only in single incidents. They are told with the greatest simplicity unalloyed by any embellishments or graces of style whatsoever; with no thought beyond giving their substance precisely as it was received. It is remarkable that, with the exception of enchantments, there is hardly anything in them that is supernatural or wonderful; no giants, dwarfs, or kobolds—indeed these intermediary agents seem to be unknown in Bornu. The stories of animals are the most numerous, and, as everywhere else, they are the result of the uninterrupted intercourse between men and animals, and are founded on the dispositions and peculiar existence of these latter. The cock, hen, and cat, the beasts of the forest and plain, even the cricket and ant appear in them, and display their good or evil qualities without the least reserve. They have a much closer connection with humanity; their relations with each other, and arrangements, are exactly analogous; nay, they even have priests, and repair to the Supreme Being with their requests and wishes, and He pronounces judgment on their actions. Only the beasts of the country itself appear in them, so, of course, we have the elephant, lion, leopard, hyena, and snake. The fox does not appear, but his place is taken by the weasel which surpasses all other animals in cunning and understanding. A Bornu story tells us how he contrived to bring this about. The contrast between four-footed beasts and birds, is not lacking, nor yet the war between the two in which the powerful ones are over-reached by the small ones, viz. the elephant by the weasel and the bird.

There are only five stories which represent human relations. In the first we read of the son of a rich man and the son of a poor man, who, from their youth upwards, live in the closest friendship with each other. The rich man has four wives, the poor man is so poor he cannot even have one. The rich man gives his friend five pounds of copper money, and tells him to go to his wives and ask

each in turn, if she will love him in secret. The first or chief wife, repels him, so do the second and third, but the fourth consents, and says she loves him, on which he gives her the five pounds. The poor man reports this to his friend, who says, "Come to me to-morrow evening, and if I begin to quarrel with my wife, take no part." So when the two young men are sitting together and eating, the rich man sends for his wife and orders her to bring him some water that he may wash himself immediately. She replies, "Am I your slave that you speak thus to me?" A quarrel takes place between the two, and the woman curses the man. So he says, "Leave my house, I have no more need of thee; go to thy home, I will no longer regard thee as my wife: try to find another husband, for I will have nothing more to do with thee." The woman takes her things, and goes to the house of her father, who is ignorant of the bargain which the two friends have made with each other. On this she becomes the poor man's wife, and the rich man gives him twenty pounds of copper money that he may get himself married by a priest, and buy the necessary clothing. Next day the poor man goes to his friend and announces his marriage to him. He is pleased to hear of it, and assures him that nothing can ever put an end to their friendship. Next year, when the woman gives birth to a boy, the rich man takes a sheep, a goat, fowls, and food of every description to entertain the guests when the child receives its name. In the third year the woman gives birth to a girl. After this the rich man one day takes to his bed and groans and behaves as if he were alarmingly ill. The poor man brings him medicine, but it does him no good. He calls in an aged man, but does not know that he is in league with the rich man. At his instigation, the old man says to the poor one, "Thou must surrender thy boy to thy friend, that he may kill it; when he sees its blood, he will recover; if not he will have to die." The poor man goes home and returns leading the child by the hand and gives it to his friend. The old man says to him, "Thou may'st go home, and to-morrow thou wilt see whether thy friend is cured or not." As soon as he is gone, the rich man has the boy taken away to a place in the neighbourhood where he is kept in concealment. The old man kills a sheep, and sprinkles its blood about the floor. Then during the night the two eat the flesh of the sheep, and throw the bones into a pit so that every trace of it disappears. Next morning the poor man comes, and the rich one says, "My illness has departed." He shows him the marks of blood upon the ground, but the poor man is steadfast. The rich man says, "God bless thee, I can never repay thee for what thou hast done for me. We will remain friends until the Lord parts us." So their friendship continues, and the poor man never mentions his lost son. When the boy is seven years old, the rich man sends for him, takes him to the assembly of

the people, and summons the poor man. The former then reveals that his illness was feigned for the sake of proving his friend, and that he had asked for the boy that he might be cured by means of his blood; on which his friend had brought him and said, "Kill him;" but that he had not killed him, but a sheep. "So saying he gives him back to his father. All praise the faithful friend. This is the old, widely-spread saga, told in so many different forms of the two faithful friends, who reciprocally sacrifice what they hold dearest. It lies at the root of the story of *Faithful John* (No. 6), and also appears in Eastern tales. Here, with more feeling for mercy than in other versions of the story, the child is not actually killed, and no miracle is needed to restore him to life again.

The second tale shall show how arrogance is punished. An ecclesiastic of high rank and a heathen live in close friendship, but during a journey to Mecca the priest spurns the companionship of the heathen, who travels thither behind him. The heathen is allowed to enter the mosque, but the priest is not, because he has disowned his friend. A month after their return home, both become ill and die on the same day. They are to be buried beside each other. The heathen's grave is easily dug in the sandy ground beneath which water is found, but when they begin to dig the priest's grave, they at once strike against the rock, and the same thing happens each time they choose a new place. At length the priest is laid in a grave of this kind, but they are only able to half-cover him; the heathen lies deep below, and is well covered, the water forces its way up to him and rises over him, and he alone reaches heaven.

The third story is about one of God's servants who has a one-eyed wife and a horse. He understands the speech of the beasts of the forest, of the birds which fly past, of the hyenas when they come near the houses by night and cry, and of the horses when they are hungry and neigh, and then he fetches them some grass. One day he hears some birds talking as they are flying by, and smiles at what they are saying. His wife enquires the reason. "I am not allowed to tell you," he replies. "I know already," she answers, "you are laughing because I am one-eyed." The husband says, "I saw that before I fell in love with you and married you." The woman is pacified; but once when it is past midnight, and they are in bed, it happens that a rat is playing with his wife on the roof, and both fall down to the ground. "This is a bad kind of amusement," says the rat's wife, "I have broken my back." The man in the bed laughs, but his wife rises up immediately, seizes him, and holds him fast, saying, "Now you shall not leave the house until you tell me what you heard, and why you laughed." "Leave me alone," replies the man, but the

woman is resolved to have her own way. At length he yields, and tells her that he understands the speech of beasts and birds, and then she is satisfied. Next morning he gets up and goes to his horse, but when it neighs he does not understand it, neither does he now understand what the other beasts say. So he sits down in his house and hangs his head, and says to himself, "If a man opens his heart and utters his most secret thoughts, God punishes him for it. I understood the speech of animals; to-day the Devil has held me back from the right path. As I disclosed my secret to a woman, the Lord has stopped my ears."

I am not acquainted with any corresponding story in German, but there is, as has been previously remarked, one in Straparola (12, 3). In *The Thousand and One Nights* there is a merchant who understands the language of animals, and hears an ox giving some cunning advice to an ass, and laughs at it. His wife wants to know the cause of his mirth. The man informs her that he is laughing at what the ox said to the ass, but declines to tell her anything more, and explains to her that it would cost him his life if he were to reveal his secret. The woman does not believe this, and says she will leave him if he does not tell her why he laughed. The man sees that there is no turning her aside from her purpose, so he sits down before the door of his house, and considers whether or not he shall sacrifice his life to his wife. Then he hears the house-dog reproaching the cock for jesting with a hen while their master's life is at stake. The cock replies, "Our master is not very clever! I have fifty hens who obey me. He might very easily manage his wife. Let him take a stout stick and shut himself up in a room with her, and give her a thorough good beating." When the merchant hears that, he gets up, takes a stick, and beats his wife so soundly that she entreats him to let her go, and promises to ask no further questions.

Straparola's, or rather Morlini's, style is different again. Federigo di Pozzuoli is riding one day to Naples on a mare that is with foal, and a woman who is with child is sitting behind him. A foal is following far behind, and cries to its mother not to go so fast, for he, a one-year old foal, cannot keep up with her. The mare answers, "I am carrying my master and his wife, who is with child, and thy brother in my body, and thou art young and carryest nothing; if thou art not able to come with me, stay behind." The man, who understands the language of four-footed animals, laughs at this discourse. His wife asks him why he is laughing? He replies that if he reveals that, it will cost him his life. She however, insists on knowing, and threatens to strangle herself with a cord if she is not informed. The man says that when they are on their way home again, he will tell her all. When they are at home again, she reminds him of his promise.

He answers that, as the disclosure will cause his death, she must first fetch the notary to draw up his last will and testament. Whilst his wife is on her way to seek him, he is lying in bed, and hears the dog reproaching the cock for crowing so cheerily, and now the end follows as in *The Thousand and One Nights*.

A Servian story begins in a very characteristic way. A shepherd rescues a young snake from death by fire; it coils itself round his neck, and he takes it to its father. It advises him to demand of the father as a reward, either his treasures or the gift of understanding the language of animals. After some hesitation, the father grants his request. On his way back, when he is lying resting, he hears the voices of two ravens which reveal a great treasure to him, which he digs up, and which makes him a rich man. At Christmas he and his wife go to a farm, where he makes ready a great feast for the shepherds. He says to them, "Eat and drink, and I will stay by the flocks to-night, instead of you." About midnight some wolves appear, and say to the dogs, "If you will let us come and do some mischief, you shall have some of the flesh too." The dogs consent, but there is one old one among them which says, "If I had but two teeth in my mouth, you should do no injury to my master's flock." Next morning the master has all the dogs killed but the old one. Then he and his wife return home. He is riding on a horse, his wife on a mare with foal. The horse neighs and says to the mare, "Come on, why art thou lingering behind?" The mare answers, "Thou art only carrying the master, but I am carrying three, the wife, the child she is expecting, and the foal in my own body." On hearing this, the man laughs, and the wife asks him the reason. The man gives evasive answers, but at last says, "Know that I must die at once if I tell you this." But she never ceases to torment him. As soon as they reach home, the man orders a coffin, sets it in front of the house, and says to the wife, "I shall lie down in this coffin, and then I will tell you why I laughed, but I shall die as soon as I say it." He lies down inside it, but looks round, and sees the old dog from the farm sitting by his head. He sends his wife to fetch a piece of bread, which he throws to the dog, but the dog will not so much as look at it. Then the cock comes running up and pecks at it. The dog says, "Wretched, greedy creature, thou canst eat when thou seest our master about to die!" The cock answers, "Let him die, if he is so stupid! I have a hundred wives whom I call together when I find a little grain of corn, and when they come, I swallow it myself, and if any one of them rebels against this, I give her some instruction in good behaviour with my beak. He has only one wife, and yet he cannot keep her quiet." When the man hears that, he jumps out of the coffin, seizes a stick, give her one blow after another, and cries, "This is it, wife! this is it!" It is

manifest that these tales have sprung up from one root, but in different forms. The polished version of the negroes seems the best; it has the gentlest and most significant conclusion; because the servant of God reveals the mystery which has been confided to him, he loses the higher endowment, and nothing is said about any punishment for the wife, who only wanted to satisfy a natural curiosity. The man erred but the woman induced him to do so.

The fourth story tells of six sons who are summoned into their father's presence because he wishes to know what calling they intend to adopt. The first wishes to be a warrior, the second a thief, the third a highwayman, the fourth a merchant, the fifth a farmer, the sixth a blacksmith. The eldest goes to the King's court, and is killed in the wars flying from the enemy, and he alone is killed, for his companions escape. The second steals day after day, but is caught horse-stealing and hanged. The third is overpowered and killed when committing a robbery. The fourth follows his business, but is set on by highwaymen, who steal his goods and murder him. When two years have gone by, the father again orders his sons to come to him, but the farmer and the blacksmith alone appear. He asks where the others are, and they give him news of their fate. The father says to the two, "You chose a good business; you were wise, but your wisdom did not come from me, but from God. When I am dead you can provide for yourselves, and if God gives you wives and children, teach your children your own work." The groundwork of the German story of *The Four Skilful Brothers* (No. 129) resembles this.

The fifth is a jest concerning a crafty maiden. A certain man has a fair daughter, and two youths come to woo her. The father says, "Return to-morrow, and I will then decide which shall have her to wife." When they appear at the appointed time, the father says, "Stay here and wait while I go out and buy a piece of stuff." When he comes back with it he calls his daughter thither, and says to the youths, "There are two of you, and I have only one daughter. I will cut two coats out of this stuff, and the one who has the coat ready first, shall have my daughter to wife." The two lovers are willing, and the father gives his daughter a hank of yarn, and tells her to twist thread for them. The cunning maiden gives short threads to the one whom she likes, and long ones to the other. The former gets the coat made first, and the father gives him the daughter. I must speak at greater length of the animal-stories, which have so much character, and are for the most part so ingenious, that they deserve particular attention.

1. *The Hen and the Cat.* The cat comes to the hen and says, "Let us form a friendship with each other." The hen replies, "But dost thou love me as a friend." The cat says yes, and the hen consents. They arrange to go together next morning to a

place in the neighbourhood. The hen and her children sleep till cockcrow, and then they go to the cat, who reproaches her for having waited till daybreak. The hen and her children accompany the cat, but very soon afterwards the cat snaps up two of the chickens. "Sister cat," says the hen, "why have you snapped up two of my children?" "They are not yet strong enough to walk alone," answers the cat, "so I have laid them next my heart." "If that's the way you behave," says the hen, "our friendship is at an end." "If you don't want to have a friend I can't allow you to go home," says the cat, and makes a spring and clutches the hen's head. She cries for help, and when people come running to her, the cat lets her go and hastens into the forest. The people tell her to beware of the cat's friendship in future. The conclusion bears some resemblance to the German story, *The Cat and the Mouse* (No. 2).

2. *The Stork and the Toads.* A stork's children are crying for food, and she can find none. In the morning by the advice of a friend, she lies down beside a stream, stretches out her legs and wings, shuts her eyes, and remains motionless just as if she were dead. A toad discovers her in this condition, and goes and fetches the other toads thither. They seize the stork by the wings and legs, and drag her away, singing as they go. After a while the stork opens her eyes, and when the toads see that they run away, but the stork gets up, runs after them, swallows one after the other, and fills her crop with them. Then she flies home and feeds her hungry children. For this reason when toads are croaking in a stream, they are quiet in a moment if they see any one coming, for they think it is the stork. Most likely it is frogs which are meant.

3. *The Weasel and his Wife.* The weasel's wife has given birth to a little one, and calls her husband and says, "Go and find me some stuff of the kind I like for clothes." "What kind of stuff is that?" asks the husband. The wife says, "I like an elephant's hide." The weasel goes to a bird which is friendly with him, and asks how he is to contrive to get an elephant's hide. The bird says, "I will teach you a stratagem by means of which you will be able to obtain it. Ask the dung-fly, the bird, the cat, the dog, the hyena, the leopard, the lion, and the elephant to be so kind as to come to you and help you to clear your field which is overgrown with grass. If they come, you will be able to get the elephant's hide." The weasel follows the advice. Next morning the fly is the first to arrive, and she begins to hoe. Then the bird comes. The bird asks, "Who got here before me?" "The fly." When the bird sees it, he devours it. Hereupon the cat comes and devours the bird, and so it goes on, and each animal asks who was the first comer and devours it. The dog devours the cat, the hyena the dog, the leopard the

hyena, the lion the leopard. And now the elephant appears and sets upon the lion, but the crafty weasel has dug a pit, in the middle of which a pointed post is fixed, and then covered with earth. While struggling with the lion the elephant falls into it, and the lion goes back into the forest. The weasel takes his knife, skins the elephant, carries the skin to his wife, and says, "Here is that stuff which you wished for." So now the saying goes, "Man is as cunning as a weasel."

4. *The Jackal and the Hyena.* Once upon a time there was a famine in the land. The hyena goes into the forest in search of food, and finds a number of monkeys bathing in a lake. The hyena says, "My skin is muddy; let me bathe with you." The monkeys consent, and the hyena gets down into the bath. But she seizes a monkey, pulls it into the water, and hides it down below. The monkeys leave the bath and go away. When they are gone, the hyena fetches out the monkey she has killed, and goes home with it. When they are at home the monkeys miss one of their number, and no one knows anything about him. Next day they are again in the bath, and the hyena also comes again. When she is asked if she has taken one of them away, she says, "Did you see me holding one of you in my paws, or that I had any blood on them?" They threaten her with death if she does not go away. She retires, but next morning she takes a small stone, once more goes to the bath, and hides herself, so that the monkeys cannot see her. Then she watches her opportunity, throws the stone at one of the monkeys which falls into the water, and when the others have gone away, takes her booty and goes home. Parson Jackal meets her, and complains that his wife and children are hungering. The hyena tells him to come back again next morning, and when he comes, takes him to the monkey's bath, where they hide themselves beneath a tree. The hyena says, "Brother, see that thou catchest something, and then bring it to me, and I will divide it between us." The jackal leaps into the water, dives down below, and gets up to the monkeys without their perceiving him. Then he raises his head, seizes one of them and pulls him down. He swims away with his prize and takes it to the hyena. She takes her knife, cuts off its fore-leg, and gives it to the jackal, which goes home with it. Next morning he again repairs to the water and catches the largest monkey, which screams loudly, whereupon the others run away. The jackal drowns the monkey, lifts it on his head, and thinks, "If I take it to the hyena, she will only give me a small piece, and will keep the greater part for herself." So he goes home with his spoil, but the hyena, who knows his cunning, sets out and meets him. She stands still, and he stands still. She reproaches him, recounts what she has done for him, and says, "Thou hast not repaid my

kindness, so now both thou and thy booty shall be mine." So saying, she seizes him, and they struggle with each other until the jackal runs home leaving his prize behind him. The jackal is the priest of all animals, and is acquainted with many magic arts. So he transforms himself into an aged man, goes to the hyena, and says, "Do you know me? Jackal the priest came to me, and said that you obstructed his path, took from him what God had given him in the forest, beat him violently, and then went away. Do you not know that he is the priest of all animals? Bring what you took from him here immediately, and I will give the priest what rightfully belongs to him. If you fail to do it, I will call my sons, who shall bind you, and bring you to me and carry you to the priest that he may kill you." When the hyena hears that, she loses heart and trembles all over her body. She fetches the flesh which she took away from the jackal, and surrenders it to the aged man. He says, "This is now set right, but if ever I again hear that you have taken anything belonging to a priest, I will put you into a cave which you shall never get out of again. Do not let me hear anything bad of you to-morrow." Hereupon he takes the flesh and goes home. The hyena was a fool; she was ignorant of the jackal's magic arts. Whenever these two animal perceive each other now, they never go near each other.

5. *The Weasel and the Hyena.* These two live together in the forest. One day the hyena kills an animal, takes it to the weasel, and says, "Light a fire to roast the meat." The weasel goes to look for fire, but soon comes back and says, "Brother, I have seen no fire anywhere." The hyena sees the sun setting, thinks that is fire, and says to the weasel, "Take care of our food, and I will go and bring some fire." She sets out to go to it, but the sun sets. So she goes back again and says, "I went towards the fire, but it disappeared." In the meantime the weasel has carried the meat into a cave. The hyena asks where it is. The weasel replies, "Just imagine, two men came out of the forest and took the flesh, and put it into a cave. I will creep in, and if you will put your tail into the hole, I will tie the meat to it and then you can draw it out." They go thither, but when the hyena puts her tail in, the weasel ties it to a bit of wood, and calls to her to pull. The stupid hyena is quite unaware of the weasel's cunning, and pulls, but all in vain. The weasel again tells her to pull, and she does pull with all her might, and tears her tail off. The weasel hides himself in the cave, and never ventures into the hyena's sight again. The hyena goes away out of the forest, and meets two men. "Now I shall have some good food," says she; and when the two men see her, they say, "Now we shall have some good food." One of them lights a fire by rubbing a hard bit of wood against a rotten bit, and when the fire burns, the other comes, tears off one of

the animal's ears, holds it in the fire, and then takes it out and eats it. The hyena thinks, "If I stay, the man will not spare me," and runs away. So the crafty weasel contrives to make the hyena lose her ear and tail, and their friendship is at an end. One part of the saga of *Reinhart Fuchs* bears some resemblance to this, viz. that where the fox beguiles the wolf into putting his tail into the water, which is freezing, and he has to leave his tail behind him as he is unable to draw it out again.

6. *The Bird and the Elephant.* They dispute together as to which can eat the most. The elephant says to the bird, "You would only make one mouthful for me, and yet you want to maintain that you can eat more than I! We will go out into the forest to-morrow morning, and then we shall see which of us is the most difficult to satisfy." The bird consents. Next morning when they come to the forest, each begins to eat. The elephant breaks trees, and eats them and their fruit. The bird scratches up the earth and devours every insect he finds. Towards noon the elephant's stomach is filled, and his hunger appeased, and he lies down beneath a tree. But the bird is still unsatisfied, and goes on scratching the ground in search of food. A few hours after noon the bird goes to the elephant and says, "Brother Elephant, your thought was to outdo me, but hardly had we taken a little nourishment before you said, "I have had enough," and lay down in the shade. Arise, and let us seek our food before night comes. Then we will go and sleep, and to-morrow begin anew." Next morning the bird bids the elephant make ready. The latter gets up and begins to eat, and the bird comes and scratches in the elephant's dung. The elephant thinks, "I have had enough to eat, but this little thing has not, and now he is scratching in my dung, thinking that that too is food. If we two remain together, he will by degrees eat me up as well." So they dissolved their friendship; the elephant went into the forest, and the bird stayed at home. When millet has been sown in Bornu, and it is weeded, the elephants come and eat it. When people see that, a bird is brought, and it is beaten until it cries. When the elephant hears it he runs away. Another negro story has the same groundwork, but is very differently worked out. It is communicated by G. Klemm, in the *Allgemeine Culturgeschichte der Menschheit*, 3, 389, 390. An elephant and a goat dispute together as to which can eat most heartily. To decide the point in question, both of them go to a meadow which is as great as the distance to the land of the Whites. After they have been eating for some time, the goat lies down on a rock and begins to chew the cud. "What are you doing there?" asks the elephant. "I am eating the rocks," answers the goat, "and when I have finished eating them, I will eat you." The elephant is terrified at this unexpected threat, and

runs off in a great hurry, and since that time has never again dared to go into any town where a goat is to be found.

7. *The Cock and the Elephant.* Both of them want to marry the same maiden. The cock goes to see her by day. When they have had their talk together and night begins to fall, he returns home, and then the elephant comes out of the forest. He observes the footprints made by the cock, and asks who has been there during the day. "No one," answers the maiden, "what you see are not footprints, but the marks of the rough broom with which I swept the floor of the house." When the elephant is gone, and the cock returns once more, he says to the maiden, "I see the foot-marks of an elephant there on the floor." The cunning creature answers, "I have set a mortar in there, and I made the marks by pushing it." This time the cock does not return home, but after he has had his supper, lies down on the bed, and falls asleep. At night the elephant comes and seats himself on the bed. The cock, on whose leg he has sat down, awakes, and cries, "What has happened?" As soon as the elephant hears this cry, he leaps up and runs into the forest. The cock limps home, and prepares a remedy which soon cures his leg. Then he goes into the forest, and finds the elephant asleep. He approaches him adroitly, and pecks out one of his eyes. The elephant awakes, and with his one eye sees the cock just as he is running away. The elephant sends for the lion, and tells him what has happened. The lion announces it to the beasts of the forest, and orders them to make ready for war. The ostrich gets to know this, and conveys the intelligence to the cock. "Thou hast two wings, as we have," says he to him, "we belong to the same race." The cock thanks him, and says, "Brother ostrich, summon all birds to assemble, whosoever has wings shall give us his help." They assemble in the town where the cock lives, and his heart rejoices when he sees his people. The lion rises and says, "Where is there any one who can run swiftly, to whom we can give the magic water?" They are to send out some one in advance against the enemy, who is to carry in a gourd the magic water which is to ensure a victory. First the gazelle wants to have the water, and then the jackal. The ostrich asks the army of birds which of them knows how to fight with an arrow, and which with a spear? The bee receives an arrow, and the wasp a spear. Then magic water is prepared from red wood. A gourd filled with it is given to the vulture, who puts on his white hood. And now all is ready for battle. The lion is the general of the four-footed animals, and marches against the birds with his army. When he is near them, he calls the gazelle and jackal and gives them the magic water. They hold the gourd bottles in their hands and bound away to the army of the birds. Then the bee takes her arrow and attacks them. The gazelle is about to fling the magic

water upon the birds, but the bee darts her arrow into the gazelle's neck, and she falls to the ground. Then the jackal comes and wants to throw the magic water over the birds, but the wasp takes the spear and hurls it in the jackal's face, and he falls. When the lion sees that both have fallen, he turns back, and when they see the general flying, the whole army takes to flight. The birds push forward, pursue the beasts, and slay them, and very few return to their homes. After gaining the victory, the birds set out homewards, and as they are thirsty, they repair to a lake to drink. In the water the hawk sees an aged toad-man, who has concealed himself there because he has not strength to run away. The hawk is about to devour him, but the bird which dwells in the hole stops him, for he is not allowed to betray the secret abode which is under the protection of God. When the cock is once more at home, he says to the ostrich, "Brother, thou hast done me a great service, God bless thee for it. Thou art a man of the wide plains, and I am man of the house; had it not been for thee, I should have been ruined." The toad told the Lord what the cave-bird had done for her. The Lord sent for the bird, and said to him, "Since thou hast guarded the toad's secret, I too will protect thee. All birds have their children in the open country; thou shalt have thy nest in a cave, so that no one shall know where thy children are, and no one shall be able to take them away." The war of the birds is also related in the German story, *The Willow Wren and the Bear* (No. 102), and just as the hornet's sting turns the scale there, so here it is the arrows of the bee and the wasp.

8. *The Rat and the Toad.* The toad says to the rat, "I can do far more than you." The rat replies, "You cannot run; if you just make one jump you sit still, and yet you want to say that you can do more than I!" "I'll let you see what I can do to-morrow," says the toad, "and if you are able to do the same without help, you can do more than I." The rat accepts the offer. At noon when the sun is burning warm, some men seat themselves in the shade of a tree. The toad goes and walks about among them, but they do not touch her, for they are afraid if they do it will make their hands bitter. So she passes through them unmolested. Next morning, the rat wants to do the same, but all the men snatch up their sticks and want to kill her. One of them does strike her, but only just touches her back, so she escapes. She repeats the attempt the following morning, but with the same result. The rat is pursued, and if a blow aimed at her had not turned aside, she would have been killed. And now she admits that the toad can do more than she. The Lord lets the rat live in a hole, but the toad lives in the open air. The rat never comes out by daylight, she puts her head out of her hole, and then if she

sees no one, she comes out to seek food. But the toad walks about as she pleases, only never by night, and no one molests her, for no one will eat her because of her bitterness. This story reminds us of the race between the hare and the hedgehog, in which the inferior animal likewise wins the victory.

9. *The Lion and the Wild Dog.* The lion says to the wild dog, "There are only four things in the forest of which I am afraid: the leaves of the trees, the grass, the flies, and the dirt." The dog answers, "And yet there must be some one there who is stronger than you." The lion says, "I kill the young of the elephants, the buffaloes and the leopards, and take them to my children for food. When I roar, every beast in the forest trembles; no one is stronger than I." The dog says, "Come, let us go into the forest, and if the black bird is seeking food there I will show him to you." Next day as soon as the dog has seen a huntsman going into the forest he fetches the lion, and they go there together. The huntsman has put on his forest dress; the beak of a great bird is sewn on his cap, and he moves like a bird. The dog says, "Brother lion, there is the black bird, go and seize him, and when thou hast seized him, give me one of his legs, for I use them as a charm." The lion walks slowly up to the bird, but the dog runs away. The huntsman has pulled out his poisoned arrow, and just as the lion comes with the intention of killing him, shoots his arrow and hits him. The lion falls backwards, rises, but thrice falls down again. The poison begins to take effect, and he staggers about. At the same moment the huntsman vanishes, for he is able to make himself invisible by magic. The lion regains consciousness, and goes home. Then the dog says to him, "Brother lion, you fear nothing in the forest but our Lord who has created you, and the leaves on the trees, the grass, the flies, and the dirt. Why didn't you seize the black bird and take it to your children?" The lion answers, "This man's strength is greater than mine. We cannot help fearing the black man. The wild beasts in the forest are to be dreaded, the lion, the leopard, the buffalo, the wild dog and the hyena, but when they see the black man they do not stand still and wait for him." This is our story, *The Man and the Wolf* (No. 72).

10. *How Reason was distributed among Animals.* At first none of the animals are endowed with reason, and when they see a huntsman coming to kill them, they stand still and look at him, and are shot. Then the Lord sends a man who fills a sack with all the reason there is, and puts it beneath a great tree. The weasel observes it, and runs to the hare and informs him of it, and says, "Brother hare, let us go there, and if thou wilt take the sack, I will give thee some good advice." When the hare tries to do this, he is unable, and goes away. And now the weasel tries again, but the sack is too heavy. Then a pigeon comes and lights on a

branch, and says, "Hang it over." The weasel drags the sack away, and sets it up against a tree, and then lays hold of it and carries it home. There he opens it, and sees that there is nothing inside but reason. On this he goes to the hare and tells him about the sack, and says, "Say nothing about it to the other beasts; I will give thee a little understanding, but I will store up all the rest in my hole. If anyone else comes I will give him a little as well." So the hare has a small portion of it given her, and the weasel says, "If thou takest thy portion away with thee, observe what I am going to say: if thou sleepest by day, open thine eyes, and then if any one comes and thinks thou would'st be a dainty mouthful for him, he will believe thou art awake, and will go away again. But if thou art just lying down without sleeping, shut thine eyes, and then if any one comes creeping up and wants to catch thee, leap up and run into the forest. That amount of understanding is quite enough for thee." The weasel kept all the rest for himself, and excelled all the beasts of the field in it. If any one wants to catch him he runs into his hole, and if his hole is dug open, he escapes behind it. For this cause he is called the King of Reason. He distributed very little of it among the other beasts and that is all they have. In a German story (No. 75) a fox boasts of possessing a sack filled with cunning.

11. *How the insects had their occupations assigned to them.* The insects assemble together and go to our Lord and say to him, "Thou hast given every one his work to do, give us also some work, that we may have something to eat." When the Lord has heard them he says, "Who will tell all the insects to come to-morrow?" The merchant says, "The cricket can do that." The merchant is, however, the name given to an insect which with the greatest activity sells everything in his house that he can get hold of. So the Lord orders the cricket to inform all the insects at nightfall that he will see them in the morning. At midnight the Lord sends to tell her that she has done enough, and that if she does not stop she will give every one a headache. The cricket goes into her hole, but thrusts her head out and goes on making her proclamation till daybreak. Then all the insects, excepting the merchant, assemble and go to our Lord. All have some occupation assigned to them, and go home again. Some time afterwards the merchant comes and excuses himself on the ground that he has had to put so many things upon his ass that the others have got there before him. So the Lord gives him a trade. "Go to the entrance of the abode of the black ants. There thou wilt find many of their heads; pile up these, put them into thy sack, and then put it on thy ass, then go to market, spread out straw mats and sell the heads." The merchant does this, but when he is on the way, the ass throws

off the great sack. The merchant calls some people thither and says, "Help me to lift up the sack." But no one will do it. The little red ants come (they are so small that they are almost invisible), but they will not give him any help without being paid for it. So the merchant says, "I will pay you when the market is over." Then they help him to load the ass. The merchant goes to the market, sells his goods, and the market people disperse. When he is on his way home, the red ants come and say, "Father Merchant, give us what you owe us." But he refuses, and goes onwards. On the way he is attacked by a fever, and sits down under a tree, ties the ass to it, and removes the goods from its back. The fever, however, overmasters him, and he lies down. When the red ants see that, they come, and as he is powerless from fever, they kill him. An insect is there at the time, which hurries away to the Lord and informs him of what has happened. The Lord summons the red ants into his presence, and they say that the merchant refused to pay what he owed them. The Lord justifies them, and they are entrusted with the employment of killing any insect which is lying sick.

12. *The Snake.* The various snakes have their residence in the same place and remain in it. Each of them has its own hunting, and eats the food which is suitable for it, and none of them steals what belongs to another. The aber snake (she is spotted, nine feet long, and as thick as a man's leg) once goes out into the forest at nightfall to seek food and lies down in the middle of the road. A man (i.e. snake) goes out with the same intention. The darkness prevents his seeing the aber snake and he steps on her foot. She feels the pain, coils up, and bites him with her venomous fang. He screams so loudly that he is heard by the people in the house. They run thither and find the man, who is perspiring all over his body. He tells them what has occurred. They bring remedies, but these have no effect on him, and he dies. They carry him home, and bury him. They send for the aber snake, tell her what she has done, and upbraid her for having brought them into such ill repute, that every one who sees them will kill them. The aber snake says to her tribe, "I will entreat God to hide us all; I have done something wicked. Wait for my return." She goes quite alone to our Lord and tells him of the crime which she has committed; she did not know that her bite was deadly. Then she begs him to hide her and her fellows, or they will be killed whenever they are seen. The Lord answers, "Do no wrong in future; what thou hast done is done. When the days which I have counted and have given to one of thy species have come to an end, he shall be seen, and some one will kill him, but he who

does this is not the one who kills him, it is I who do it. Until that allotted time is over, no one shall perceive him." For this reason, when anyone sees a snake, he says, "Its time has come to an end."

The Traditions of the North American Indians deserve the closest attention. The editor, who passed his youth among these savages, wrote these stories down from the dictation of an old woman who was his nurse. He has, it is true, rather dressed them up so far as concerns form and language, though we cannot but own he has done so with care and skill. Strange as their customs often appear, these savages themselves seem not to be a barbarous but an intellectually endowed and deeply-thinking people, with an inclination to the nobler promptings of the human soul. It is impossible not to admire the profound truth and witty audacity of their metaphorical expressions, their searching insight into the majestic appearances of nature, as well as into her secret workings. No one who is acquainted with the essential character of tradition will doubt the genuineness of these stories. They contain the element of mythological significance, but it is as closely interwoven with the conditions and events of daily life as with whatever is mystical and incredible in it. Animals, among which is the wise beaver dwelling in a house of his own construction, are living in confidential intercourse with men. Beasts are not deprived of human speech, nay, a reason is expressly given for a part of them having been punished by the loss of it. As human nature descends on this side it is elevated on the other. Immortals, who have their abode in the heights of heaven, or in the depths of the nether world, enter into close relations with inhabitants of earth, and unite themselves with them in marriage by taking the human form for a while and giving themselves up to human occupations and passions. Thus the ruler of eternal snow, whose breath is icy, only receives vital heat and feeling on being embraced by a man, after whose death she goes back to the northern light. The great day-star, as the sun is called, is a man who has a wife and children, and when he shuts his eyes it is night. The air stands still when the winds take the sleep which they need. The first men were six Indians who once found themselves sitting together by the sea-shore, and then went forth in search of wives. At an appointed time they met together again, and each brought his wife and a child with him, and related how he had won his wife.

This tradition, but with some variations, is already known from another source. Compare Friedrich Majer's *Religiose Gebräuche und Ideen der Urvölker des nördlichen Amerika*, in the *Mythologisches Taschenbuch*, for 1811, pp. 239, 240. Here are some incidents from the history of the first Indian. For some days he climbed up by a sunbeam until he came to the great day-star, and asked him for his beautiful daughter. Favoured by the mother he won her

liking; but the King of Light spurned any intermixture of his race with that of the creatures of earth. When the consequences of their secret connection became evident, he angrily threw them both down from heaven, but the mother caused them to fall to earth uninjured, where they lived happily and their descendants multiplied. The story bears a certain similarity to others which are known to us, in which a bold youth repairs to the abode of the Devil or some other evil spirit, to obtain something from him, and a good-humoured old woman asks what he wants, and enables him to escape in safety; but it is only a general likeness founded on natural relationships. I will give some incidents from another tradition, which is one of the most important, and gives the substance of this story in the best form. Old Chappewee, the first man, finds on the earth neither men, women, nor children. He creates children, and gives them two kinds of fruit, one white and one black, but forbids them to eat any of the black. As the earth is not yet illumined by the rays of the sun, he goes away to fetch that magnificent disc. After a long absence he brings it, and then during a certain number of hours it begins to shed its brilliant light over the earth. He sees with joy that his children have only eaten the white fruit, so neither sickness nor death have obtained any power over them. But the sun is not always shining, and the old man once more goes away and fetches the lamp of dark hours, the moon. When he brings it down, he at once sees by the children's eyes that they have been eating some of the forbidden fruit. He himself is not free from blame, for before he went away he forgot to provide them with a stock of white fruit, and hunger has compelled them to eat some of the black. And now illness and death come into the world, and deformity, fatigue, and pain. Chappewee sees more than twenty generations disappear; he alone is not overcome by death. His teeth have fallen out and come afresh one hundred times, and his eyes and tongue have been renewed as often; but he is tired of life and longs to die. So he sends one of his family to those little wise folk, the beavers, one of whom is prevailed on to let seven of his sharp teeth be pulled out. The old man receives what he has demanded, and orders two of these teeth to be driven into his temples, one in the middle of his forehead, one in each side, one into the hollow of his back, and one into the great toe of his right foot. When the last is struck in, the old man heaves three sighs and dies.

I will also give the story of the fourth of the Indians who went out in search of wives, because it resembles the Irish and German (No. 182) stories of the nightly dances of elves. On the sixth day of his journeying he arrives, just as the sun is setting, at the summit of a hill, where he sits down. When night has fallen, a delightful song reaches his ears from the valley, intermingled with laughter, and joyous cries. He goes down and

approaches it cautiously, and sees in the moonlight a crowd of female figures dancing on a green plain. Some are as small as a child of three months, others as large as human beings. He sits down in a place where he cannot be seen and enjoys the sight. Suddenly one of them springs out of the ring in mischievous mirth, and comes straight up to him. When she sees him she screams loudly in her terror, and runs back to the others. The intelligence that a stranger is in the neighbourhood throws them into the greatest indignation, and they come and reproach him with having lain in wait in the darkness to see their sacred dance, and hear their spirit music. They tell him that they are mountain spirits who for hundreds of years have gladdened themselves on summer's nights with dance and song, and have drunk the dew from the cups of flowers in this green place, and that he must expect no milder punishment than death. He excuses himself by pleading the power exerted by the song, which he heard from afar, and which drew him thither, and offers to take the tallest and prettiest of them to wife. Their anger is somewhat appeased by what he says, and before the moon has reached its highest position in the sky, the fairy he has chosen decides to leave the mountains and accompany him to a warmer land as his wife.

In the story of an Apache (published in the *Ausland*, 1856, No. 10) we recognize the influence of biblical stories, but its contents are entirely mythical.

Far away from the home of these North American stories, in the eastern hemisphere, but still farther north, we meet with Finnish traditions, which notwithstanding their dissimilarity of subject, exhibit a relationship to them in their scheme of construction, and which, though held together by a loose thread of epic narration, can easily be divided into separate parts. The mythical foundation comes out much more strongly in these Finnish stories than in the North American ones, while depths and truths of natural intuition are no less clearly manifest. *Kalewala*, which is still to be heard from the lips of the minstrels of the country, is not only one of the most wonderful monuments of Norse antiquity, but as a relic of primeval times, and in respect of the actual value of its contents is only surpassed by the *Edda*. None, however, can appreciate this poetry, which derives all its power and significance from its connection with pre-historic ages, but those who have imagination enough to transport themselves into the circumstances which it represents. Here, too, an expedition in search of a bride forms the chief incident. Three brothers wooed the same maiden, who was highly endowed and wondrously beautiful, and she fell to the lot of the youngest. Traditions which give a story-like account of the origin of the earth, and of the earliest conditions of human fellowship, are interwoven with it. Creative power existed in the

brothers, especially in the eldest; he formed islands, bays and cliffs, and made the sun and moon. The state in which everything was at that time compelled them to create whatever was necessary to earthly existence. Opposed to them was a wicked enchantress, who created sickness and epidemics, and locked up the sun and moon to deprive the earth of light. We hear of the invention of the harp and of song, the power of which was so overwhelming that all nature was disturbed. The tears which rolled down the minstrel's face while he was singing, fell into the sea and became jewels, which were brought out of the deep by a blue duck. When that harp is sunk in the sea, a second is made, and when it sounds, the eagle deserts his young ones in the nest to listen to its tones. But the limitations of power are marked out too, and vain is the attempt to impart vital heat, or give the breath of life to a woman who has been skilfully made of gold and silver; in vain do men try to replace the stolen sun, moon, and stars, by artificial ones of precious metal; no light proceeds from the imitations. The most important thing created by the brothers is Sampo, which imparts fertility to the earth, and secures the fulfilment of every wish. Much cunning and strength is used by the enemy to obtain possession of this. At last it is hurled into the sea and breaks; all its treasures are left lying down below the water, and only a few fragments cast up by the waves ever come to light again. The Nibelungen "Hort," whose value also lies more in the wonderful things which are connected with it than in the great collection of gold itself, may well be compared with this. *Die Heldensage* presupposes an array of stately people who fight for independence, or rulership, and human heroes appear who bear the marks of a loftier descent; here there are gods who struggle with each other for the possession of supernatural things endowed with magic powers. The three brothers too, are god-like beings, the oldest of them, the Lord of Song (to use an expression belonging to the middle ages), has lain in his mother's womb for thirty years before seeing the light of day; even on the second day of his birth he begins to forge himself a horse as light as a blade of grass on which he rides away across the sea. Nowhere do we find coarseness or brutality; side by side with the expression of an unbridled arrogance is gentleness and the tender sensibility to nature, and loving contemplation of it that belongs to the shepherd life already described. The mode of narration is thoroughly story-like, it troubles itself as little about probabilities as the mind fetters itself by imposing any limits when trying to grasp what is imperceptible to the senses; it knows how to outstrip the most extravagant fancy. An ox is so large, that a swallow is a whole day in flying between its horns, and a squirrel a month in running from one end of its tail to the other, and even then is forced to rest half way from

exhaustion. The exaggeration of the image would have been unbearable in any other poetry, but it suits this. Solitary instances of agreement with German stories are pointed out in the *Treatise on the Finnish Epic*, and I will here notice two or three things common to both. The path over needle-points, sword-edges, and battle-axes, is like the road over combs and bristles (No. 79). The mother takes out of the water the limbs of her son, who has been torn to pieces and thrown into the river, joins them together, and rocks him in her bosom until he comes to life again, as in our (No. 46), the limbs of the sister who has been cut to pieces, which are swimming in blood, are restored to life.

One of the three stories in Bertram's *Jenseits der Scheeren*, is like *The White Bride and the Black One* (No. 135.) This is the second, *The Girl on the Sea*, but it is more complete and full.

The stories of the Esthonian Finns reveals exactly the same spirit as *Kalewala*, and they are just as important, but of a milder kind, that is to say, they contain no monsters. What can be prettier than the tale of the lamp which lights Allfather's hall? He entrusts the care of it to two immortal servants, a youth and a maiden. To the latter, who is called Aemmarik (Evening-red), he says, "Little daughter, to thee I confide the sun, extinguish it and conceal the fire, that no harm may happen." Then he says to Koit (Morning-red), "Little son, it is thy duty to light the lamp again for a new course." The lamp is never absent in the vault of heaven; in winter it has a long rest, in summer only a short one, and Aemmarik gives the light she is just extinguishing into Koit's hands, and he immediately fans it into a new existence. On one of these occasions they look too deeply into each other's brown eyes, their hands grasp each other, their lips touch. Allfather sees it, and says, "Be happy together as man and wife." They answer, "Aged man, do not disturb our happiness, let us always remain bride and bridegroom, and then our love will always be young and fresh." The two meet together only once a year, for the space of four weeks. Then Aemmarik lays the expiring sun in Koit's hand, and a pressure of the hand and a kiss make her happy. Aemmarik's cheeks blush, and are reflected rose-red in the sky, until Koit lights the lamp again. If Aemmarik delays too much, the nightingale calls mockingly to her, "Tardy maiden, the night is growing too long." The poetry of the people deals with the deepest mysteries, and knows how to interpret them in all innocence. One story describes the origin of the various languages. Allfather boils water in a kettle, and according to the different sounds which it makes in boiling, speech is portioned out to the various nations who draw near. None of them receive the language of Allfather, but the Esthonians, who arrive first, and come before the water boils. It is said that the separation of languages took place when the still smooth surface of

primeval life was disturbed and broken by the fire of earthly and sinful instincts. Esthonian popular ballads likewise preserve traditions of this kind, and of many incidents which coincide with *Kalewala*. The animal stories are so complete and so pleasantly written that they are specially valuable. A connection will be pointed out between some of them with the German stories. (Nos. 58 and 189).

I must here speak of the Saga of *Gesser Khan*. Though it is written in the popular language of the Mongols, it in all probability originally came from Tibet and reveals the influence of Indian myths. There reigned the hero whose fame exists in China even at the present day. Every sign indicates that what we have before us is nothing but the remains of an old poem, of which the age is unknown, but the substance points to the most extreme antiquity. It is easy to separate individual parts which are complete in themselves, especially in the first sections containing the birth and youth of Gesser, for they are only slightly connected with each other, but more epic cohesion is manifest in the wars with the three Scharaighol Khans. The poem gives us a clear insight into earlier conditions of the people of Eastern Asia, and is therefore of no mean value. The elevation and grandeur of thought which excites our astonishment in *Kalewala*, are entirely absent here, but mythical meanings and unrestrained fancy are equally apparent; indeed there is no lack of imagery in the spirit of that time. An arrow which is shot away at sunrise does not fall down again until the sun has performed three-fourths of his course; a bull is so large that his right horn butts against heaven, and his left touches the earth; a piece of rock is flung from the summit of one mountain to another; other things are wild and uncouth. Gesser is the incarnation of a god who climbs up into heaven and down again by a chain, proves his origin by his supernatural strength, and by transformations into every kind of form—even into two forms at once, by which he overcomes all opposition: he creates magic heroes, one of whom throws himself into the midst of the enemy in the shape of a mass of fire and burns them up. His strength is finely expressed by the words, "The earth trembles when Gesser weeps;" he makes her calm with incense (pp. 228, 238, 243). His adversaries also are, for the most part, supernatural beings, giants whose power extends so far that having transformed themselves into walls of rock, they move forward, strike themselves together, and crush their enemy. Gesser's struggle with them is full of mythical importance. It is said to represent the conflict between Good and Evil, but only from the point of view of the poem, for no thought lies at the root of any of its incidents which could inspire us with any respect. Everything that Gesser and his heroes do is accomplished by treachery, mean dissimulation, and base stratagem.

He mercilessly, and without the least hesitation, practises the most barbarous cruelties, cuts off the hand of the child which he has just been caressing, and whilst he appears to be waiting to receive a blessing, he rips open the Lama's body, and tears out his intestines. Nothing raises him in our estimation but the contrast between him and the abject Tschotong, who, though a prince, allows himself to be beaten, creeps beneath the table in servile fear, and swallows leather and garbage as good food; and yet he only shows human feeling in his love for his earthly father, who likewise has to suffer from his cunning. We search in vain here for one breath of that elevated feeling which, in the epics of other nations, seems to be a necessary condition of existence—in this respect the poem stands immeasurably lower.

Nowhere but in the lament of Tümen (p. 119), who goes forth in search of the lost Gesser, can I discover a nobler spirit—a spirit which is likewise visible in various proverbs, images, and formulas which are clearly derived from this. To express her agony, Rogmo Goa says (p. 81), "The white of my eyes has become yellow, and the black of my eyes has faded." I will detach a couple of tales which are quite story-like, and specially noteworthy to us. They are well told, and their substance is given with the completeness and exactitude for which compositions of ancient times are generally distinguished.

Gesser's father wishes to prove the dispositions of his sons (p. 32). He catches a partridge and puts it in a bag which he ties up. Taking this bag with him, he mounts a buffalo, and makes one of his sons who is called Dsesse sit behind him. When the partridge begins to flutter, the buffalo plunges and throws off the old man who pretends to be dead. The son hastens home loudly bewailing his father as he goes. Next morning the father tests his second son Rongsa, in the same way, and his behaviour is just the same. On the third morning it is the turn of Joro, for so was Gesser named in his childhood. On their way they come to the field of a Chinaman, which is fenced round with wood on which a magpie is hopping about. The partridge flutters, and the old man falls from the buffalo and feigns death. Joro leaps down, and begins to utter what seem to be terrible cries of lamentation, but holds the buffalo fast. Suddenly his cries of grief cease, and he says, "If this rascally Chinaman had not made a field here, and had not set a wooden fence round about it for the magpie to fly on, the buffalo would not have reared, and my father would not have lost his life." So he calls the Chinaman and threatens to take him as an indemnity for the dead man. The Chinaman, who does not come until Joro begins to trample down the corn, is compelled to cut down all the wood round about and bring it thither, that it may be used for the funeral ceremonies. Joro places the felled wood in a

heap near his father, and sets fire to it. When the flames break forth, the old man peeps out of the corner of his eye. Joro takes a handful of earth, throws it on his father's eyes, and says, "Dear little father it is an evil omen for the remaining family if anyone dies with his eyes open." When the fire crackles still more loudly, the father draws his legs together. Joro says, "People say that the limbs of the bereaved wife and children can never be stretched out if the dead body draws his legs together." He brings a piece of wood and lays it across the legs of the old man. Then he takes him on his back to put him on the burning pile. While he is carrying him, the old man cries, "Thy father is not dead, he lives." Joro says, "It is the very worst omen imaginable for the descendants if any one goes on speaking after he is dead." He is just going to throw the old man into the fire, when he says, "I tell thee I am not dead; wilt thou burn thy father alive?" "I am glad that thou art not dead, dear little father," says Joro, and helps the old man to get on the buffalo again, and goes home with him. The old man says to his wife, "I have proved the characters of my three boys. Dsesse will be a stout-hearted man, Rongsa an ordinary kind of fellow, but neither of them will equal Joro." With these words he goes away, but his wife is enraged, and meditates evil. She thinks, "Is the son of the wife who has been discarded to surpass my two sons? I will very soon get him out of the way." She sets on the table some good food for each of them, but she puts strong poison in that intended for Joro. Dsesse and Rongsa sit down and eat, but Joro stands on one side as if he were an idle spectator. His mother says, "Why art thou standing there, dear Joro, and what art thou looking at? Sit down to table, and eat thy food." Joro takes hold of his bowl, sits down, and says, "Our parents have divided among us our shares of this food, and now they will also divide among us our inheritance in cattle. You, my brothers, have been guilty of an oversight, for neither of you have offered your parents the first taste of your food; if I do not eat, what can that mean?" So saying, he reaches the food to his father, who, in his innocence is just going to eat some of it, when Joro draws back the bowl, and offers it to his step-mother. She is so ashamed, that she is just about to eat some of the food, but Joro takes the bowl away from her too, pours a portion of its contents in the great kettle, and says, "This was the kettle which cooked the food of the whole family." Immediately afterwards it bursts in pieces. He empties part of the food on the trivet, which instantly breaks into fragments. He throws part at the house-dog's head, and it splits in twain. The rest Joro himself eats (it seems not to have been dangerous to him as he was a god), and he takes a red substance which has been strained from it as a gift to his sisters who are with the dragon prince. It frequently occurs in German

stories that a father sends out his three sons in order to test their capacity, but I can nowhere find one which is treated in this way.

Another story (p. 141) is much more like ours. Gesser's consort, Tümen Dschirghalang, is stolen away by a giant who takes her to his fortress which stands high, and is surrounded by a wall without any gate in it. Gesser goes thither. When he reaches the place he assumes the form of a beggar, and cries, "Whither have I come?" When his wife hears his voice she springs up, but by the right and left lintels of the door, the giant has set two spiders, each as large as a two-year old calf, which are to devour her if she attempts to go out, and which open their jaws now that she appears at the door. Gesser strikes the beasts dead with his black staff, and causes their places to be filled by two false spiders which look like them. The woman falls weeping into Gesser's arms, but he says, "Is not that being what one might call a woman with a short bridle? (little thought). If thou weepest, will not the giant notice it." He learns from her that the giant is just at that time at the chase, and that he possesses a red thread which has the power of foretelling events, from which he can learn everything with certainty. They meditate how they can best worm his secrets from him. The wife is to question him, and Gesser to listen. They dig a pit seven fathoms deep and wide, into which Gesser creeps. Then it is covered with a white paving-stone, over which a painted coverlet is laid; over this comes a thin layer of earth, and then hay and green herbs; finally, a kettle filled with water is placed on it, and round about this water are strewn feathers plucked from all kinds of birds. In the evening when the sun is growing red, the giant comes home on his copper-green mule, laden with an elk. When the mule approaches, it sniffs with its nose, takes the bit between its teeth, chews it, bounds and springs, and tears up the earth, and the giant's two white-grey horses run about hither and thither uneasily. The giant suspects some treachery on the part of the woman. "Has any enemy chanced to arrive?" cries he, "My nose perceives a smell like that of dung-flies" (in the German story it is, "I smell human flesh"). The woman pacifies him, but he demands his prophesying thread, and tells her how she is to behave, so that the information it gives him may not become untrustworthy. Among other things she is to take care that the thread does not go under a dog's head. She performs his bidding exactly, and then hands over the red thread to him, which he, still sitting on his mule, questions. "Woe's me!" cries he, "Gesser has come! It seems he is lying buried beneath my hearth, covered with a paving-stone, and with black earth strewn over him." The woman answers, "What nonsense you are talking! Have I buried Gesser? Blue heavens above me, be my father, and speak! Earth beneath me be a man, and speak. Hearken and perceive what is said by us two." Then

Gesser changes himself into a man, and cries from heaven above. "Thou hast come hither lightly esteeming Gesser, now hear thy fate!" And then Gesser himself cries from the depths, "The giant's wrangling is unbearable!" When the giant hears that, he says, "This is really wonderful!" and laughs. Then he again questions his thread, and says, "Gesser is dead, and covered over with a white paving-stone, which is covered with white snow; the dried herbage is decayed, and new green herbage has grown up. On the shore of a great lake all the birds are washing their feathers, and above them sit the crows and magpies, and mock Gesser. A whole year has already passed since his death." And now he dismounts from his mule and asks for his tooth-pick, and when he picks his teeth with it, two or three men fall out of his mouth. The woman has to bring him his dinner, which consists of a dish of men's fingers stewed. After dinner she sits down on his lap, and says, "If I am alone in the house, and the accursed Gesser should come and want to kill me, I should like to inform you at once, but there is no way out of the fortress." "I will tell you nothing," answers the giant. "There are three things of which a man is never sure. He can never regard a bush as a tree, a starling as a bird, or a woman as a friend; I will not." She tries however to melt him, and lies down. He smiles and bids her come nearer, takes her in his arms and says, "Here are two gold rings for thee; when thou goest out lay one of them on the tip of thy nose, and when thou comest in put the other on thy little finger, and then the door of the fortress will open to thee. If I say I am going towards the east, that means I am going towards the west." She enquires, "How wilt thou conquer Gesser if he should come here?" The giant replies, "If the rascal were to come I should not be able to do him the smallest injury. In front of my house there are three different large lakes, and on this side of them is a five-fold field of reeds. On the shore of the nearest lake two bulls, a white one and a black one, are running races with each other. The white one, who is Gesser's guardian angel, wins in the morning, and at noon, the black one, who is my guardian angel, wins. If he can kill my guardian angel then he can kill me too. A little farther on stands a great fortress, in which dwell my three younger sisters; they usually sit at the top of nine red trees. If he were to kill my sisters he would be able to kill me too. On the left side there are three large lakes, in which three hinds play about. During the heat of noon they come out of the water and lie down on the shore beside each other to rest. If he were able to pierce all three with one arrow-shot, and were then to tear open the body of the middle one, and were to break in two a great copper needle that is inside it, he could kill me. On the right side lies a fortress where an older sister of mine is living, who is transformed by magic means

She preserves a great beetle which she has never once shown me since my birth, if he were to kill these two, who are my soul, perhaps he could kill me too. This is the end of my transformations." So saying, the giant lies down, but the woman speaks again. "Ah, how stupid I am! What did I ask thee a while since? Did I not ask thee which of the various forms that thou art able to assume is the one that thou most preferrest? And there must certainly be some other forms that thou canst take, so tell me." The giant answers, "When I am asleep, a great golden fish comes out of my right nostril and plays about on my right shoulder, and then a little golden fish comes out of my left nostril and plays about on my left shoulder. But if he were to kill both of these, it would not signify to me, I should die like a hero in equal combat with him. And even if he were to kill me, my elder brother who is a lama, and a magician, is still living, and my mother besides, who is a witch, and finally my only child. How will he contrive to kill these three? He might, perhaps, be able to gain the victory over me, but if he were to destroy these three, I should die, and leave no descendants." Again the woman says words of flattery to him, on which the giant smiles and lies down to sleep. Next morning he arises betimes, and while announcing that it is his intention to go straight forward, goes backward. Then the woman wakens Gesser, who is now lying in the pit, gives him the two gold rings, and tells him everything that she has learnt from the giant. And now we are told how Gesser overcomes all difficulties, and at length kills the giant, the extract we have given is sufficient to prove the relationship with the German story, *The Devil with the three Golden Hairs* (No. 29), whose secrets are extracted from him under similar circumstances. I must still mention one or two special points in the poem. Gesser boils seven human heads, takes the skulls out of them, and makes seven drinking-cups as Völund does in the *Edda* and Alboin in the *Lombard Saga*. Gesser is thrown into a pit of snakes (pp. 104, 260); he kills the snakes with poison, and then he makes mattresses of the big ones and pillows of the small ones, and lies down on them. This recals the Norse *Saga of Ragnar Lodbrog*, who before his death in the pit of snakes extols his own deeds.

We probably know a very small portion of the Magyar stories; Gaal and Mailáth do not give us many, and those they do give are not carefully collected, or told in simple language. The stories in the *Erdély Collection* are much better in this respect. I have already shewn (in the notes on Hungarian stories) that the greater number of those in Gaal have similar stories, which correspond with them in German, but that the external aspect of these is often very different, as may be seen, for instance, in *The Three Princesses* (Stier, p. 34), in which our *Hänsel and Grethel* (No. 15)

is obviously to be found. But some belong to Hungary alone, and are beautiful and full of thought, as for example, *The Dream* (Stier, p. 14), and *The Orange* (ibid. p. 83). *Eisen Laczi** (Mailáth, No. 20) is quite of another kind, and reminds us of the Mongolian *Gesser*. Nowhere are the effects of foreign influence so apparent as in Hungary, a land inhabited by so many different nationalities, and surrounded by Germans, Slavs, and Wallachians. Moreover Mailáth only supplies us with six stories, which, though (as is expressly said) taken down from oral tradition, have yet been patched together from several stories. This has given rise to an accumulation of wonders inconsistent with the character of a story which demands a union of the supernatural with the common events of daily life. *The Brothers* resembles some German stories (Nos. 29, 53, 107), and so does *Pengö* (Nos. 62, 111, 197). *The Gifts* contains, even if imperfectly, the story of *The Goose-Girl* (No. 89). Some incidents in it, though told in another connection, also point to a relationship between them, for instance, the maiden's supernatural strength, is like Brünhild's, lost as soon as she marries, (Mailáth, 2. 30). Snakes bring herbs and restore a dead one to life with them (2. 195), as in the German story (No. 16). A tree with golden apples grows out of the blood (2. 196), as in *One Eye*, &c., (No. 130) one grows out of the goat's entrails. The connection which exists between these traditions and the German one, is pointed out in the notes to Stier.

The stories of Celtic nations are some degrees more closely connected with ours than those of the Finns. Crofton Croker first introduced us to those of Ireland, where the stream still flows abundantly. The contents of his book are genuine; and singular, bold but lively reflections are skilfully interwoven with the tales which reveal popular modes of speech, imagery, and similes. It is to be regretted that the style is rather more in conformity with the educated taste of the present day than is quite agreeable, especially when the author uses an irony which implies that all that is fabulous is merely the creation of a fancy excited by intoxication, which at once puts to flight all idea of any deeper significance. K. von Killinger's *Irische Sagen und Märchen*, is a collection for which we ought to be grateful. It contains what has appeared in Lover's *Popular Tales and Legends* (1832-34), and in Thoms' *Lays and Legends of Various Nations*. The Irish character, always excitable, and tinged with a certain ferocity, but with very high intellectual powers, could not possibly be better depicted than it is in these stories, and only the most nimble imagination could have given an expression to the underlying thoughts of the sagas which surprises us with constantly new and unexpected turns. In nearly

* An abbreviation of Ladislaus.—Tr.

all of them the developement, or unravelling of events, is effected by the appearance of one of those spirit-like beings which inhabit land and water, woods and mountains, crags, and deserts, in countless multitudes, and assume the most attractive as well as the most hideous forms. Heartless as they are, they try to draw human beings into their orbit, just as if they had a desire to take to themselves their warm life. People are aware of their tricks and avoid them, but try to keep on good terms with them, somewhat in the same way as the Silesians are guarded in their behaviour to Rübezahl, and are angry if any stranger calls his name into the forest, a liberty they themselves never venture to take. The relation is aptly expressed in a story in which a man's left eye has been anointed with a certain salve, and henceforth sees them in their true ugly forms, while the right sees the semblance of wonderful beauty. The story of *Darby Duly* (K. von K. 2. 23) is a solitary exception to this, and represents a man of another character who plays tricks quite in the style of the German *Little Peasant* (No. 61). The main incidents of the Irish stories are always set forth with strong sharp precision, and in this respect they form a favourable contrast with the German ones, in which the traditions are often disturbed or weakened by foreign influences, and show gaps or a want of connection. On the other hand the Irish stories lack the familiar ease and brightness which is peculiar to these latter, which like to conclude with a prospect of long and enduring felicity. The Irish elves are however rarely inclined to show themselves as good and beneficent beings, and their gifts have to be wrung from them by stratagem. There is scarcely any mention here of any other situation than those arising from some contact with the world of spirits. How frequently, for example, is the hard lot of children who have a wicked stepmother depicted in the German stories; but I have not found it in the Irish, and the translation of an ancient, but not popular, poem, *The Three Swans of Lir* (K. von K. 2. 275) forms no exception to this rule.

The before-named story, *Darby Duly*, is the only one which strikes a different chord; elsewhere, as I have pointed out in the notes to Croker, we find many single incidents which are like our German story, and the common belief in elves is still more evident. I will here make no mention of the Welsh *Mabinogion* (stories) which Lady Guest has published from an old manuscript, for though the book may be valuable as regards history, it contains no saga derived from popular tradition, and nothing but cold lifeless presentations of old chivalric poems which seem to us dry extracts from better works.

It is possible that in Scotland, which was more subject to Saxon influence, we must not look for an equally rich harvest, but what we do know satisfies us that the same belief in the Good People (as

the elves are called from a dread of offending them) prevails, and that the same or very similar stories are current.

The stories of the Armoricans in Brittany are very nearly related to those of the Irish, but the Armoricans were not so isolated as the Irish, and were within reach of the influence of neighbouring countries. In Souvestre's Collection, p. 180, there is an example, (comp. Croker, i. 23) in which the likeness and unlikeness show their mutual relationship, and also their independence. Here, too, intercourse with the "Little Folks" forms the principal part of the contents, but this is not exclusively the case; the story of how foolish Peronnik outwitted the mightiest magician, and attained the highest honours has a different colouring, and when the devil meets the Redeemer and receives his permission to appear before mankind for one day in the form of an ecclesiastic, the story belongs to quite a different group. I will also observe that the story of the changeling is told in an Armorican popular ballad (Villemarqué's *Barsaz Breiz*, i. 50) in a way that is not unlike the German one (No. 39, III.)

I make a sudden transition eastward to the Slav nations, among whom the connection with the German stock appears decidedly. The six Slav stories which we know are not remarkable for their contents, and are injured by the lifeless method in which they are told, and by being so much expanded. They exhibit a relationship to Hungarian and German stories, but on the whole contain very little that is peculiar to themselves. *Little Kerza*, the last of them, connects the German story *Thumbling* (No. 37) with *Strong Hans* (No. 116), which without this link seems so far separated from it. I must likewise notice a lying tale which is told much more completely and connectedly than the allied German one (No. 112).

The Epic ballads of the Servians are known, and their beauty is admitted by all. Wuck Karadschitsch's Collection displays the natural freshness of their stories. There are very few of them to which there is not a corresponding story in German, and we find several incidents which are much the same, but differently introduced. This is likewise the case with the Albanian stories, as I have carefully pointed out in Wolf's *Zeitschrift für deutsche Mythologie* (i. 377–81).

The Russian stories which were found in some old chap-books at Moscow, and have not yet been thoroughly made known, for the most part contain genuine traditions told in a simple, dry manner; a fresher and more abundant spring would no doubt be found if a diligent enquiry were made among the peasants. The story of *Ilja*, (Elias) which is also to be found in *Wladimirs Tafelrunde*, exhibits a connection with the ancient hero lays. The relationship with German stories is not merely visible in solitary incidents, we

frequently find the same groundwork, though with variations, and quite a different environment. If Iwan orders his servant to draw him some water and he refuses, and tells Iwan to do it himself, in order to get him in his power, in *The Goose-Girl* (No. 89), we see this applied to a princess where, too, the subsequent events develop themselves in a similar way. The seven Simeons who possess remarkable dexterity, one of whom distinguishes himself as a cunning thief, correspond with *The four Skilful Brothers* (No. 129). Iwan, who covers his golden hair with a bladder, is still more like the King's son in *Iron Hans* (No. 136), who, in order to conceal this sign of royal descent, will never take off his cap; both serve as gardeners, and in this disguise both attract the notice of the King's daughter. The story we tell as *The Wishing-Table* (No. 36) is here interwoven with a pretty story of a cross woman and a good-tempered man. The tales of *The Fire-bird and the Grey Wolf*, and the German *Golden Bird* (No. 57), have the most resemblance to each other, and yet each of the two retains its independence.

The stories by a Cossack are different, because they sport with the world of animals and yet have a moral purpose. The wolf is persuaded by the fox to importune the king of beasts for food enough to satisfy his hunger. He is sent from one beast to another, but is ill-treated by all. At last he applies to man but fares no better, and is compelled to wear a dog's skin. As he can find no justice or goodness anywhere, he henceforth lives sorrily enough on rapine and theft.

The Polish stories so skilfully collected by Woycicki, have, like the Russian, frequently the same groundwork as the German ones, but vary in the method of treatment. Here, too, for example, we have *Cinderella* (No. 21) and *Allerleirauh* (No. 65). Uhl's *Stories from the Weichselthal* are of very slight value, for there is scarcely anything in them that is based on tradition, and the little there is is almost choked by exaggerated diction. The *House-Snake*, which drinks milk out of the same bowl with a child, is the most deserving of attention, for it is very like the German (No. 105). Milenowsky's Bohemian stories are certainly founded on tradition, but it is very meagre, and overlaid by the very free and unsatisfactory way it has been dealt with. So much the more praise therefore is due to the well-told stories which Wenzig has translated from Kulda, which are by no means wanting in individuality. A simpleton plays very good tricks of the Eulenspiegel kind. There are animal-stories too among the Wendish stories from Lusatia. These treat of the cunning of the fox by means of which he betrays the clumsy wolf, and they are remarkable for their completeness and for the natural way in which they are told. There are corresponding stories in German to nearly all of them.

The large collection of Wallachian stories is valuable even though the right tone of narration may not everywhere be caught. Here we can perceive the great diversity of the German stories, viz. *Allerleirauh*, *Snow-white*, and *The Wishing-Table*, to which these bear some resemblance, and yet at the same time are so unlike. Among these I name with others, the saga of Bakàla, which is certainly ancient, and is here told with rare completeness, and like the German *Little Peasant* (No. 61), exhibits a strange combination of apparent good-nature and malicious cunning. The story of the *Magic Cow* really contains in it the German *Ferdinand the Faithful* (No. 126), but it is in a more primeval form, and better. As the poor man can find no godfather, God himself undertakes the office, and makes the child a present of a cow, two descendants of which are distinguished by the possession of important magic properties. Once when the fortunate youth has to perform a difficult task, but has fallen asleep and let the time pass by, the cow hurls back the sun to the hour of noon with her horns—a conception which recalls the audacity of Kalevala. There are some striking incidents in the German stories as well, but they occur in another connection.

Here, p. 106, a man who is tormented by hunger allows his eyes to be put out for the sake of obtaining a little food; the same incident occurs in the German story (No. 107). In our story (No. 1) the heart of the faithful servant is girded round by three iron bands which afterwards burst asunder: here (p. 145) the breast of the hero Wilisch is similarly bound. As in German there is *Snow-white* (No. 58), so here (p. 200) is a woman white as snow, red as blood, black as raven's feathers, whose head is (p. 251), under similar circumstances, pierced by a wicked old woman with a magic-needle (the Sleep Thorn of Brünhild), just as Snow-white was rendered insensible by combing her hair with a poisoned comb.

Only four stories from the Bukowina are known, to which corresponding stories can be found in German. *The Two Daughters* are the maidens who go to Dame Holle (No. 24); *The Little Devil* is *Thumbling* (No. 37); *The Two Servants* is allied with *The Twelve Idle Servants* (No. 151); and *The Silly Prince* corresponds with *The Golden Bird* (No. 57).

The Wallachian traditions were attributed to intercourse with the Slavs and Germans, whereas, according to the people themselves, their origin was due to the Romance nations. In the large circuit occupied by them nothing worthy of mention has been done in the way of collecting stories. Indeed, since Basile's *Pentamerone* hardly anything of importance has been added; and I am happy to say that Liebrecht's translation has made this valuable book more accessible, and that the judgment which I pronounced (p. 483) has been confirmed by others. I have not yet become acquainted

with any collections of stories from Spain and Portugal, but there can be no lack of material for such collections. The confusion and restlessness of the times may be partly to blame for this deficiency; it may even come to pass that just as Dame Holle's apple-tree asked, but asked in vain, to be shaken, the fruit may at last wither away on the branches, or drop down in a state of decay: and yet such times as these are especially calculated to make all who have any appreciation of the value of these traditions, linked as they are with a happier period of existence, feel a great desire to busy themselves in collecting them. That this desire has been awakened in France is proved by the translation of the German stories, and by Emile Souvestre's book on Brittany, but no one has again set foot on the path hewn out by Perrault; his small but excellent book keeps its place even to this day. I have already (pp. 489–90) pointed out that the greater part of his thirteen stories are allied to German ones. It is perhaps only an accident that *Puss in Boots* has not yet been found in a perfect form in Germany. In France, especially in the south, there may still be a rich abundance of stories existing now. A letter addressed to the editor of the *Globe* (1830. No. 146), and signed C. S., expressly declares that this is the case, and at the same time gives a remarkable instance of the truth of this assertion, viz., the story of *The Juniper Tree* (No. 47), with comparatively trifling variations, even rhymes of a similar tenour are not wanting. The people no doubt would be able to tell these traditions in a bright and life-like manner, and all that would remain to do would be to collect and publish them without any touching up and additions.

Before I speak of the stories of the German race I must once more glance at the East, where the nations now spread all over the earth were first located. Somadeva's collection contains a considerable number of old Indian stories. He lived at Cashmere in the eleventh century, and as he says in the beginning of his poem, which is composed in elegiac verse, his design was to preserve the remembrance of the gay web of stories. He made use of earlier works on the same subject, the most important of which are still in existence; even the *Rámáyana*, *Mahábhárata*, and the legends of *The Puránas* have yielded up a contribution to him; the antiquity of the stories dates back to a period much earlier than that in which Somadeva lived. As he expressly declares that he has omitted nothing, and has only condensed the materials a little, this collection must be more perfect and connected than any which could have been gathered together later. His style is cultivated and sensible, but monotonous and without much animation, and besides this there is a want of naïveté—the only atmosphere in which fiction of this kind can flourish—we feel that the saga has not been directly taken from oral tradition, and that it has been touched up more than once. Were this not the case the connection with

German stories and sagas which is still visible in the arrangement and development of the events, as well as in particular incidents and turns, would have come out much more distinctly. We know that Siegfried gained the Nibelung sword when he divided an inheritance, which Wackernagel (Haupt's *Zeitschrift*, 2. 544) explains as an ancient legal custom, and our German stories (Nos. 92, 193, 197, and notes p. 511) tell of some man who is in great difficulty, or hovering between life and death, meeting with two combatants and being summoned to perform the like service, and this same thing happens to Putraka (Somadeva, i. 19). The Indian hero has a piece of gold presented to him every morning, and finds it beneath his pillow (1. 17), and a similar incident is to be found in *The Two Brothers* (No. 60), with which Siegfried's "Hort" and Andvari's multiplying ring may be compared. Still more resemblance is to be seen in the lot of these two. Putraka ascends by night into the fortress of Patali who is guarded, forces his way into her apartment, and wakes her out of her sleep to marry her, which is like Sigurd's first visit to Brünhild. A red rag is sewn on Putraka's garment just as a cross is on Siegfried's.

Envy and malice lay snares against the Indian king's life, and he is tempted to make a pilgrimage that he may be murdered in the sanctuary; and similar treachery lures the German hero to the chase, where he is pierced by the spear at the well. The history of Askodatta and Vyaydatta, which is like the story of *The Two Brothers* (No. 60), furnishes us with another example.

The stories current among the Indians at the present day have an entirely popular character. One of this kind is to be found as appendix to Somadeva Bhatta, and in another (Schlegel's *Ind. Bibl.* 2. 263), four Brahmins have a dispute as to which is the most foolish, which is rather like the German story of the dispute as to which is the idlest (No. 151). The *History of Paramartan* (Simpleton) is the most remarkable, for in the self-same spirit as in the Lalenbürgers the most indescribable follies are committed in the guise of the highest wisdom. How delicious it is when on a journey the master imparts the advice not to step into the deceitful river until it is in a state of sleep. Blockhead is despatched to make some investigations during which he is ordered to use the greatest circumspection. He therefore just touches the surface of the water with a lighted match which goes out with a hiss, and the smoke from it rises in his face. He runs back in a great fright and tells the master that the water is furiously angry, and that it has hissed at him like a snake, and tried to suffocate him with a terrible smoke, and that it would be impossible for any one to cross the stream at present save at the risk of his life. Elphinstone in his *Account of Cabul* (Küh's translation, 1. 95) remarks that a number of our jests are related in Asia.

Holzmann has not only made the bold attempt to restore to its original form the old Indian *Mahábhárata*, which for grandeur of thought and elevation of feeling, yields to no other epic, but he has also separated particular portions which are independent of the rest. It is true these are factors in the higher development of the whole poem, and are not direct products of tradition, nay rather, art is perceptible in their presentment, and a conscious contemplation of moral conditions runs through them, and yet much that is quite story-like in their groundwork makes me decide to mention them here, and to give some of them as specimens.

Dakscha, lord of the world, gives twenty-seven of his daughters to the moon to wife. They are all beautiful, but the moon prefers Robini (the Star Aldebaran) who shines most brightly, and lives with her only. The rest of the wives, who see that they are neglected, are indignant with the lord of night, complain of him to their father, and insist on returning home. Dakscha summons the moon into his presence, shows him how much he is to blame, and insists on his behaving differently. The six and twenty return to their husband's house, but he of the cool beams again forgets them, and only dwells with Robini. The others once more complain of him to their father, who threatens the moon with his curse; but it is all to no purpose for his thoughts are fixed on one alone. They complain for the third time, and Dakscha falls into a passion and throws the moon into a consumption. And now day by day he grows smaller, and in vain does he endeavour to remove the illness by all kinds of sacrifices. Everything on the earth changes, herbs cease to grow, plants lose their taste, animals disappear, and men begin to decline. When the gods become aware of what has happened, they repair to Dakscha, and entreat him to show mercy. "The whole moon has waned away to the narrowest strip," they say, "herbs, grasses, plants, are being destroyed, the beasts are disappearing, all living things will perish, and finally the gods themselves, and then what will be left in the world?" The lord of the world answers, "I cannot remove the curse, but I can limit it. If for the future the moon will live with all his wives, the consumption shall only have power over him during one half of the month; he must dip himself in the holy stream Saraswati, and that will make him so strong that he will grow again during the other half." The moon obeys by spending one day with each of his twenty-seven wives. During half the month he grows smaller, then he disappears in the healing bath; then, reinforced by new strength, he increases in size during the other half of the month. This too is an instance of the transition of a story into an instructive fable, which is still more clearly seen in the weak story Pantscha Tantra (p. 175). While King Usinara is offering a sacrifice, a terrified pigeon flies into his bosom, and entreats his protection

against a hawk which is pursuing her. The hawk demands the pigeon back on the ground that the King has no right to deprive him of the food which has been assigned to him. Usinara refuses, but the hawk insists on his rights, and says that if he is denied his food, the king is sentencing him, his wife, and child to death. The King vainly offers him bulls, wild-boars, deer and buffaloes, but the hawk cannot use them as food. "Come," says the hawk, "give me the weight of the pigeon in thine own flesh." The King himself cuts the flesh from his body, but the pigeon is heavier; he cuts off still more flesh, but the pigeon's weight always remains greater. At last the King himself gets into the scales. Then the hawk says, "I am Indra, King of Heaven, and the pigeon is the spirit of God. We have come to prove thy virtue, O pious prince. Thou shalt be forever renowned over the whole world for having cut the flesh from the limbs of thine own body!" Here I must mention one more piece from *Mahâbhârata*, the poem *Nalas and Damajanti*, which is as tender as it is full of deep thought, and everything in it is so thoroughly story-like that it must have sprung up from the soil of popular tradition.

Nakhschabí, who finished his poem in the year 1329, borrowed the Persian stories in *Touti Nameh* from Indian sources, and in the 17th century, Mohamed Kaderi made an epitome of this poem in prose, which is now printed. The stories are almost all pretty, although the older work, about which Kosegarten gives us some information in the preface from a manuscript, is far superior. Some of them, as I have shown in the notes to Nos. 62, 102, and 119, resemble German stories. Here too we can recognize a desire to impart good teaching. On the other hand the excellent versions of stories which are given in Malcolm's book have certainly sprung from the soil of Persia. Here the similarity to German stories is most distinctly visible. Amint the Wise entraps a very powerful ghoul (evil spirit) in the same way as the little tailor overreaches the giants in No. 20. Some incidents are even identical. The tailor makes the giant believe (as Amint, the ghoul) that he can squeeze water out of a stone. In the German story the tailor takes cheese in his hand instead of a stone; in the Persian, the hero takes an egg. The Irish have a corresponding form of expression (K. von K. i. 73), viz., "He is so strong that he can squeeze curds and whey out of a stone." Besides this the little tailor and Amint both escape the blow with which the monsters wish to kill them during the night, by changing their sleeping-place when they are in the cave. In another tale, in which shoemaker Achmed, pretends to be an astrologer and brings the most hidden things to light, thus attaining the highest distinction, we are reminded of poor peasant Crab (No. 98), who appears as Dr. Know-all, and comes to greatness in the same way. Here, notwithstanding the dissimilarity of treatment, there is a connection which can readily

be seen. The epic glow of history overspreads the old Persian sagas in Firdusi, but much is quite story-like; for instance, the tale of Simurg, who, like a giant bird, has built her magic nest on the top of a tree. Thither she brings a royal boy, who has been exposed, and on his taking leave of her gives him one of her feathers, which he is to throw into the fire whenever he is in great danger, and then she will hasten to him and carry him to her domain. I have already pointed out other things in the notes.

If a straining after artistic refinement and well-chosen language is visible in the works of Somadeva and Nakhschabí, simplicity of expression is still preserved in the Mongol book, *Schiditu Kur*, the origin of which, as I am assured by W. Schott, is indisputably Indian. Here too the affinity with German stories is seen in the most decided manner, and under entirely different external conditions. The five companions who lend their assistance to a sixth to win the beautiful wife, put forward the same claims to possession of her as *The Four Brothers* (No. 129). A master-thief practises the same kind of arts as in our No. 192, and in Asbjörnsen's Norwegian story, p. 216. The magician, it is true, annihilates his enemies by other means, but quite in the fashion of the possessor of the knapsack, hat, and horn (No. 54); and the adventures of Massang coincide with those of *Strong Hans* (No. 166).

Nations belonging to the German stock have exhibited the greatest zeal for the preservation of stories. Those we have become acquainted with in *Wodana*, which are told with the pleasant minuteness peculiar to the Low Germans, excite our desire for a complete collection. The same may be said of the Danish stories, for those which we are already familiar with are enough to prove that their value is beyond all doubt. The Norwegian and Swedish collections deserve the highest praise for their richness, the careful manner in which the stories have been taken down, and the natural and skilful way they are told. All the stories of these kindred nations bear the greatest resemblance to ours, and we may take for granted that the same traditions are indigenous in every part of this vast circuit. The remarkable story of *The Peasant's Wise Daughter* (No. 94), which even in remote times was known as a solution of difficult problems, and which has been again discovered by Asbjörnsen in the North, affords the strongest confirmation of this. Some variations creep in because the stories were not everywhere equally well preserved; some became fragmentary, and altogether died out, or a change was wrought by the character of the country, by some range of mountains, wide plain, or by the language, customs, and religion. For instance, when as in our stories the spirit vanishes as soon as midnight is passed, or the cock crows, in the Norse stories the giants are cunningly detained until the first ray of sun touches them, for then they break in

pieces like stones, into which, according to the teaching of the *Edda*, they are changed.

The German collections frequently give us nothing but variations of stories we know already, which however always have some value; or they confine themselves to certain districts, which makes them much more valuable so far as local sagas are concerned. Those in the dialects of Alsace, Voralberg, and Holstein are very pleasantly written, and Panzer's careful book deserves special commendation, for he has attempted to arrange the stories according to their mythical contents.

I must beg to be allowed to conclude this sketch with one or two general remarks.

The resemblance existing between the stories not only of nations widely removed from each other by time and distance, but also between those which lie near together, consists partly in the underlying idea and the delineation of particular characters, and partly in the weaving together and unraveling of incidents. There are however some situations which are so simple and natural that they reappear everywhere, just as there are thoughts which seem to present themselves of their own accord, so that it is quite possible that the same or very similar stories may have sprung up in the most different countries quite independently of each other. Such stories may be compared with the isolated words which are produced in a nearly or entirely identical form in languages which have no connection with each other, by the mere imitation of natural sounds. We do meet with stories of this kind in which the resemblance can be attributed to accident, but in most cases the common root-thought will by the peculiar and frequently unexpected, nay, even arbitrary treatment, have received a form which quite precludes all acceptation of the idea of a merely apparent relationship. I will give some examples. Nothing can be more natural than to make the fulfilment of a request depend on the performance of some very difficult tasks; but when the tasks are the strangest imaginable, as they are in *The Peasant's Wise Daughter* (No. 94), and when moreover they coincide, this can no longer be a chance agreement. That in cases of difficulty an umpire should be called in, is a thing which is clear to all, but that in every place it is exactly three persons who are quarrelling, that they are beings endowed with higher powers, that it is an inheritance which is to be divided between them, that this should consist of three magic things, and that finally the man who is summoned to make the division should craftily cheat the owners out of them (a man must use the rare opportunities which present themselves if he wants to win away from the dwarfs or kobolds their magic treasures), proves the connection between the traditions. This common source is like a well, the depth of

which no one knows but from which each draws according to his need.

I do not deny the possibility, nor in particular instances the probability, of a story's passing over from one people to another, and then firmly rooting itself on the foreign soil, for the *Siegfriedslied* penetrated to the most remote north in the very earliest times, and became indigenous there. But one or two solitary exceptions cannot explain the wide propagation of the property common to all; do not the selfsame stories crop up again in places most widely remote from each other, like a spring which forces its way up in spots which lie far apart? And just as wherever the eye can pierce we find the domestic animals, grain, field, and kitchen-utensils, household-furniture, arms—in fact, all the things without which social life would be impossible—so do we also find sagas and stories—the dew which waters poetry—corresponding with each other in this striking and yet independent manner. They are just as much a necessity of existence as these things, for only where avarice and the jarring wheels of machinery benumb every other thought can anyone imagine it possible to live without them. Wherever assured and well-established order and usages prevail, wherever the connection between human sentiment and surrounding nature is felt, and the past is not torn asunder from the present, these stories are still to be found. I have picked up the best of these from peasants, and I know that this book has been read by them with the greatest delight, indeed I might say that it has been bought up by them, and that even Germans who have long been living far away from their fatherland in Pennsylvania have shown interest in it. May we not liken the sudden springing up of the Saga to the stream of a wandering tribe pouring itself into one uninhabited tract of land after another and filling it. How can we explain the fact of a story in a lonely mountain village in Hesse, resembling one in India, Greece, or Servia?

I have already spoken of certain strongly-marked characters which reappear everywhere as common property, and will repeat what I said. First we have the Simpleton, unskilled in everything which needs experience, wit, and dexterity; he is at first slighted, and has to do menial work and endure ridicule; he is the despised creature who has to sit among the ashes on the hearth, and to sleep beneath the stairs. Thus, in the old French saga, strong Rennewart has to work in the kitchen, and the British Parzival, who has a touch of this character, is called the tumbe klâre, but a higher strength and gladness is already visible in the youthful hero. In stories the Simpleton is generally the youngest of three brothers, who is slighted by the two elder in their pride and haughtiness. When however the time comes for action, he is at once equal to the occasion, and he alone is able to perform the

task which decides which of them is to have the pre-eminence; for some higher power has come to his assistance and has given him the victory. If he succumbs to treachery and loses his life, long afterwards the white bleached bones reveal the crime that it may not go unpunished.

The giants are awkward and clownish, the dwarfs wily and clever. The attributes of the latter are multiplied in Thumbling, who possesses all the mysterious powers ascribed to the finger from which he is named. He entraps people cunningly and cleverly, and mocks and imitates every one. He is able to escape from all the accidents to which his tiny form renders him liable. Fortune is kind to him, and allows all the boastful commendations which he bestows on himself to be realized. As an adroit little tailor he terrifies giants, kills monsters, and knows how to solve the most difficult riddles.

When with visible satisfaction, but perfect good-nature, stupidity is presented as if it were great intelligence, we have before us the Lalenbürgers, whose follies are detailed connectedly in the well-known German book, and we are likewise reminded of the no less excellent tale, *Paramartan*. In Catherine, as opposed to Frederick (No. 59), we have a pleasant stupidity entirely unalloyed by anything else, and it is just as naturally depicted in *Clever Hans* (No. 32) and Vogl's *Grandmother* (p. 93); it finds vent in another way in the adventurous march of the Seven Swabians. Where there is a mixture of rascality we are led on to the tricks of Eulenspiegel, which are older than people imagine; even in *Kalevala*, the giant Kullervo, while seeming full of prompt obedience, performs every task that is set him in such a perverted way that it cannot but turn out ill. Malicious pleasure stands in the background behind *The Little Peasant* (No. 61), who, to begin with, only acts as if he were stupid, but goes on from less to more until he does the very worst things under the cloak of innocence; he is, however, surpassed by the Irish Darby Duly, and the Wallachian Bakàla, who shrinks from no infamy, goes farther still.

On the other hand, it is only a love of harmless amusement which impels a man fond of rodomontade to maintain that he has performed unheard of feats. He has climbed up on a thin stalk to Heaven, and when there has looked about, and has afterwards let himself down again by a rope of chaff, or has gone through some other adventure equally incredible. We read of such things as these in the German stories (Nos. 112, 138, 159), in a Norwegian story (Asbjörnsen, p. 284), and with most completeness in the Servian story *No-Beard* (see p. 518), and in one from Slavonia (see Vogl, p. 71). The Irish story *Daniel O'Rourke*, is rather of a different kind, but quite as good: the familiar falsehoods in *Munchausen's Travels* are only a feebler echo of these, and are treated

with no spirit. Fictions of this species existed even in early times; the *Modus florum* of the 10th century, Ebert's *Ueberlieferungen*, 1. 79, connects them, as well as a German story (see p. 413), with the proclamation of a certain king, according to which the man who could tell the best lies should have the king's daughter to wife. At the same time these stories always keep up a certain appearance of probability, whilst the stories of *Schlauraffenland* (No. 158. Haupt's *Zeitschrift*, 2. 560) intentionally bring together impossibilities: a hawk swims across the Rhine, fishes scream, a blind man sees a hare running by, and a dumb man calls up a lame one who catches it. Here human imagination satisfies its longing to have for once in its grasp, and with full liberty to use it, the great knife which hews down every kind of barrier. Idle and sluggish people are favourite subjects of portraiture, and this disposition which is born with people is indulged in to the utmost, as in No. 151. In the 15th and the 16th centuries such stories were very popular, and the sluggard, even when lying under the spout of the roof, never stirs, but lets the water run in at one ear and out of the other (see Keller's *Fastnachtsspiele*, p. 86, Fischart's *Flohhatz*, 48*). The master-thief is a person who claims a certain amount of respect. He despises common theft, but obeying an uncontrollable impulse, plays with audacious dexterity tricks which could be performed by no one else, such as taking away the eggs from under a bird's wings without her being aware of it (which Elbegast knew how to do). He is not only spoken of without any repugnance, but there are stories which exclusively treat of those who have attained the highest rank in their art, and in this Indian, German, Norse, and Italian traditions all agree. Finally, we have Brother Lustig, or Gambling Hansel, who disturbs himself about nothing but how to lead a merry life, and seldom seems to trouble himself to observe the difference between right and wrong. However, as he is not naturally wicked, and as such a temper of mind is always accompanied by humour, much is excused in him which would not be permitted in another, just as Shakespeare has known how to make Falstaff, who would otherwise not be tolerated, quite likeable. The stories generally represent a character of this kind as meeting the Lord or the apostle Peter when they are travelling about the earth. The Lord asks him for a lodging, and brother Lustig is willing to share with him all he has, but, in order to gamble, immediately steals the groschen which has been entrusted to him to buy something to drink. He gives his last farthing to the apostle, who asks alms of him in the form of a beggar, and when the apostle, as he believes he has found a good man, travels with him, he immediately deceives him about the heart of the roasted lamb, and expresses his indignation that any one who has such great power at his command as the Saint,

should not try to make more money. As Bearskin, he serves the Devil, but is turned out of hell. He makes a fool of Death for a long time, but when at last Death compels him to follow, neither Heaven nor Hell will let him in, until at last he gains admission to the former by a stratagem. Fragments of a belief dating back to the most ancient times, in which spiritual things are expressed in a figurative manner, are common to all stories. This mythic element resembles small pieces of a shattered jewel which are lying strewn on a ground all overgrown with grass and flowers, and can only be discovered by the most far-seeing eye. Their signification has long been lost, but it is still felt, and imparts value to the story, while satisfying the natural pleasure in the wonderful. They are never the iridescence of an empty fancy. The farther we go back the more the mythical element expands: indeed it seems to have formed the only subject of the oldest fictions. We see how these, sustained by the sublimity of their subject, and entirely careless about any consonance with reality when depicting the mysterious and terrible forces of nature, do not yet reject what is incredible, horrible, and appalling. They only become softer in tone when the consideration of the simpler conditions in the lives of shepherds, hunters, or husbandmen, and the influence of more refined manners enter into their composition. In the Finnish and North American sagas we see with amazement the elements of unlimited size and monstrosity of form, side by side with descriptions of the simplest and most idyllic life. The Tibetian sagas also are filled with images of this kind, which are often ugly, bald, and uncouth; and yet even here pictures of natural relations and expressions of true feeling are not entirely wanting. In proportion as gentler and more humane manners develope themselves and the sensuous richness of fiction increases, the mythical element retires into the background and begins to shroud itself in the mists of distance, which weaken the distinctness of the outlines but enhance the charm of the fiction. Sculpture also passes onward much in the same way, from the strongly-marked, thin, even ugly, but highly expressive forms of its earliest stages, to those which possess external beauty of mould. If the glamour of the heroic age takes possession of a nation and men's minds are stirred by great deeds, we have as a result a new transformation of the sagas. Homer makes the gods associate with men whose forms they assume, and heroes are all but exalted to the same level as gods. In *Mahâbhârata*, Nahuscha, a man, is placed as king over the gods as well as over the world, and the equality of gods and men in the war between the Kurus and Pándus is still greater than that in the *Iliaa*. Damajanti is not able to distinguish Nalas from the immortals who have come to the wooing with him. Ganga bears King Pratipa eight

children before he discovers that she is a goddess. The uncontrollable Titan strength of Rustem, in whom we have the embodiment of the old Persian saga, subordinates itself, even when his mood is defiant, to the superiority of the earthly lord. The single combat, with its closely defined laws, in which the decision once rested, was thrown aside and expanded into a war of nations in which everyone participated in the honour of victory, or in the ruin of a race of heroes. The epic strives for historical truth, and due proportion and order in everything, as well as for intrinsic nobility of thought, and when the mythical and supernatural element still survives, it is compelled to assume the appearance of being historical and is intended to pass for truth. *The Nibelungen Lied* tolerates very little of this supernatural element—the swan-maidens only appear in the background—Siegfried's horny skin and invulnerability were unknown to the older version of the *Edda*; even his acquisition of the cloak which made him invisible, instead of his assuming another form which gods possess the power of doing, may only have been introduced from some story. In the *Dieterich's Sage*, and the older *Gudrun*, this supernatural element has shrunk to the smallest dimensions, and in *Walther and Hildegunde* it has entirely disappeared. It is certain that the story has always existed uninterruptedly side by side with the heroic saga, and that too, even in the same form as at present, or in one very like it only with fewer gaps and less confused. This is proved by the Latin story in Ratherius (Haupt's *Zeitschrift*, 8. 21), the *Modus liebinc*, *The Snow-Child* (Hagen's *Gesammtabenteuer*, 3. 719), and *Modus florum* (*Ebert's Ueberlieferungen*, 1. 79), all three belonging to the 10th century. We cannot but regard it as a great misfortune that the portion of *Rudlieb*, which lapses into mythical fable, should be lost to us, and that we can only form an idea of its contents from some fragments. We regret this not only for the sake of its subject, but also for its extremely happy style, bubbling over with sparkling vivacity and full of poetical details which we ourselves even in a strange language cannot but admire in the poet. *Unibos*, a Latin poem of the middle ages (354) is our *Little Peasant*, No. 61. Stories are contained in *King Laurin*, *Saint Oswald*, the carrying away of Hagen by the griffin in the first part of *Gudrun*, *Der Rosengarten*, *Der arme Heinrich*, *Pfaffe Amis*, *Schretel und Wasserbär*, Haupt's *Zeitschrift* (6, 174), *Die Zwölf Tursen* (*The Twelve Giants*), *Altdeutsche Wälder* (3. 178). Konrad von Würzburg, MS. 2. 205, and the man who laughed roses in Heinrich von Neustadt's *Apollonius*, *Altd. Wälder*, 1, 72.

We shall be asked where the outermost lines of common property in stories begin, and how the degrees of affinity are gradated. The outermost lines are coterminous with those of the great race which is commonly called Indo-Germanic, and the relationship

draws itself in constantly narrowing circles round the settlements of the Germans, somewhat in the same ratio as that in which we detect the common or special property in the languages of the individual nations which belong to it. If we find among the Arabians some stories which are allied to the German, this may be explained by the fact that *The Thousand and One Nights* where they appear, is derived from an Indian source, as Schlegel has justly maintained. However accurate the boundaries here given may be at present, it may yet be necessary to enlarge them if other sources become open to us, for we see with amazement in such of the stories of the Negroes in Bornu, and the Bechuanas (a wandering tribe in South Africa) as we have become acquainted with, an undeniable connection with the German ones, while at the same time their peculiar composition distinguishes them from these. On the other hand, I have found no such decided resemblance, at least, no resemblance extending to mere trifles, in the North American stories. Tibetan stories exhibit some points of contact, and so do Finnish; we see a visible relationship in the Indian and Persian, and a decisive one in the Slav; a Croatian story even relates the wanderings of God and St. Peter (compare Vogl's *Grossmütterchen*, p. 27, with our No. 82) which, with this exception, is only known in Germany. In the next place there is a very strong similarity between our stories and those of the Romance nations; this may be satisfactorily explained by the connection which has at all times existed between the two races, and the intercourse which took place between them even at an early period. And yet, the primeval German animal-epic with its width of range, has only maintained itself in French fictions, which inherited it from the Franks. It is my belief that our German stories do not belong to the Northern and Southern parts of our fatherland alone, but that they are the absolutely common property of the nearly-related Dutch, English, and Scandinavians, and of this the latest collections afford convincing proof. The question is not affected by the fact that—just as all plants will not live on high mountain ranges or low marshy tracts—here or there a smaller or a larger number of stories has died out, and just as little does it signify if the different character of the country and the modes of life adopted in accordance with it, have influenced their external form.

It is delightful to find the Germans still preserving the beast-story in its old original form, and taking innocent pleasure in poetry which has no aim beyond diverting itself with the saga, and no thought of introducing any other teaching than that which spontaneously proceeds from the poem itself. The Lower Saxons who migrated to Transylvania, about seven hundred years ago, have in their seclusion been able to preserve traditions in a purer and more perfect form than we. The Esthonians are on a level

with us, and indeed so are the Russians and Servians, if we may judge from a tale which is given in *Reinhart Fuchs* (CCXCI.) It is a pity that Wuk's collection does not extend to stories of animals. Some stories of this kind have been found among the Finns. We suspect the great resemblance of the Wendish stories in Lusatia to be the result of German influence. The collection familiar to us under the name of *Hitopadesa* proves the extreme antiquity of animal-stories in India, and Babrius who drew from oral tradition, gives us a more lively version of the Greek, which we otherwise only knew from the dry epitomes in Æsop and the lifeless presentations in Phædrus and Arianus. It is possible that the Scandinavians brought beast-stories with them in their immigrations, but even if these are not quite extinct, we have no knowledge of them, and can only cite the story of *The Bear and the Fox*, Asbjörnsen's *Juleträet*, p. 54. Among other nations we find reasons for referring these stories to an earlier period of existence, or solitary traces appear like the last leaves on a dying tree. Though in the old Indian and Tibetian epic, and among the North Americans, Finns, Gaels, Persians, Slavs, and the Romance nations, we frequently find beasts whose lot is interwoven with that of men, or good and evil gods, who exercise their power in the shape of beasts (I have already given a beautiful example of this in the story of *The Dove and the Hawk*, from *Mahábhárata*), the separate existence of beasts entirely independent of mankind is never represented, whereas it is in that separate existence that the root idea lies which appears as the primeval one among the Bechuanas and the negroes of Bornu. There is just as little trace of this in *The Stories of a Cossack*, as in the animal-fables of the *Mahábhárata* (Holzmann, 1. 81; 2. 168), which are only intended to set off moral reflections.

In these fictions the orderly conditions of a civilized life are ascribed to the beasts. A king rules over them who exacts unconditional obedience; established laws prevail to which all submit. They have leaders, and assemble together in troops which set out to fight against each other. Wickedness and cunning raise themselves up above truth and honesty, and, to trample them down, the fox brings to light his remarkable endowments. Rude strength does not always avail; the small willow-wren finds means to gain the victory over the mighty eagle as well as over the clumsy bear. By means of the gift of speech conferred on them which makes them share in higher thoughts, they are almost on an equality with men, who often rise up in hostility against them, and do not appear in an altogether good light, but often come to the worst. The weak sparrow is able to revenge his friend the dog, on the merciless waggoner whom he leads on to utter ruin. These stories also exhibit animals as helpful to men who are in trouble, and grateful

for protection and any kindness which has been shown them; this is specially noticeable in the Finnish stories. None but huntsmen or a quiet shepherd-folk could by long and familiar intercourse with animals have espied their secret lives in forests, pasture-grounds, and wildernesses, and have perceived in the construction of their dwelling-places, their home-comings, their provision for the sustenance of their young and care for them, an order closely approaching human order. The gentle irony and humour which is often intermingled with these presentations lends them a peculiar charm.

ERDMANNSDORF in Silesia,

WILHELM GRIMM.

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